SB96

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

AN ISLAND 30 MILES AT SEA

Purchased by nine Proprietors from Governor Thomas Mayhew, who retained a 1/10th interest. The price was 30 pounds and two beaver hats.

The first settlers arrived on the island in 1659. At that time the island was inhabited by four tribes of Indians.

The Jethro Coffin House was built in 1686.

Main Street was laid out in 1697, and paved in 1837 with cobblestones brought from Gloucester.

The first elms were planted along Main Street in 1851.

The Pacific Club, at the foot of Main Street, was once the home office of the three ships participating in the Boston Tea Party.

Nantucket's era of prosperity began with the capture of the first whale, in 1668.

By 1840, Nantucket had 70 whale ships and a population of 9,712.

The courage and industry of the inhabitants had built the island into the whaling center of the world.

There is much on the island today to remind us of this golden age of its history.

METEOROLOGICAL DATA - June to September

Month	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Rain-fall	Prev. Wind
June	61°	68°	55°	2.7 in.	SW
July	68°	74°	62°	2.9 in.	SW
Aug.	68°	74°	62°	3.4 in.	SW & NE
Sept.	63°	69°	58°	2.4 in.	SW & NE

Average High Tide - 3.0 feet above mean low water

LEGEND

- ▨ *Public Beach or Golf Course*
- *Main Roads*
- *Secondary Roads*
- *Rutted Roads*
- *Marsh*

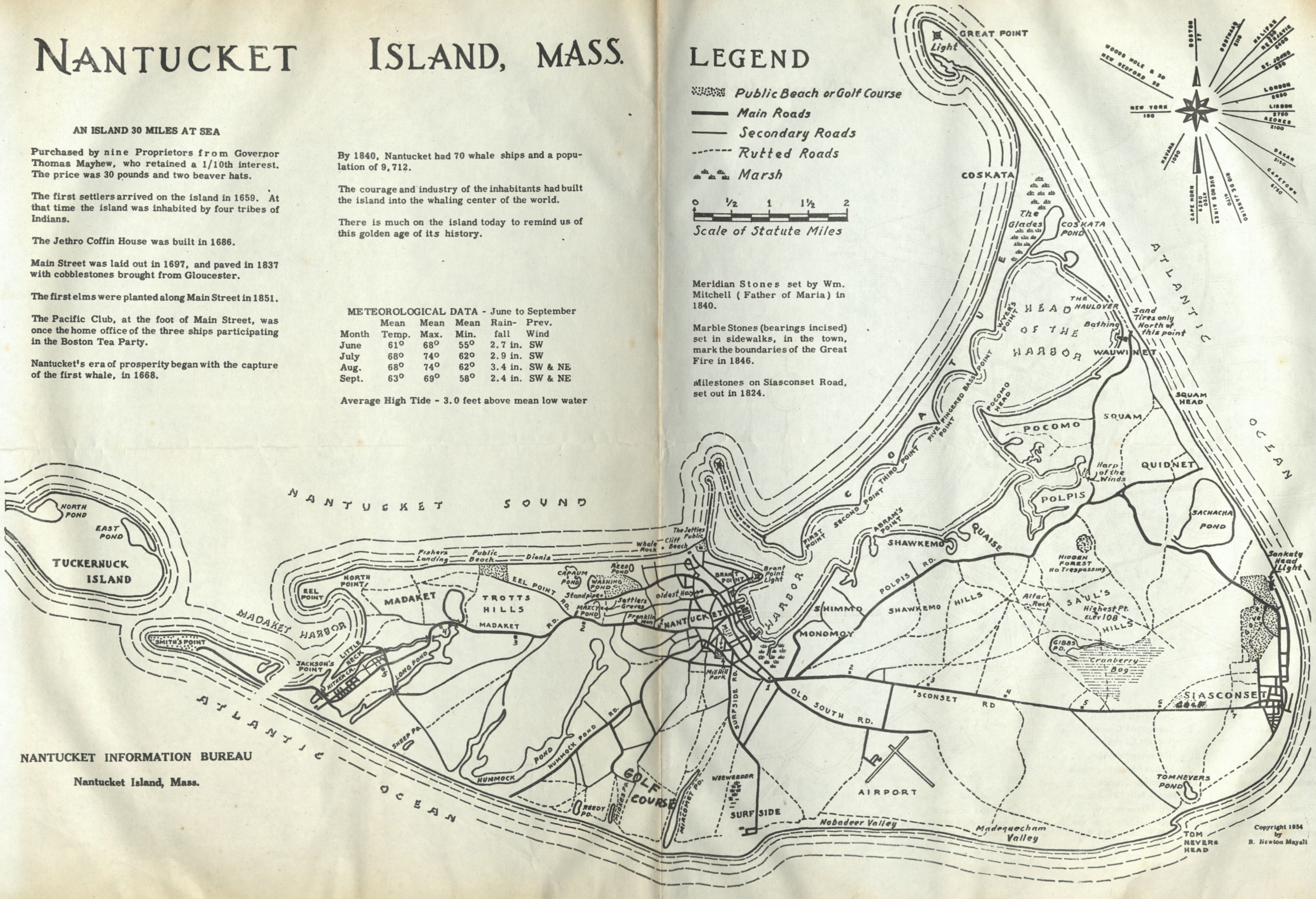
0 ½ 1 1½ 2

Scale of Statute Miles

Meridian Stones set by Wm. Mitchell (Father of Maria) in 1840.

Marble Stones (bearings incised) set in sidewalks, in the town, mark the boundaries of the Great Fire in 1846.

Milestones on Siasconset Road, set out in 1824.

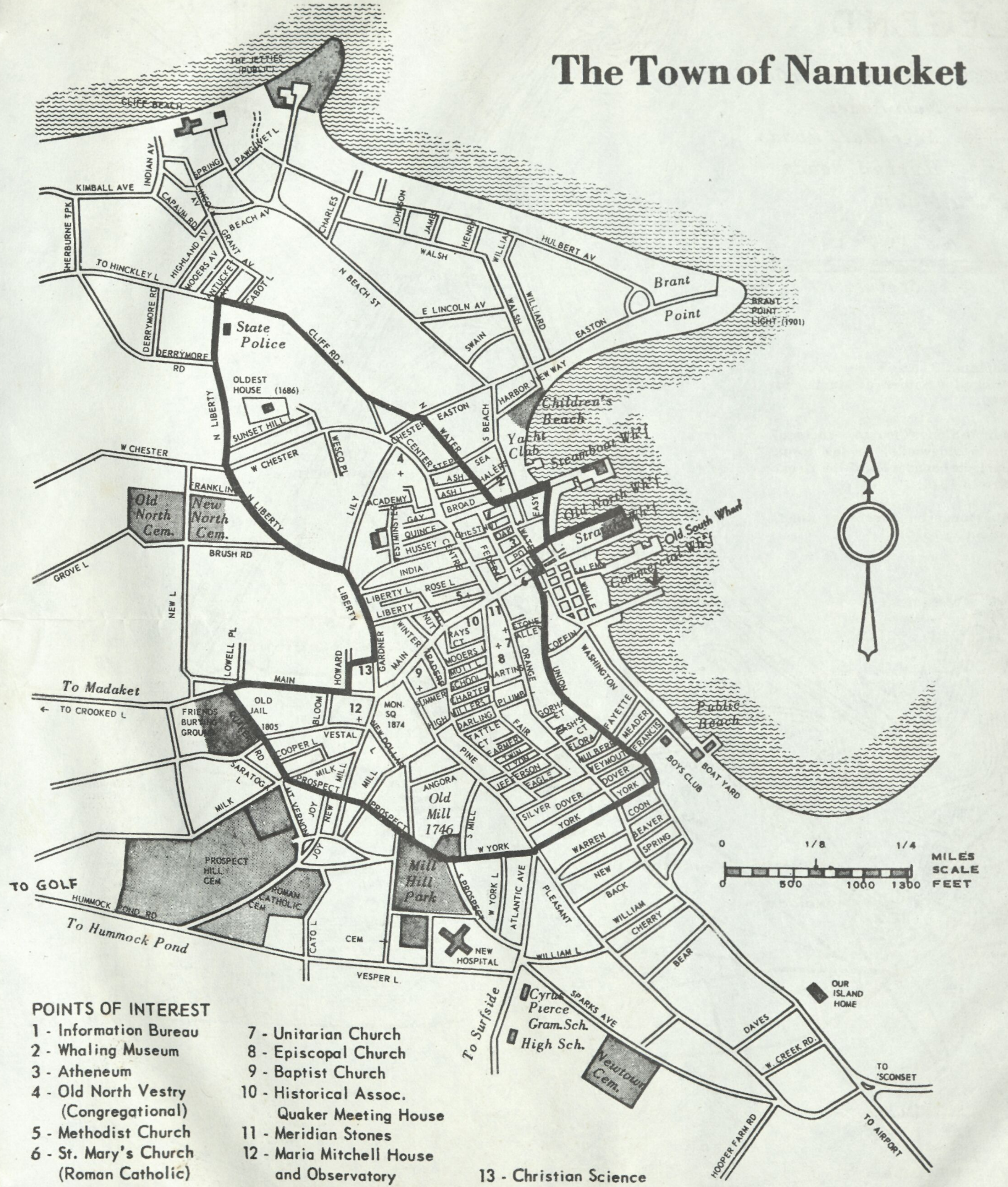

GREAT POINT
Light
COSKATA
The Glades
COSKATA POND
WOODS HOLE & 30
NEW BEDFORD 55
BOSTON 77
GODTHAAB 2110
HALIFAX 330
REYKJAVIK 2400
ST. JOHNS 850
LONDON 2850
LISBON 2750
AZORES 2100
NEW YORK 180
HAVANA 1090
DAKAR 3150
CAPETOWN 6750
RIO DE JANEIRO 4170
BUENOS AIRES 4720
CAPE HORN 6290
ATLANTIC OCEAN
THE HAULOVER
Sand Tires only North of this point
Bathing
HEAD OF THE HARBOR
WYER'S POINT
POINT
FIVE FINGERED BASS POINT
POCOMO HEAD
WAUWINET
SQUAM HEAD
SQUAM
POCOMO
QUIDNET
Harp of the Winds
POLPIS
SACHACHA POND
Sankaty Head Light
COATUE
THIRD POINT
SECOND POINT
FIRST POINT
ABRAM'S POINT
SHAWKEMO
QUAISE
HIDDEN FOREST No Trespassing
POLPIS RD.
SHAWKEMO HILLS
Altar Rock
SAUL'S HILLS
Highest Pt. ELEV 108
GIBBS PD.
Cranberry Bog
SIASCONSET
GOLF
TOM NEVERS POND
TOM NEVERS HEAD
Madequecham Valley
Nobadeer Valley
AIRPORT
'SCONSET RD
OLD SOUTH RD.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
MONOMOY
SHIMMO
HARBOR
Brant Point Light
BRANT POINT
The Jetties
Public
Whale Rock
Cliff
Beach
oldest House
NANTUCKET
Mill
Mill Hill Park
Franklin Mon.
SURFSIDE RD.
SURFSIDE
WEEWEEDER
MIACOMET PD.
GOLF COURSE
MIOXES PD.
REEDY PD.
REED POND
CAPAUM POND
WASHING POND
Standpipe
Settlers Graves
MAXCY POND
EEL POINT RD.
HUMMOCK POND RD.
HUMMOCK POND
NANTUCKET SOUND
Dionis
Public Beach
Fishers Landing
TROTTS HILLS
MADAKET RD.
MADAKET
NORTH POINT
EEL POINT
MADAKET HARBOR
LITTLE NECK
HITHER CR.
LONG POND
JACKSON'S POINT
SMITH'S POINT
SHEEP PD.
NORTH POND
EAST POND
TUCKERNUCK ISLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN

NANTUCKET INFORMATION BUREAU

Nantucket Island, Mass.

Copyright 1954
by
R. Newton Mayall

The Town of Nantucket


Cliff Beach
The Jetties Public
Kimball Ave
Indian Av
Spring
Pangwet L
Capaum Rd
Beach Av
Charles
Johnson
James
Henry
William
Hulbert Av
Walsh
Hinckley L
Highland Av
Derrymore Rd
Cabot L
Cliff Rd
N Beach St
E Lincoln Av
Swain
Williard
Easton
Brant Point
Brant Point Light (1901)
State Police
Oldest House (1686)
N Liberty
Sunset Hill
W Chester
Wesco Pl
Harbor
New Way
Children's Beach
Yacht Club
Steamboat Wh'f
Old North Wh'f
Straight Wh'f
Old South Wharf
Commercial Wh'f
Franklin
Old North Cem.
New North Cem.
Brush Rd
Grove L
New L
Lily
Academy
Gay
Quince
Hussey
Broad
India
Liberty
Rose L
Lowell Pl
Howard
Gardner
Main
To Madaket
To Crooked L
Friends Burying Ground
Old Jail 1805
Bloom
Vestal
Mon. Sq 1874
Coffin
Washington
Union
Orange
Fayette
Public Beach
Boys Club
Boat Yard
Cooper L
Saratoga
Milk
Prospect
Mt. Vernon
Joy
Angora
Old Mill 1746
W York
Mill Hill Park
Silver
Dover
York
Warren
New
Back
William
Cherry
Bear
Coon
Beaver
Spring
Prospect Hill Cem
Roman Catholic Cem
To Golf
Hummock Pond Rd
To Hummock Pond
Cato L
Cem
Vesper L
New Hospital
William L
Atlantic Ave
Pleasant
Sparks Ave
Cyrus Pierce Gram. Sch.
High Sch.
To Surfside
Newtown Cem.
Daves
W Creek Rd
Our Island Home
Hooper Farm Rd
To 'Sconset
To Airport
0 1/8 1/4 Miles Scale
0 500 1000 1300 Feet

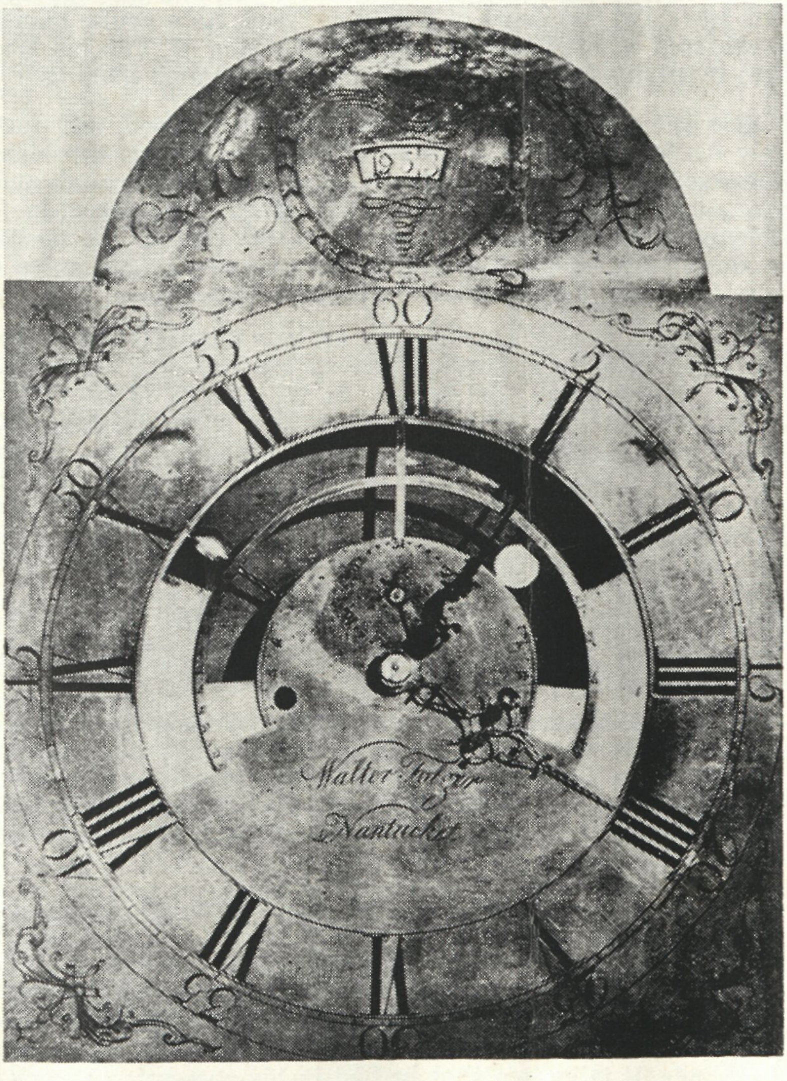
POINTS OF INTEREST

1 - Information Bureau
2 - Whaling Museum
3 - Atheneum
4 - Old North Vestry (Congregational)
5 - Methodist Church
6 - St. Mary's Church (Roman Catholic)
7 - Unitarian Church
8 - Episcopal Church
9 - Baptist Church
10 - Historical Assoc. Quaker Meeting House
11 - Meridian Stones
12 - Maria Mitchell House and Observatory
13 - Christian Science

"The use of motor cycles, motor scooters or motor bicycles on roads and ways in the Old and Historic Districts are prohibited during the hours from 8 p.m. and 8 a.m." Old and Historic Nantucket District is defined by heavy line.

The Walter Folger Astronomical Clock

Historical Museum, Fair Street
Nantucket, Massachusetts


60
Walter Folger
&
Nantucket

Published by
THE NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
Nantucket, Massachusetts

Walter Folger, Jr., inventor of the astronomical clock, was a man of many parts. He served his native Nantucket as Selectman, Moderator, and School Committee member. He represented Nantucket in the State Legislature and Senate. In 1817 he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States where he served for two terms. He qualified as a lawyer, and was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. As a young man his life centered on his father's business in whale oil, and his mechanical ingenuity found an outlet in clock and watch making.

His scientific bent showed itself in his boyhood, and fortunately his father, a man of sound education and wide experience, encouraged it. As befits an inhabitant of a sea-girt island, and a community of seafarers, his scientific interest centered in the problems of determining an accurate calculation of the position of a ship in the trackless ocean, and the art of navigation led directly to the study of the heavens, to astronomy.

For many years Walter Folger, Jr. was unable to devote himself exclusively to his scientific interests. He was born in 1765, and in 1790 he was elected Selectman; at the age of 25 he was the youngest man ever to serve in this capacity in the history of the island. From this year dates the period of his public services mentioned above, a period extending over 20 years, during which his dominant interest in science was pursued with many interruptions. He had married Anna Ray in 1786, and had sired 10 children. His father had purchased the house at No. 8 Pleasant Street for his son at the time of his marriage. Here he lived and worked and raised his family. The front room on the lower floor was his combined study and workshop. In this room he carried on his trade of clock and watchmaking until his death in 1849.

In this brief account of Walter's career, space is lacking to comment on his numerous inventions and contributions to astronomical science. There is, for example, his invention of a spring lock of which he was very proud, and the construction of a five inch telescope. But the interest here centers upon the construction of his famous astronomical clock.

The clock was the achievement of his youth. He first started work in 1785, and on July 4, 1790, the ticking began. The inventor was 25 years old. It is difficult for the average person to understand the motivations of an inventor, but in this case it may be permissable to assume that it occurred to Walter that the face of a clock could show more than the time of day in hours, minutes, and seconds. It is known that he had in his possession a book by James Ferguson, F. R. S., (1710 - 1776) entitled "Astronomy Explained upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles," and in this book was a chapter headed "Of the Division of Time." The book shows heavy use; the inventor must have studied it carefully, and at length.

Two essentials to the completed whole were provided for him — the works of an ordinary grandfather clock to start with, and a case built for him in Boston to contain the working parts. All the mechanical parts necessary to show the astronomical additions he was planning were made in his workshop. When completed, these mechanisms were placed in front of the works of the grandfather clock, and set in motion by the weights and pendulum of the original time-piece.

Examination of the dial of the clock shows the innovations in clock making devised by the genius of the inventor. In the top part of the face of the clock are two slots in the shape of the segment of a circle, the upper one larger than the lower. The upper one shows the movement of the sun from sunrise to sunset. But since the length of daylight varies with the seasons, the upper slot is provided with shutters at each end that adjust themselves in such a way as to make the hours of daylight correspond exactly with the real sunrise and sunset. The lower slot shows the position of the moon in the heavens from moonrise to moonset. But while the sun appears to encircle the earth in 24 hours, the moon appears to move more slowly, encircling the earth one revolution less than the sun each month. Furthermore, the moon has its phases. To represent these, the moon that moves in the horse-shoe shaped slot is represented by a sphere, half silver and half black; at full moon the silver half shows, and at new moon the black half is toward the spectator, and at other times the intermediate phases are shown just as they appear with the real moon. The opening of the horse-shoe shaped slot varies in length as in the case of the sun, and is likewise operated by the use of shutters. But the model moon goes round the dial more slowly than the sun; it makes one revolution less than the sun each month. The length of variation shown by the use of the shutters goes through a very complex process repeating itself only after 18 2/3 years. So far as is known, no other clock shows the time of moonrise and moonset. The mechanism is so ingenious and so complicated that it stands as a monument to the mechanical ingenuity of the young Walter Folger.

The movement of sun and moon do not exhaust the story told by the face of the clock. At the top of the dial is an opening that shows the number of the year, the units and tens being arranged on a dial which are moved by the clock work on New Year's Day. The dial provides numbers sufficient to register the change of the years in the course of a century.

Just above the center of the main dial is an engraved circle with divisions from one to thirty-one, where a pointer indicates the day of the month, and advances from one number to the next at midnight. Inspection of the face of the clock will reveal the absence of the second hand, omitted, possibly, because of lack of space on the face.

After the death of Walter Folger in 1849, there was no one of sufficient knowledge and skill to regulate the astronomical mechanism of the clock, although it continued to tell time correctly. In 1942 Miss Annie Alden Folger, great granddaughter of the inventor, gave the clock to the Nantucket Historical Society as a memorial to her father, John B. Folger. The Society then began a search for a clock expert with sufficient knowledge of astronomy to undertake the restoration of the astronomical mechanism. Finally, in 1952, the expert was found in the person of Dr. Arthur L. Rawlings, Consulting Engineer of the Bulova Research and Development Laboratories, and the author of a book on the science of clock and watchmaking. In July 1953 he brought the clock works to Nantucket from his laboratory, and installed them in their tall case. Before an audience that filled the Friends' Meeting House, he started the clock.

And so the clock stands as a priceless possession of the island, a memorial to a man who as astronomer and inventor would have won recognition and fame in any generation, by the penetration of his intellect, the range of his scientific interests, and his dedication to the relentless pursuit of facts.

* * * * * * * * *

The Publication Committee wishes to acknowledge its debt to Dr. Will Gardner, author of "The Clock That Talks and What it Tells" (The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1954), for the material in this pamphlet. Readers wishing a fuller account of the life and work of Walter Folger, Jr., should consult this work.

Publications Committee

How to Get Lost on Nantucket

By PATRICIA COFFIN

The peak month is August. July is second. Avoid Nantucket at the height of the season. June and September are glorious, with bare beaches, unpeopled streets, often some of the year's best weather. Do I adhere to this advice? Nope. For 20 years and more I've been drawn to Nantucket in midsummer as surely as the harpooned and helpless whale was brought alongside my ancestors' whaling ships a hundred years ago.

To tell the truth, there is an excitement about the increasing crescendo of activity that builds to a lid-flipping pitch by Labor Day. (The Tuesday after, you can hear a cobblestone settle in Main Street.) The best recipe for enjoying Nantucket to the full in season is to connive to have your cake and eat it: be selective about your social activities and adamant about your solitude.

As everyone knows, Nantucket is a boomerang-shaped island 30 miles at sea south of Cape Cod. It is about 15 miles long by five wide. The first "white" man to sight it was reportedly an English gentleman named Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602. The early settlers, including Mayhews, Macys, Coffins, Starbucks, Folgers and Husseys (capital H, please) arrived about half a century later. They caught their first whale in 1672 and that was the beginning of a saga immortalized by Herman Melville in *Moby Dick*. It takes real rearview imagination to visualize today's tourist-swarming, antique- and souvenir shop-studded wharves busy, instead, with the blubbery catches of 101 great whaling ships! Nor could a Captain Starbuck have been convinced, I am sure, that someday his sailing vessel would be turned into a restaurant called The Skipper (great desserts). But time knows no master.

The early-day prosperity enjoyed by the island accounts for the extraordinary elegance of some of the houses along upper Main Street. There are Colonial and neoclassic mansions of great luxury and perfect proportions. Conversely, the depression Nantucket suffered when the petroleum industry killed the whale oil industry accounts for the preservation of these great houses. No one had enough money to go Victorian. Now tourists and summer people are the island's principal source of income.

Nantucket has been variously described as "the far away isle" (by the Chamber of Commerce), "the little gray lady" (by sentimental historians), "a tight little island" (by the hard-core cocktail party circuit) and "a teen-age happening" (by the surfing-scene observers). I call it a sickness. To be sick for Nantucket is to be sick for the sea gull-signaled drama of dawn over Nantucket Harbor, with the big birds screaming as the orange sun rises with Silly Putty slowness out of the mauve water. It is to be sick for the sunset at the other end, at Madaket, where herons sometimes glide over a gold inlet and suddenly a ragged crew of crows will rise and flap off like black cloths into the opalescent east. It is to yearn for those secret, windless places in the moors where heather grows wild, (nowhere else in this hemisphere), for the vastness of sky, for the coziness of fog, for the freewheeling feeling of bicycling barefoot.

This is the month when the "blues" should be running, the island corn is at its best (Ruby lettuce, ripe tomatoes and fresh herbs, too) and the sun is at its incandescent and tan-deepening strongest. The dark blue ocean meets the clear blue sky where a wisp of smoke on the horizon suggests an ocean liner ("in" again, like vintage cars) or a freighter on its way to Europe. This is also the month when it is impossible to find one square foot of free sand at Cisco Beach, teeming with bronzed, salt-water-soaked, long-haired, bikini-clad teen-agers—the Endless Summer set. This is where they surf like young sea gods until it is too dark to judge a wave or retrieve a "boiled" surfboard. I bypass all this and make for the eastern end of Surfside Beach, where beach-buggy tracks and gull feathers are the only signs of habitation. You used to pass a haunted house on the way to Tom Nevers Head. But that's fallen down now, and the ghost of the man who hanged himself in the cupola has probably taken to the moors.

This is also the month for traffic jams on cobbled Main Street, with Jaguars, jalopies and Jeeps stuck behind Albert C. Johnson's garbage truck. Gray-haired ladies in pastel shirtwaist dresses and matching cashmere cardigans are busy buying fresh vegetables from the backs of open trucks for enormous family gatherings. Tourists in sandals and miniskirts mill about in front of the drugstores licking ice-cream cones and shocking the furniture-store owner. You have to make a reservation if you expect to get a table at The Opera House for dinner or at the White Elephant for Sunday buffet.

Fleets of shiny English bicycles flash down the roads and swarm through the narrow New England streets like gaggles of geese in a French village. I pack a picnic lunch, a book and a pillow in my bicycle basket and take off for the moors. On

Birds or bikinis? Beach choice determines the company kept.

the road to Dionis Beach, just before you pass Maxcy's Pond, there are some dirt tracks leading left that are hard-packed enough to bicycle on. I turn off there and find myself alone with the sky and the scrub oak, in which the wind is always sighing like the sea. A carpet of pine needles, a little shade, an onion sandwich, a jug of wine and wow. I've spent long afternoons sleeping and reading there.

Peak-of-the-season "in" stuff includes the Sankaty Head Golf Club member-guest tournament, August 10th to 13th. The windswept, lighthouse-dominated course is one of the most dramatic in the East, and the tournament is always cause for some high-level betting and innumerable jolly celebrations. St. Paul's Church Fair, on July 27th this year, was more than a cookie-and-old-teapot-type sale. Most of Nantucket's artists, many nationally known, contribute paintings, and I will never forget the delicious lime pie baked by a 90-year-old Nantucketer, male.

With crewelwork and petit point the rage, the Nantucket Needlery is swamped with people of all ages and both sexes seeking instruction from Miss Emily Louise Rivett, "renowned needlework authority from Gateshead, England." The Needlery is a division of The Cloth Company, which was set up by the Nantucket Historical Trust as part of a restoration program originated by wealthy and energetic Walter Beinecke Jr. (S & H Green Stamps) and his wife. The Cloth Company is run by D.D. and Leslie Tillett, well-known for their luxurious (and expensive) hand-woven fabrics, hand-printed cottons and silks, batik work, ivory carving and other quality goodies. This summer, the Tilletts are also running an old-fashioned ice-cream parlor, the Sweet Shop, on Main Street, and the Christmas (toy) Shop overlooking Harbor Square. The hand-carved toys, many with movable parts, are based on historical themes.

The Nantucket Yacht Club winds up the season with a series of gala Saturday night parties that include a costume party for the younger members and a final fling for the adults. The club itself is an unpretentious shingled building. It is most attractive when the late afternoon sunlight jewels the lawn as sun-tanned girls and college boys lay out their sails to dry and salty gentlemen in nautical caps gather for their evening gin. The reverse of this approach to boating is to hire a catboat at Straight Wharf and sail alone (or with your one-and-only) across the inland harbor to a bar of sand called Coatue. Solitude is pretty much guaranteed (unless you count sandpipers) and bathing suits are barely necessary.

Fishing is a major sport and is practiced at all financial levels. The millionaires (and Nantucket has more than its share) set out in their "sports-fishermen," bristling with expensive rods and loaded with hampers of smoked salmon and champagne for mid-ocean lunches. One of the more posh boats, *Siki,* is owned by the John Lucases, who gave the famous pink debutante party for their daughter a couple of years ago. It was held in a pink circus tent next to their pink house in Polpis and preceded by a dinner at the Yacht Club. DC-6's stood by to fly guests on and off the island.

More modest fishing enthusiasts put forth in their outboards or line up for the services of Bob Francis, the barber, who has a boat and knows where the fish are, or Gibby Nickerson, ditto. Bluefish and striped bass are what they're after. Once a season is enough for me, thrilling though it is to get a strike. I prefer to go clamming at low tide when the wet sand is like blue-purple satin reflecting the sky. Or to bike to the Jetties at dawn before the beachboys have arrived to rake the sand. I collect mussels off the rocks, a bike-basket full. (I happen to have a good recipe for *moules à la marinière.*)

The Nantucket art scene is positively feverish. More and more galleries open every season. There are often as many as three *vernissages* (openings) a day, from the elegant biweekly Mondays at George Vigouroux's Lobster Pot Gallery to simple little gallery gatherings featuring punch in paper cups served from a card table. The painting is not very far out and therefore not very "in." Leading artists include expressionists Reggie Levine, Philip Hicken and Andrew Shunney, who has just bought an old house near Caton Circle. "It's small, but it's pure, and was a Coffin house," says Shunney, who also has a studio on Old North Wharf. "I bought it furnished, and would you believe four dessert dishes and one chair is all that is worth saving? The rest, including the piano, goes to the dump." The dump is a favorite spot for antiquing and seeking "found objects" by the less affluent members of the art colony.

Roy Bailey is another successful painter with a studio overlooking the Pacific National Bank. He illustrated Gwen Gaillard's handsome cookbook, *Recipes with Love.* Robert Perrin, also an illustrator, sells his dexterous watercolors from the big studio he built at the end of Washington Street (get

Solitude-seekers pedal to the isolated sands beyond town. The Endless Summer set gravitates to teeming Cisco Beach.

Informality colors every island mood, no matter what the act

The spell of Nantucket retains a hold long after its shoreline disappears from the deck of the ferryboat. The bustle of Main Street, with shops, galleries and many good eating spots, or a quiet gossip on a veranda—the mingling of old and new without formality—appeal to both tourists and salted summer settlers.

or how the scenery shifts.

yourself a street map from Young's Bicycle Shop).

For a quiet gossip away from the sound and fury of it all, however, I knock on watercolorist Doris Beer's Old North Wharf studio door (off hours), climb her stairs and share a twilight vermouth with her. Doris, who always wears white and resembles the late Amelia Earhart, has been prowling Nantucket's wharves and beaches in search of pictorial material for the last three decades. She is also one of the first woman members of the Wharf Rat Club, a unique and exclusive organization without constitution, bylaws or dues to which you are elected because of *what* you are, not *who* you are. When I was invited to join, I was so excited that I cabled my husband, then in Europe. To go and sit on the deck of the club's ancient boathouse and listen to three "rats" talking about the old days is an education and a pleasure. It is the most soothing form of socializing that I can think of. The club has many famous members, but that is not what we boast about.

The hub around which Nantucket's artistic activities revolve is the Kenneth Taylor Gallery, a broody hen of a red-brick building dating from 1846. It is run by the Nantucket Artists' Association. There will be six two-week shows this summer on the main floor; water-color, photographic and print shows on the second floor; sculpture in the garden; and music in the evenings. This season, a series of lecture demonstrations every Wednesday afternoon will draw the public (acrylic painting explained by Hicken, children's art by Hal and Bev Hall, as well as the plastic arts, portrait painting, water-colors, stained glass and a lecture on contemporary art by Lee Hirsche of Williams College).

One of the highlights is the annual crafts show, to be held August 2nd to 9th. Here I have seen some marvelous wood carving by Charles Sayle, famous ship-model maker; ivory carving by Nancy Chase; fabrics by Andrew Oates of The Cloth Company; jewelry of polished stones and shells by Henry Shower; whittling by Lindstrom (you know who *he* is); pottery by Liz Schaeffler; and a pair of faded blue jeans covered with exquisite crewel embroidery. It's a busy place and I enjoy the shows. But I would rather go dangle my feet from the dock outside the Children's Art Gallery, which is housed in a former fisherman's shack on Old South Wharf. Here, a gentle sandal-footed man with a beard (he works for *The New York Times* off island) and his young wife with long, blond, straight hair, work miracles with very young people. If attendance is small, the Halls take the whole class off in their boat to look for driftwood. Everyone knows their lame duck, "Q.Q.," and their Great Dane, "Moose."

There is plenty of good eating on Nantucket—at a price. The Opera House, a barn-red building topped by an antique gold eagle, between Main Street and South Water Street, is the "21" of the island. The Belgian chef, Lucien Van Vyve, is a painter as well as an artist in the kitchen. The décor is richly Victorian, there is piano music at night, fantastic omelets and salads in the patio for lunch and always the most potent martinis available on the island.

Across the street, Cy's Green Coffee Pot serves broiled lobster that is not to be believed. The Sunday evening buffet at the White Elephant Hotel (rather formal here) includes statuary carved in ice, aspics and more decorated dishes than you could possibly sample in one visit. The Jared Coffin House, Nantucket's most elegant small hotel, is fun for supper in the Victorian Eben Allen Room where Deke Eberhardt tickles the ivories. Once a stately "town house," the Jared Coffin was restored by the Nantucket Historical Trust and is furnished with period antiques. It is open—and busy—all year round.

Cap'n Toby's is a great place for chowder. The Mad Hatter features the generous kind of menu that includes blueberry muffins and relishes with your meal. An old favorite, The Chanticleer in 'Sconset (Siasconset) on the other side of the island, has a liquor license this year. You can't go wrong for breakfast at the Downey Flake Doughnut Shop. Harbor House, Schell's Steak House, the Snooty Fox and the Upper Deck are also among the numberless top eateries.

I prefer to squeeze into the tiny bar at The Opera House, share a marble-topped table with some social salts off a yacht, have one *good* martini and pedal home to my shack to cook my own plaice or bay scallops with fresh dill and sour cream. Add a carafe of wine, some hot Portuguese bread and the moon rising out of the sea. The Portuguese bread (get to Aime's Bakery early, or they will have run out) comes in a round, fat loaf and makes the whole trip to Nantucket worthwhile.

Don't miss: the Noble Surfer on Centre (yes, that's how they spell it) Street, where the young collect and surfboards are fussed over as lovingly as a sports car at Le Mans; antique shopping at Bob White's, Gwen Gaillard's and Frank Sylvia's (bring

continued on page 48

Nantucket *continued from page 27*

money); repertory at the Straight Wharf Theater and experiments at the Discovery Playhouse; the band concerts Sundays at 8 P.M. in Harbor Square (The conductor is Mrs. Estelle O'Grady, former music teacher at the local high school. Most of the musicians are off-island students and teachers, and the total effect is downright nostalgic); teatime at Seacliff Inn, one of the last of the vast old summer hotels with no two floors at the same level and gingerbread everywhere.

Also: ☐ Take a walkie-talkie tour (new this year) up Main Street carrying an Acoustiguide, or taped tour, which you can turn on and off at will. It gives you directions and tells you all about what you are looking at. Edouard A. Stackpole, historian and editor of the famous, giant-sized Nantucket newspaper, *The Inquirer and Mirror,* did the narrating.

☐ Order a "lightship basket" from José Reyes or Stephen Gibbs. These take from a year to two to make, and, decorated with carved ivory or ebony, cost several hundred dollars in some cases and are *the* Nantucket status symbol.

☐ Go to the flicks at the Dreamland Movie Theater.

☐ Buy someone a special toy at the Enchanted Dollhouse or a Nantucket T-shirt at Murray's Toggery Shop.

☐ Go superior souvenir hunting at the Four Winds, the Seven Seas, the Cockeyed Dove or, in 'Sconset, The Treasure Chest.

☐ Try Bob de Lacey for handmade sandals (takes time, takes money).

☐ Visit George Stinchfield and John Rugge, who stock fun clothes for boys and girls—like pure-silk shirts and Pucci pants.

☐ Do get yourself invited, by fair means or foul, to a private cocktail party. It will take place in a garden behind a privet hedge. The setting sun will hit the top shingles on your hostess' 200-year-old house. The men will be wearing orange and lemon-yellow linen sport jackets and the ladies will be carrying those lightship baskets. The gossip will flow as freely as the Scotch.

I'd rather go pick some fresh thyme for dinner in an old English garden I know of on Vestal Street, opposite the Maria Mitchell house. It is oval and traps the sun—a bowl filled with the sweet, feathery fragrance of summer lilac, cat-whiskered cleome, banks of Patient Lucy and alyssum, pinks and Satellite petunias, orange-starred *Calendula,* Johnny-jump-ups and stock. And over them all, the buzzing of the bees.

Or ride out to the boatyard beyond the big repair shed and stretch out on the sand beside an upturned skiff. I watch the gulls wheeling, and I've seen an old woman come there to the water's edge, plant a stool, take off her shoes and just sit facing the sea. She wore a black shawl, had white hair and a Portuguese complexion. Her hooded image looked like a playing card in the wet sand.

Sometimes I pedal to Sesachacha Pond, where the smell of salt air mingles with bayberry and sweet pepper. If the sky is right, the big body of semi-salt water turns the color of sapphires. Or I've stayed at Surfside Beach when the fog rolled in like ghostly surf, shrouding the world with silence except for the ocean's incessant booming and, somewhere up there, the muffled purr of an aircraft feeling its way.

This brings me to a ticklish question: how to get to Nantucket. It is not easy, nor is it always possible to leave. This does not seem to prevent some 19,000 people from descending on the island every summer! However, advance airline reservations or reservations for car space on the ferries and steamboats are *most* advisable, although that does not guarantee arrival on schedule. You see, there is the weather. Fog can phase out Nantucket, just like that. It diverts planes and deters ships. Ferries are often late. The train-and-ferry ride is very long. The bus-and-ferry ride is even longer. The best way to get there, of course, is on your own yacht. There is a splendid inner harbor, a good yacht club and six deluxe moorings at the White Elephant Hotel.

Better yet, go in September. There are fewer flights and boat trips, but lots more room. Also, the weather is likely to be crystal-clear. The sun still warms and the moors turn purple, fuchsia and lavender. It is a good time to go horseback riding and surf casting and to sit by an open fire at teatime in the Wood Box eating toasted Portuguese bread smeared with beach-plum jelly. Yum! *That's* a great time to get lost on Nantucket.

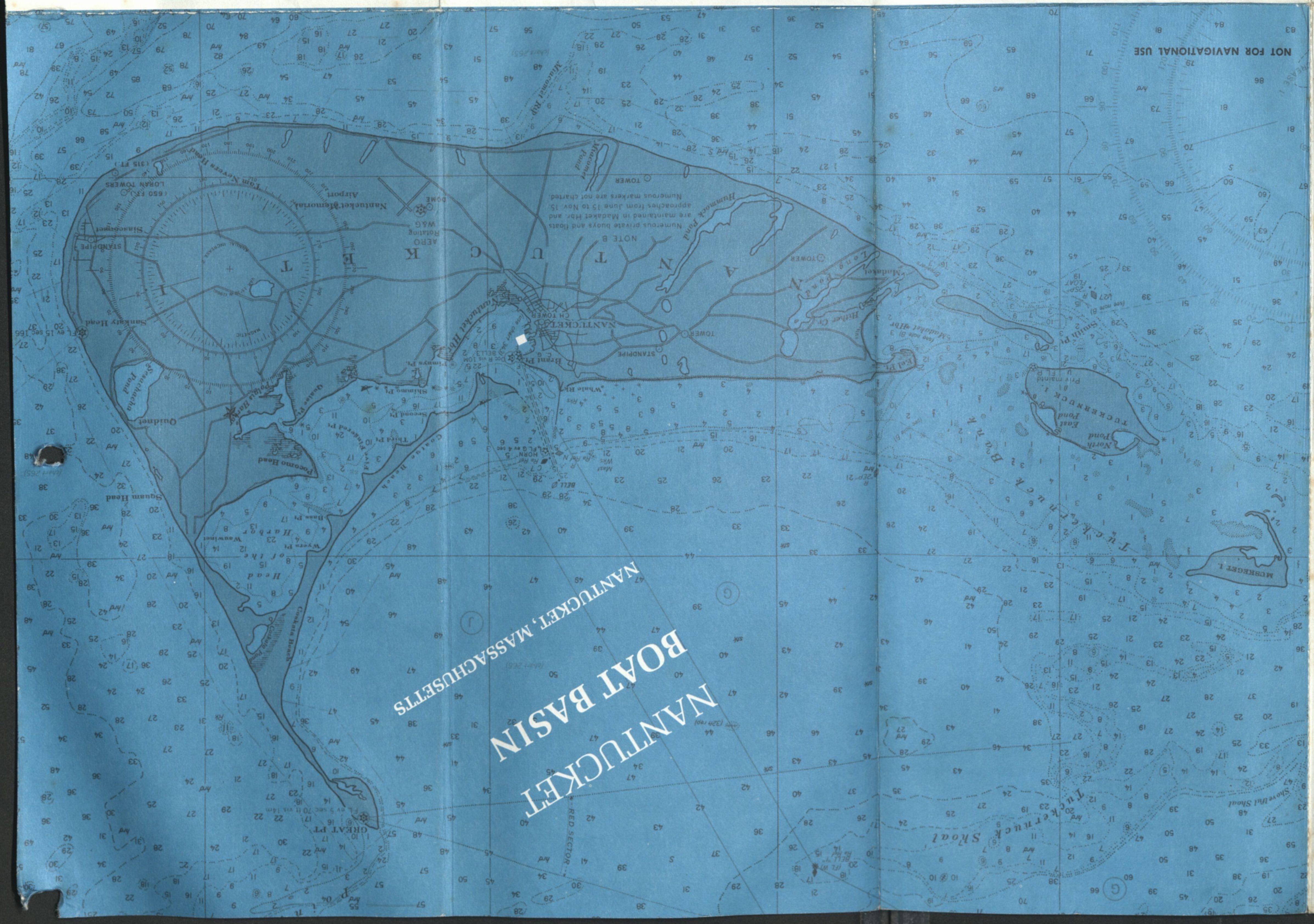
In North America, Diners Club members can charge air fares to Nantucket on Northeast Airlines.

"SIGNATURE" MAG. AUG 1967

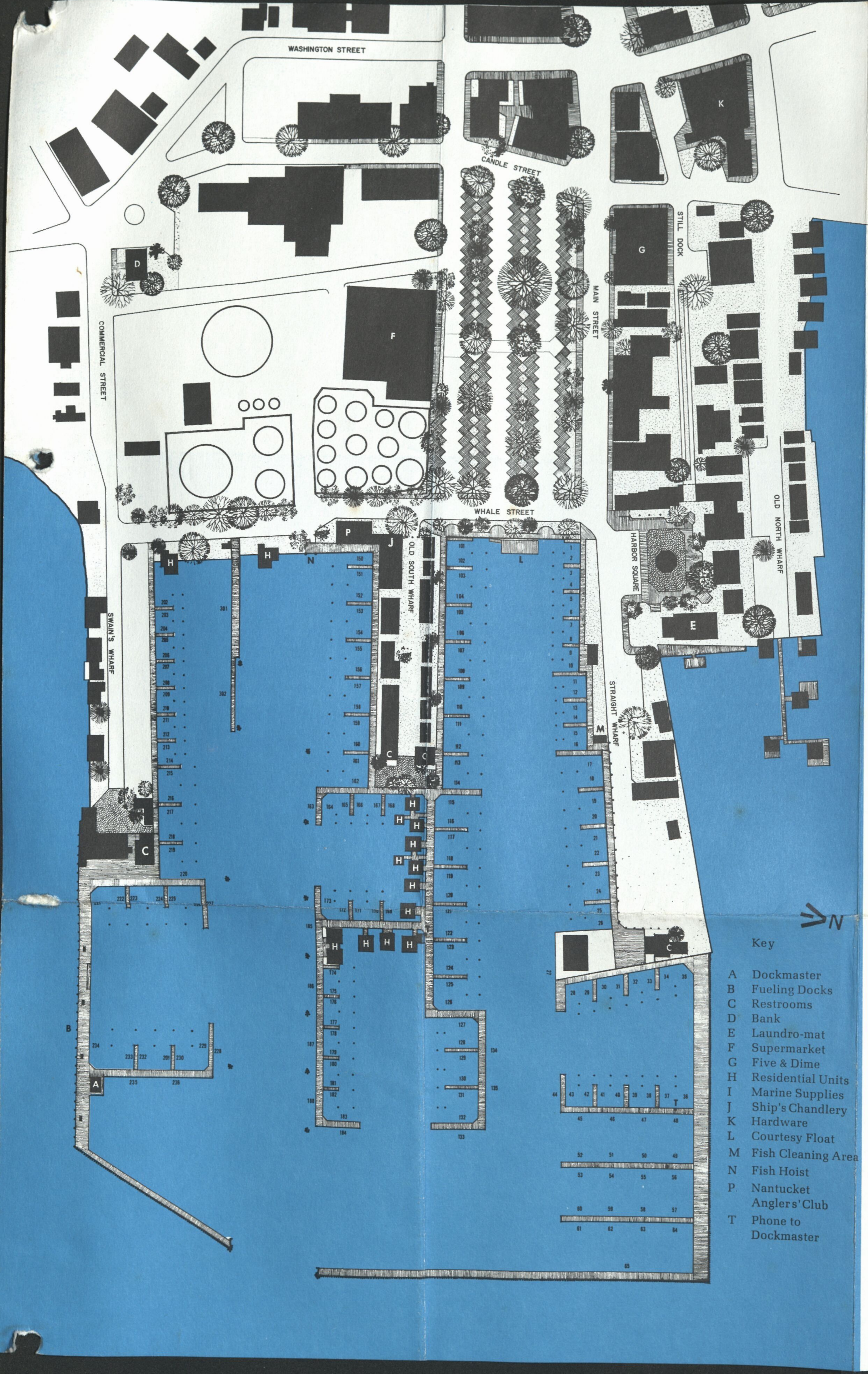
The Island of Nantucket . . .

lies in the Atlantic Ocean 30 miles Southeast of Cape Cod. Its nickname, Little Grey Lady of the Sea, aptly describes a visitor's first impression, for the vast preponderance of its structures, old and new, are clad in weathered cedar shingles. A sojourn on Nantucket is a unique experience. Diversions are most informal, but they are numerous. There are excellent, intimate restaurants, each with its own special atmosphere. You can sit on a deck, relax and sip a cocktail while looking over the ever-changing scene of the Boat Basin, or enjoy a simple New England meal with quahog chowder, or feast at a table of haute cuisine. If it suits your fancy, you can browse through many unique shops. Some sell local handcraft, from scrimshaw to hand-loomed fabrics. Others sell quality merchandise from America and other parts of the world. There are antiques and boutiques, food delicacies and art galleries. A number of well-known painters make Nantucket their summer home. The Nantucket Historical Association maintains a number of fascinating exhibits, including the famous Whaling Museum, which graphically depicts the important position Nantucket played in international commerce, when its ships plied the 7 seas and called on every major port of the world. For the sportsman, Nantucket offers some of the best fishing, both bill and fin, on the East Coast. Golf and tennis facilities are also available. To many, part of the Island's pleasing environment is a result of what is missing. There is no glare of neon lights, no blare of lavish night clubs, no towering condominiums, no extravaganzas.

The architecture of the residential area of Nantucket Town is remarkably pure pre-1840, with many of the homes dating from the early 1700's. A walk through the tree-lined lanes will be a journey through history to those willing to listen to the whispers. The natural beauty of the unspoiled, undeveloped heath-lands, which comprise most of the Island, the relaxing solitude of unpeopled beaches which completely encompass the Island, the numerous ponds which dot the moors, the many beautiful vistas from hill tops, are all available to those who tread or ride the unpaved, rutted roads which criss-cross the Island in apparently illogical fashion. During each season Nantucket wears a different and beautiful mantle, from the new green and white of Spring, to the gold and red of Autumn. Because Nantucket is surrounded by sea, its climate is more temperate than most of New England.


NANTUCKET
BOAT BASIN
NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS
NOT FOR NAVIGATIONAL USE
Tuckernuck Shoal
Tuckernuck Bank
MUSKEGET I.
TUCKERNUCK I.
North Pond
East Pond
Smith Pt
Madaket Hbr
Eel Pt
Hither Cr
Long Pond
Hummock Pond
NANTUCKET
Brant Pt
Nantucket Hbr
Coatue Beach
Wauwinet
Head of the Harbor
Great Pt
Polpis Harbor
Quidnet
Sesachacha Pond
Sankaty Head
Siasconset
Tom Nevers Head
Nantucket Memorial Airport
Miacomet Pond
Squam Head
Pocomo Head
Numerous private buoys and floats are maintained in Madaket Hbr. and approaches from June 15 to Nov. 15. Numerous markers are not charted.

NANTUCKET
BOAT BASIN
NANTUCKET ISLAND
MASSACHUSETTS 02554



Key

A	Dockmaster
B	Fueling Docks
C	Restrooms
D	Bank
E	Laundro-mat
F	Supermarket
G	Five & Dime
H	Residential Units
I	Marine Supplies
J	Ship's Chandlery
K	Hardware
L	Courtesy Float
M	Fish Cleaning Area
N	Fish Hoist
P	Nantucket Anglers' Club
T	Phone to Dockmaster

Boat Basin Policy

Generally, regulations conform to the standard Dockage Agreements found in most marinas or boat basins.

Because the waterfront and the harbor are Nantucket's front door, the town has a very strict ordinance pertaining to the disposal of sewage and refuse in the water. Management of the Nantucket Boat Basin, as well as Town law enforcement officials, will be required to police this ordinance.

Refuse containers are provided at each catwalk and a Mono Marine Sanitation System is available for in-slip use by all boats equipped with holding tanks.

For your protection, heads on boats not having approved disposal systems will be locked or otherwise secured upon arrival and for the duration of a boat's stay in the Basin.

Every possible effort has been made to install the most modern and efficient equipment on the market for your convenience and help in conforming to this ordinance.

If you are planning a visit to the NBB, reservations are suggested. An application form is attached to this brochure.

Services Available

FUEL — Diesel, regular and premium gasoline.

ICE — Block and cube.

ELECTRICITY — Receptacles with individual circuit breakers at every slip in 110 or 220 volts. Dockage rates include electricity except for boats using air-conditioning.

WATER — At every slip.

TELEPHONE — Jacks already installed for boats wishing private service. Public telephones on piers.

TOILETS AND SHOWERS — Provided (free of charge) for the exclusive use of boating guests on all wharves.

TRANSPORTATION — Automobiles and bicycles available for rent; taxi service.

Boat Basin Rates

Daily Rates June 1 - September 30
Minimum $10.00 per day plus
30¢ per foot over 30 feet

Season Contract June 1 - September 30
Minimum $500 plus $16.80 per foot
over 30 feet.
Season contracts payable in advance

Boat Basin Environment

Nantucket is almost unique in its natural blending of the atmosphere of another century with the most modern facilities and accommodations of today. The new structures, which are part of the recent careful re-development of the waterfront, are in keeping with the Town's original simplicity of architecture and an exclusiveness has been maintained that is respectful of the Town's unique position as a landmark of American History.

For the first time, yachts visiting the Island can be provided with the latest facilities by the recently completed Nantucket Boat Basin. Its 180 slips are offered protection by a breakwater. Large pleasure craft are frequent visitors to Nantucket and boats 100′ and longer can easily be accommodated. The Basin is located in the center of Nantucket Town, and therefore is within several minutes' walk of all shopping facilities, restaurants, hotels and services. Individual "housekeeping" cottages, apartments and quaint fishermen's shacks are available for rent, both on the piers and around them.

NANTUCKET BOAT BASIN

NANTUCKET ISLAND
MASSACHUSETTS 02554

TELEPHONE 617-228-1333

NANTUCKET BOAT BASIN
Nantucket Island Massachusetts

Reservation Request Form

Name________________
Address________________
City________________
State__________ Zip______
Telephone________________

Boat Name__________ Reg. No.______
Captain________________
☐ Power ☐ Sail
Overall Length__________ Hull Length______
Beam__________ Draft______
Electrical Requirements:__________

Dates of Planned Stay:
Date of Arrival________________
Date of Departure________________
☐ I wish a Full Season Contract

Reservation requests will be considered *only* if accompanied by a deposit in the amount of the first day's dockage fees.

Enclosed herewith is a check for $__________.

If NBB is able to accommodate your request, you will receive written confirmation. If not, your deposit will be returned immediately.

Signature________________
Must be affixed
Date________________

No parallel-

Whaler's Life

nor wife's

The whaling business is peculiarly an ocean life. The sea, to mariners generally, is but a highway over which they travel to foreign markets; but to the whaler it is his field of labor, it is the home of his business. The Nantucket whaleman, when with his family, is but a visitor there. He touches at foreign ports merely to procure recruits to enable him to prosecute his voyage; he touches at home merely long enough to prepare for a new voyage. He is in the bosom of his family weeks, on the bosom of the ocean years. His youth, and strength, and best manhood, are all devoted to a life of tedious labor and great peril. His boyhood anticipates such a life, and aspires after its highest responsibilities; his age delights in recounting its incidents. We read, and sometimes, perhaps, dwell with delight on the daring exploits of those whom the world calls heroes; and in proportion to the victims sacrificed on the altar of ambition, we attribute glory and honor to the victor. Alas! what is bloodshed but murder; what are the pretences of war but words; what its dire effects but cold-blooded, purchased butchery. For deeds of true valor, done without brutal excitement, but in the honest and lawful pursuit of the means of livelihood, we may safely point to the life of a whaleman, and dare the whole world to produce a parallel. The widow and orphan mourn not over his success, oppression and tyranny follow not in his paths. No; his wife and children reap the reward of his toils and dangers, society is enriched by them, and his prosperity is his country's honor.

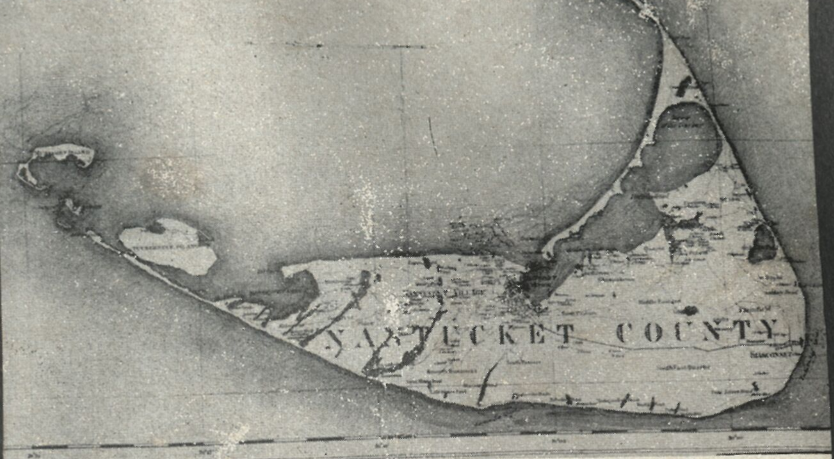
They were a motherhood ever alive to the calls of duty and charity. They were always ready to leave their homes to visit the sick, to whom they ministered both in the capacity of nurses and physicians.

Many were skilled in the use of roots and herbs, the medical properties of which they had learned from the native Indians.

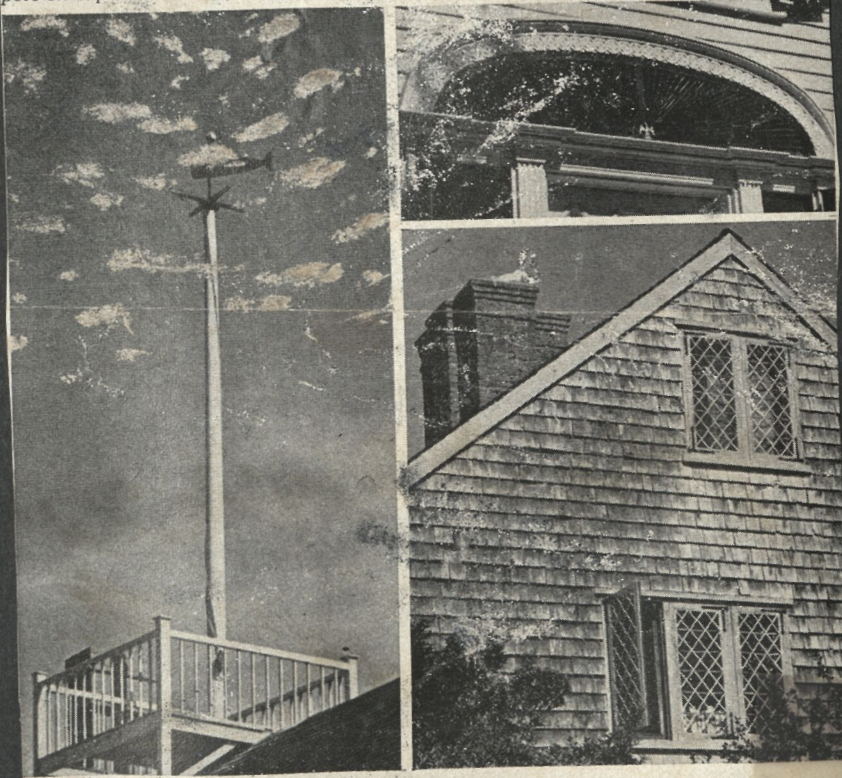
For many years the art of healing was practiced almost exclusively by females and more confidence was placed in their skill than in the knowledge of men professionally educated.

NANTUCKET

continued from page 198



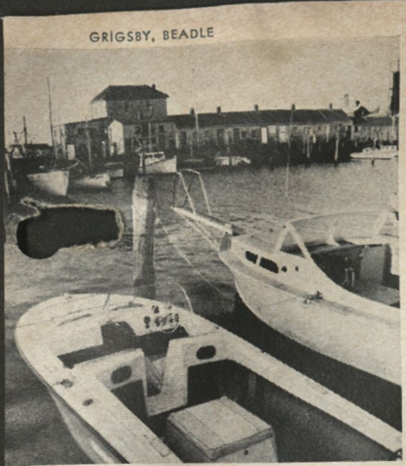
ABOVE: *On a nineteenth-century map you can see Nantucket's strange shape and natural harbor, results of glacial moraine pushed south by a wall of ice.*
BELOW: *Three sights that speak of the past: whale weather vane atop a flagpole on captain's walk; fanlight on clapboard house; old casement windows.*

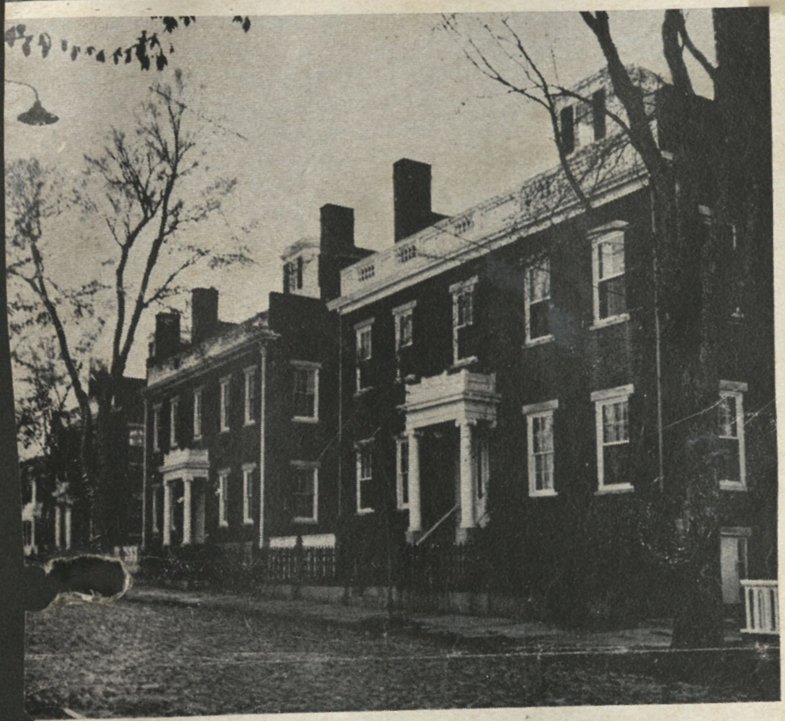


Nantucket in summer seems timeless, as though under a spell of peaceful enchantment. Even the barefoot collegians who hang around evenings on Main Street waiting for something to happen seem strangely subdued, and the daily swarms of three-hour tourists who surge off the ferries from Woods Hole and Hyannis could be swallowed without trace by the wide, wild sweep of moors and beaches. The rutted sandy paths that wind off from the main roads lead to a world of sun-drenched solitude, silent except for the cheep of birds, the chirp of crickets, and the lazy smack of the surf. The roads carry little traffic apart from the ubiquitous bicycle. Off-island cars are limited to the space available on ferries and those for rental are few and far between, a deliberate and successful attempt by the islanders to protect themselves and their countryside from the fume-breathing insolent chariot. Nantucket, as an island and a town, is geared to the footloose and fancy-free wanderer, who has no need to follow the signs on the one-way streets. If you don't walk, you are apt to miss

APRIL, 1966

HOUSE & GARDEN


GRIGSBY, BEADLE



TOP LEFT: *Fish houses on Old South Wharf, originally fishermen's shacks, have been spruced up as part of the restoration and rehabilitation of the island's waterfront and are rented to summer residents, mainly artists. Houses were among twenty buildings in Nantucket selected by the Historic American Buildings Survey to be recorded for the Library of Congress archives.* TOP RIGHT: *The bicycle is the symbol of island mobility and the preferred pace.* ABOVE: *The Three Bricks at 93, 95, and 97 Main Street are probably Nantucket's most famous houses. Built by wealthy whaling merchant Joseph Starbuck in the late 1830's for his three sons, the exteriors of the mansions, a combination of Georgian simplicity and Greek Revival embellishment, are identical in every detail, no doubt to avoid family bickering.*

the important things—the glimpse, down a cul-de-sac, of a garden burgeoning with old-fashioned flowers, the smell of fresh-baked Portuguese bread wafting from the Nantucket Bake Shop at 79 Orange Street (if you want to take a loaf on a picnic, go before ten in the morning; the demand far exceeds the supply).

Mornings are made for strolling. The air is cool, fresh, sparkling, and on Main Street fresh garden produce is being sold from parked trucks—ruby and oakleaf lettuce with the dew still on the [illegible]es, fragrant bundles of oregano, mint, summer savory. In a couple of mornings of leisurely ambling, armed with a map and a leaflet called "Rambles Through the Historic Nantucket District" picked up at the Information Center, I covered the chief streets and points of interest, starting with Main Street. At 99 Main Street stands the white clapboard Macy house, boyhood home of R. H. Macy, who after abandoning Nantucket for the golden lure of California, returned east to inaugurate the store on New

(Continued on next page)

END OF ARTICLE

were running, to save them the long trek back home. Over the years, as the fishermen's families joined their men in good weather, these minuscule sheds were added to, and by the nineteenth century Siasconset had become the simple but chic place to summer for Nantucketers and mainlanders, especially actors from New York, who formed their own colony there. Today, Siasconset is still an isolated, sleepy community of summer homes, tranquil lanes, tiny gray cottages hardly visible for the roses that grow on trellises over roofs and walls, and mile after mile of dunes and surf-washed white beach.

The final impression of Nantucket I took away was of an offshore haven where yesterday is as close as today—not an idling, time-killing, sun-worshipping community, but an island with a strong sense of identity and a pride in that identity. If Nantucket, the "little gray lady of the sea," has not completely joined the twentieth century, more power to her. Her placid way of life has much to recommend it.

* * * *

If you would like to receive additional information on Nantucket, write to the Nantucket Development Board, 30 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y., 10016, or the Nantucket Chamber of Commerce, Nantucket, Mass.

Here are some places worth visiting in Nantucket:

ANTIQUE SHOPS

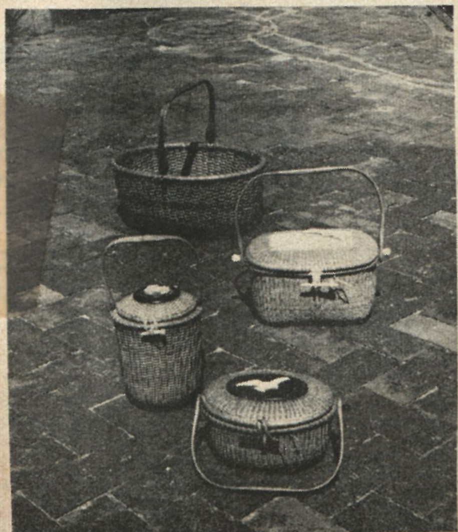
Frank Sylvia, Ray's Court
Gwen Gaillard Antiques, 60 Main Street
Robert L. White, S. Beach Street ✓
Past & Present, New Street, Siasconset

OTHER SHOPS

Stinchfield, S. Beach Street
The Pot Shop, S. Beach Street
Cora Stevens, Center Street
  Old prints and maps, books on Nantucket, lightship baskets
Ellen Ramsdell's Garden Gate, 67 N. Center Street
  Homemade jellies and jams, (wild grape, beach plum, blackberry, cranberry, etc.), relishes

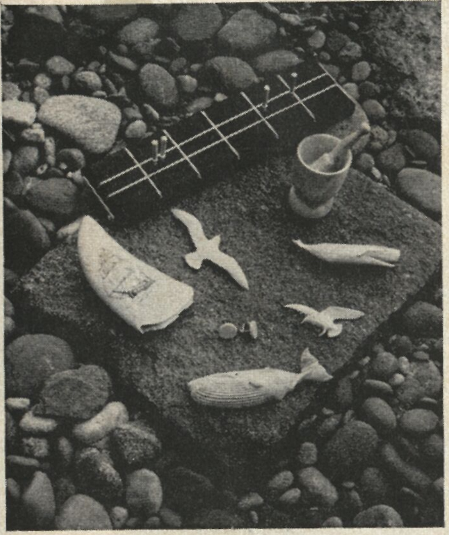
HANDCRAFTS

The Cloth Co., of Nantucket, 16 Main Street
Nancy Chase, Surfside Road
  Ivory carving. Umbrella handles to order
Charles S. Sayle, 63 Union Street
  Woodcarving, especially ship models
José Reyes, 16 York Street
  Nantucket lightship baskets



LEFT: *A venerable island craft, the carving of wood figureheads, ship models, and centerboards for boats, is the province of bearded Charles S. Sayle.* BELOW: *José Reyes, a Filipino who settled on the island, is now the leading practitioner of Nantucket lightship-basket weaving. The rattan lightship basket,* BELOW LEFT, *originally a sturdy container for fish, potatoes, knitting, or what-you-will, has become a status symbol to hang on the arms of female visitors and residents alike (the prices range from $60 up).*

RIGHT: *On cobbled Main Street (the stones were carried in ships' holds as ballast) is the building where local weavers can be seen at work on fabrics and rugs, such as those which were made especially for the Jared Coffin House.* BELOW: *The ancient arts of ivory carving and decorative scrimshaw are practiced by Nancy Chase, whose skilled fingers fashion motifs,* BELOW RIGHT, *for lightship baskets, jewelry, mortars and pestles, and wall plaques of whales.*



York's Thirty-fourth Street. The most impressive of the Main Street Houses are the brick and Greek Revival mansions built by prosperous nineteenth-century merchants—the Starbuck Bricks, the Wright mansion, the Hadwen House, and the Charles and Henry Coffin Houses.

Coffin is an inescapable name in Nantucket and a detour to Winter Street explains why. Dominating the street is the impressive Coffin School, founded in 1836 "for Coffins only," surely the only school ever built to educate the progeny of a single family tree, descendants of Benjamin Coffin, a schoolmaster in the early settlement and the father of eighteen.

Strolling and Shopping

My pet Nantucket Street is not well-heeled Main, but more modest, winding Orange Street, which starts off auspiciously with the old Unitarian Church (also used for concerts and lectures), which has a surprising interior of trompe-l'oeil panels and colonnades painted by the same European artist, Carl Wendte, who decorated Washington's Treasury Building. Next come the five trim white nineteenth-century row houses known as the Orange Street block, jauntily brightened by pots and baskets of red and pink geraniums. Along the length of Orange Street, which runs at right angles to Main Street and parallel to the harbor until it joins the road to Siasconset, are charming, meticulously preserved shingled and clapboard houses, gardens that pour the scent of honeysuckle and syringa into the air.

I found this ambulatory contact with living history much more evocative than a few hours spent in a dusty musty museum, of which Nantucket has two—the Whaling Museum on Broad Street and the Historical Museum on Fair Street. Cases and cases of exhibits and assemblages of totally unrelated memorabilia leave me cold. (Why, in a Historical Museum, should bits of Peruvian pottery and a Japanese bathtub be mixed with Indian arrowheads and weather vanes merely because they were souvenirs of voyages?) But I did rather enjoy the very human *memento mori* in the Historical Museum—eighteenth- and nineteenth-century homemade mourning pictures stitched in primitive style with weeping willows, headstones, and agonized bereaved ladies—and the shipwrecked sailor's valentine in the Whaling Museum, encrusted with shells surrounding an anchor (symbol of home?), obviously made by loving hands on a South Seas strand. From the Whaling Museum, it is only a few steps to the Atheneum, the public library on Federal Street, which is worth visiting just to see two oils hanging there, one a primitive of Main Street, the other a Thoma Birch painting of Sherburne Nantucket town was called prior to 1795.

The current center of Nantucket's art and culture is the waterfront, where every wharf has a gallery and the fishing shacks now house artists. There are the Wharfhead Gallery on Old North Wharf, Kenneth Taylor Galleries on Straight Wharf, the Munson Gallery on Old South Wharf, and, between Old North Wharf and Steamboat Wharf, the Lobster Pot Gallery on Easy Street, run by George Vigouroux, Jr. The Lobster Pot is one of the best small galleries I have ever found in a summer community. The sculptures and paintings are of high caliber, and the prices reasonable. Upstairs is the Cahoon Room, a collection of delightful primitive paintings with come-hither mermaids, and the Whale Room, devoted to old whaling prints and ship paintings. The work of many of Nantucket's resident artists is shown here, and at the Monday afternoon open house you meet a cross section of the local popula When I was there, two of the paintings in the current exhibition were by Nathaniel Benchley, who lives at Siasconset for six months of the year, writing and painting.

Like any small New England town that makes most of its livelihood from the day tourists (or trippers, as one starchy old lady of my acquaintance tartly calls them), the bulk of Nantucket's shops are the gift-and-souvenir type, and their stocks are of a mass-produced monotony. But if you keep looking, the local pickings can be good. There are at least three worthwhile antique shops in town: Gwen Gaillard, which specializes in Americana; Robert L. White, where you will find European and eighteenth-century furniture, silver, and china; and a really excellent one, Frank Sylvia, tucked away in a house in Ray's Court behind Main Street (which could easily be missed if you didn't know about it). Actually, Mr. Sylvia has two other shops, one on the corner of Center and India Streets and without a name, the other above the Port Call gift shop at the bottom of Main Street. But I got the impression that these were mainly for casual trade; the cream of his stock is in Ray's Court and could hardly be described as for the budget-minded.

For small gifts and really dashing casual and resort clothes

Museums Historic Houses & Exhibits

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

OPEN SUMMERS: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Every Day
Spring, Fall and Winter As Posted
Admission Fees as Listed
Special Pass To All Exhibits 7.50

Children 14 and Under:
Special Pass—2.50
Whaling Museum —1.00
Other Exhibits—.50 each

Children 4 and Under Free

1. Fair Street Museum & Friends Meeting House

Nantucket's citizens — Quakers, shipmasters, innkeepers and others—are well recorded in the 19th C portraits painted by such artists as Wm. Swain, James Hathaway and Eastman Johnson. The upstairs gallery houses works of late 19th and 20th C artists including Wendell Macy, Frank Swift Chase, Anne R. Congdon, George Fish, Edgar Jenney and Deryk Foster. Changing exhibitions during the summer bring maritime paintings and other collections of interest to the Nantucket audience. The adjoining Quaker Meeting House was built in 1838. Originally used as a school by the Wilburite Friends, the building is still used today as a Quaker gathering place.

Admission—$1.00

2. Peter Foulger Museum

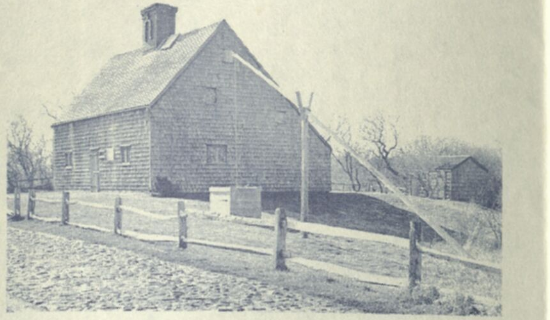
Nantucket's folk museum offers insight into the lives of the island's population—Indians, early settlers, Quakers, whalers, lifesavers, farmers and craftsmen, for example. Diverse exhibits feature whale oil lighting, lightship baskets, textiles, Nantucket silver and furniture, and relics of the China Trade. Paintings by Thos. Birch, Eastman Johnson, Thos. Eakins and Wm. Swain depict a fine array of Nantucket scenes and people. Whirligigs, watercolors, 18th and 19th C manuscripts and documents, and artifacts from the Great Fire of 1846 and our turn-of-the-century railroad help weave the rich tapestry of Nantucket's historic past. A genealogical and maritime research library is available to scholars throughout the year.

Admission—$1.50

3. Whaling Museum

Visit the spermaceti "Candle House" of Hadwen and Barney where an original beam press still stands poised to render the "head matter" into oil and candles. This building, erected in 1846, houses exhibits that include harpoons, try-works, a whale boat, ship models, and a recreated sail loft, cooperage, and boat and shipsmiths shops. Trace the voyage of the ship *Alpha* as she pursued the whale around the world. Whaling scenes and portraits of ships and their masters offer a glimpse into the lives of these sea hunters. Examples of scrimshaw—the sailor's art—fill an entire room. Objects brought home by seamen from the South Seas create another fascinating exhibit. An actual 43′ whale skeleton and an operating Sankaty Lighthouse lens bring excitement to this fine museum.

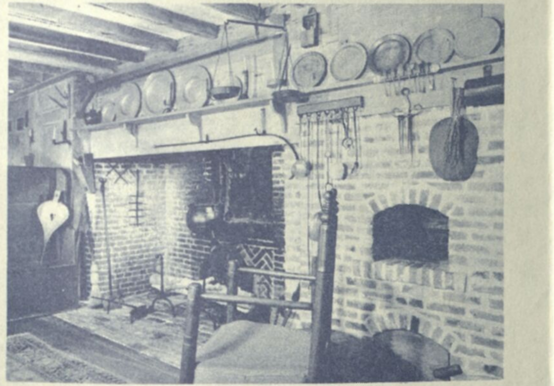
Admission—$2.50



4. Oldest House

In 1686 Jethro Coffin and Mary Gardner married and settled in this house, now considered Nantucket's oldest. On its original building site, this dwelling stands today as characteristic of the late 17th C house plan of the Massachusetts Bay, from which area Nantucket's earliest settlers arrived. Visitors learn the development of the house plan and the corresponding uses of each room. Leaded glass windows, the massive chimney stack with four fireplaces and 18th C furnishings and cooking utensils lend insight into the lives of early Nantucket settlers. A National Historic Landmark.

Admission—$1.00



5. Nathaniel Macy House

Nathaniel Macy, direct descendent of one of the island's original proprietors, built this house in 1723. It was moved to its present site in 1741 and is presented today exactly as it was restored and furnished by its last occupants. Furnishings and household accessories and arts of the 18th and 19th C feature lighting devices, oil portraits, ceramics, needlework, and country and formal furniture. Other noteworthy collections include silhouettes and hooked rugs. The kitchen, with its "walk-in" fireplace, cooking utensils, treen and pewter, offers a glimpse into early American domestic life. Wall paneling and a built-in corner cupboard are interior architectural details of elegance and interest. Note the unusual hand wrought hardware on the front door. Gain entry to house from the rear.

Admission—$1.50

6. Hadwen House

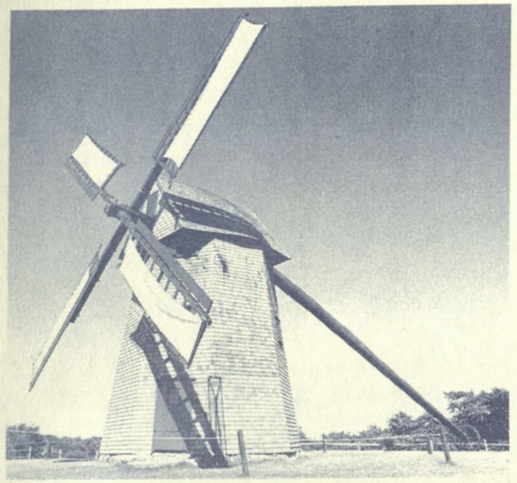
William Hadwen—owner of the candle factory now our Whaling Museum—built this Greek Revival Mansion in 1844 and captured the full elegance of Nantucket's "palmy days" of whaling prosperity in the 1840's. The parlors are appointed with Regency, Empire and Victorian furniture. The house features magnificent sliding doors, Italian carved marbe fireplace surrounds, plaster molded cornices and ceiling rosettes, and doorknobs made of silver. Mid-19th C decorative objects manufactured in this country and abroad, portraits, needlework and canopied beds create a rich tapestry. Gardens authentic to the 1850's are maintained in the spacious lawn behind the house.

Admission—$1.50

7. Greater Light

In the 1930's two Quaker sisters from Philadelphia converted this livestock barn into a summer dwelling of eclectic charm. Iron grille work, church stained glass windows and gilt Italian columns are dynamic examples of architectural details incorporated into the fabric of this unique structure. The visitor is charmed by the pure drama and creative whimsy manifested in the use of art objects from around the world—including American Indian rugs and baskets. Greater Light reflects Nantucket's artistic colony which took root in the 19th C and flourishes today.

Admission—$1.00



8. Old Mill

Built in 1746 by mariner Nathan Wilbur, the mill is the only survivor of four that once stood along the range of hills west of town. The long spar and wheel are used to rotate the top of the mill and turn the sails into the wind. Visitors may view the impressive wooden gear train of original design in operation as the miller grinds corn between mill stones weighing over one ton each.

Admission—$1.00

9. Old Gaol

This jail is representative of the early New England penal institution. Built in 1805, its walls, ceilings, floor and partitions are of log construction with iron bolts throughout. The jail contains four cells: the west cells each have a fireplace with a granite lintel and earthen hearth; the lower east cell was the solitary confinement room. Rough plank bunks, open privies and iron grated windows bespeak the grimness of prison life. Nantucketers, however, allowed most prisoners to go home at night. A sign marks the lane off of Vestal Street.

No admission charge.

10. Fire Hose Cart House

The fire pumper *Siasconset* on view in this 19th C fire station (1866) is still used every July 4th. Here visitors can see the fire buckets and other equipment used by volunteer groups over a century ago.

No admission charge.

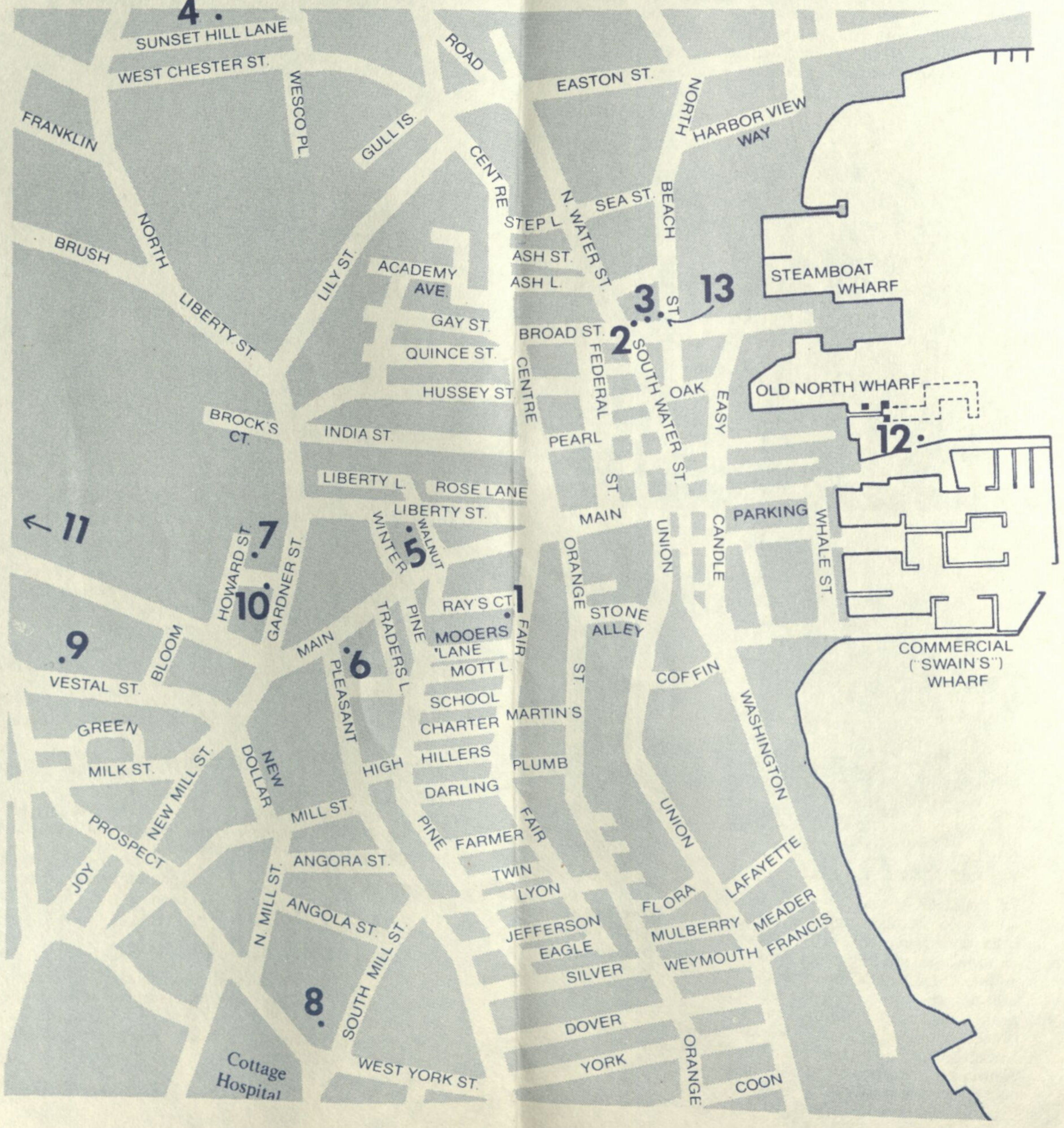
11. Abiah Folger Franklin Fountain and Boulder

Overlooking the fields and moorlands, visitors to Nantucket may view the site of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin's mother and of the home of his grandfather, Peter Folger. Folger acted as interpreter during negotiations with the Indians for the purchase of Nantucket lands in 1659.

No admission charge.

INCLUDED IN $7.50 SPECIAL PASS

1. **Fair Street Museum** - Fair St.
2. **Peter Foulger Museum** - Broad St., next to Whaling Museum
3. **Whaling Museum** - Broad St., head of Steamboat Wharf
4. **Oldest House** - Sunset Hill, off West Chester St.
5. **Nathaniel Macy House** - Corner of Liberty St. & Walnut Lane
6. **Hadwen House** - Corner of Pleasant & Main Sts.
7. **Greater Light** - Howard St., between Gardner & Main Sts.
8. **Old Mill** - Mill Hill, Prospect St.
9. **Old Gaol** - Vestal St. - near Quaker Road.
10. **Fire Hose Cart House** - Gardner St., between Liberty & Main Sts.
11. **Abiah Folger Franklin Fountain** - ½ mile out Main St.
12. **Lightship *Nantucket*** - Straight Wharf
13. **Museum Shop** - Broad St., next to Whaling Museum


4.
SUNSET HILL LANE
WEST CHESTER ST.
ROAD
EASTON ST.
FRANKLIN
WESCO PL
GULL IS.
NORTH
HARBOR VIEW WAY
CENTRE
N. WATER ST.
BEACH
SEA ST.
STEP L.
BRUSH
NORTH
LILY ST
ACADEMY AVE
ASH ST.
ASH L.
3
13
STEAMBOAT WHARF
LIBERTY ST
GAY ST.
BROAD ST
2
ST.
QUINCE ST.
CENTRE
FEDERAL
SOUTH WATER ST.
HUSSEY ST
OAK
EASY
OLD NORTH WHARF
BROCK'S CT.
INDIA ST.
PEARL
12
LIBERTY L.
ROSE LANE
ST.
LIBERTY ST.
MAIN
UNION
CANDLE
PARKING
WHALE ST
← 11
7
WINTER
WALNUT
5
HOWARD ST.
GARDNER ST
10
RAY'S CT.
1
FAIR
ORANGE
STONE ALLEY
.9
BLOOM
MAIN
6
PLEASANT
TRADERS L.
PINE
MOOERS LANE
MOTT L.
ST.
COFFIN
COMMERCIAL ("SWAIN'S") WHARF
VESTAL ST.
SCHOOL
GREEN
CHARTER
MARTIN'S
WASHINGTON
MILK ST.
NEW MILL ST.
NEW DOLLAR
HIGH
HILLERS
PLUMB
DARLING
MILL ST.
PROSPECT
PINE
FARMER
FAIR
UNION
ANGORA ST.
TWIN
JOY
LYON
LAFAYETTE
N. MILL ST.
ANGOLA ST.
FLORA
JEFFERSON
MULBERRY
MEADER
EAGLE
SOUTH MILL ST.
SILVER
WEYMOUTH
FRANCIS
8.
DOVER
YORK
ORANGE
Cottage Hospital
WEST YORK ST.
COON

12. Lightship "Nantucket"

Visit the largest lightship ever built. Guardian of the "Times Square" of the North Atlantic, she was moored for 40 years on the edge of Nantucket shoals and guided ships traveling through the Ambrose Channel, main shipping lane to the port of New York. Her original equipment can be viewed along with exhibits about the use of lightships from 1830 to 1983, when the last U.S. lightship, *Nantucket II*, was decommissioned.

Admission—$1.00

13. Museum Shop

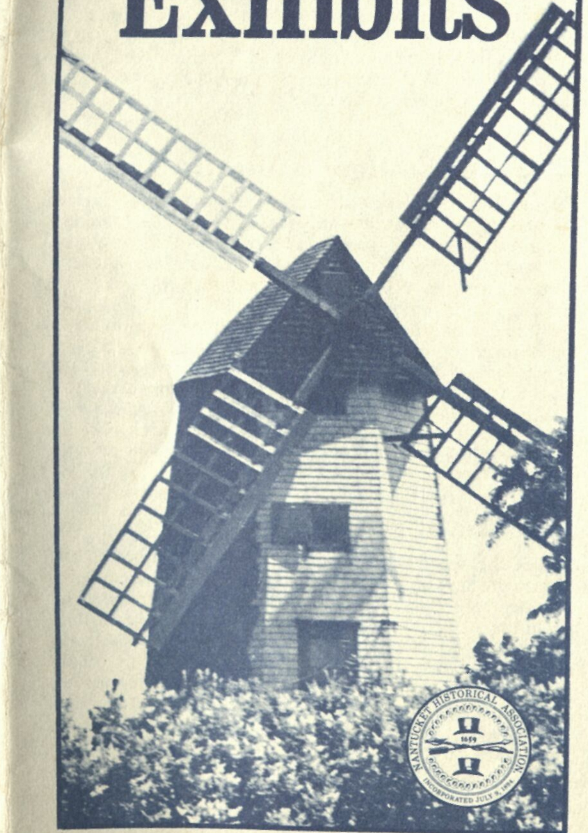
A treasure trove of beautiful and unusual Museum reproductions and adaptations of artifacts of 18th and early 19th century Nantucket.

A visit to the shop is an exciting adventure for the young as well as the young at heart—an opportunity to find in its beautifully displayed collection a lasting reminder of our Island, to be cherished by you or a loved one.

On the corner next to the Whaling Museum.

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSN.
Box 1016 - 2 Union Street
Nantucket, Mass. 02554
Telephone: 617-228-1894

Museums Historic Houses & Exhibits



NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

EXHIBITS

OPEN

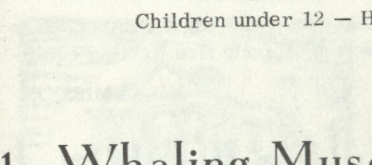
10 a.m. — 5 p.m. daily, Sundays and holidays,
middle June to middle October

DOOR ADMISSION

as listed or by Season Pass — $3.00
Children under 12 — Half price.

1. Whaling Museum

In an old "Candle House", one of the most outstanding exhibits in the country; full size brick tryworks, completely rigged whale boat; a room full of scrimshaw; cooper, whale boat, and blacksmith shops; whaleship models; sextants; sea chests; house flags; ship "camels"; etchings of whale scenes; sail loft; 18 foot whale jaw; binnacle, ship bells; gamming chairs, South Seas room; old prints and portraits; full size skeleton of real whale; narwhal head; possibly only candle press in existance; old glass prism light and top from Sankaty light; Greenland kyack; old coastal charts;



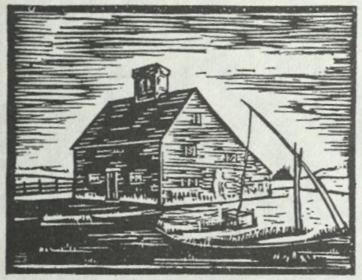
ADMISSION $1.25

2. Peter Foulger Museum

Museum and research library. Exhibits of early Nantucket and maritime history. Work of local craftsmen; relics of China trade; paintings by Eastman Johnson, Eaton and others; ship models; sheep shearing implements; old town clock; farming tools; box wagon; old sleigh; world famous Folger clock and telescopes; architecture display; Indian and archaeology artifacts; portraits; tools of all kinds; old hand pumper and fire fighting equipment.

ADMISSION—$1.00

3. Oldest House



(Jethro Coffin House) 1686, oldest on the island, now a National Historical Landmark. Large fireplaces with cooking utensils; horseshoe chimney; most interesting construction with clay insulation; authentic example of home life nearly 100 years before our independence.

ADMISSION — 50¢

4.
Old Fire Hose Cart House

Before 1850 with hose reels and hand pumper; fire buckets and rare collection of early fire fighting equipment.

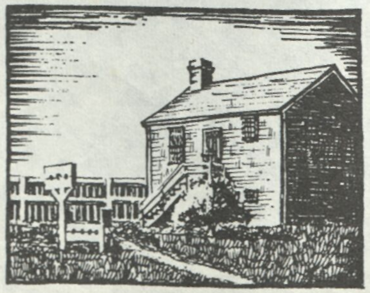
NO ADMISSION

5. Abiah Folger Franklin Fountain and Boulder

Marks the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin's mother and the home of his grandfather, Peter Foulger, who contributed so much to the early settlement.

NO ADMISSION

6. Old Gaol



Two stories, built with oak logs and iron bolted with fireplace and bunks; stock and equipment for punishing; perhaps the first jail in the country to allow prisoners to go home at night.

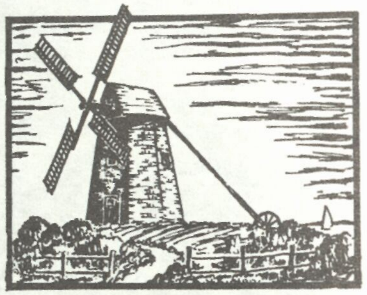
ADMISSION — 30¢

7. 1800 House

A typical Nantucket dwelling of the period with keeping, borning, and quilting rooms; central chimney with six flues and bee-hive oven; secret closet; furniture; wooden shutters; hardware and old wallpaper; interesting display of chinaware.

ADMISSION — 50¢

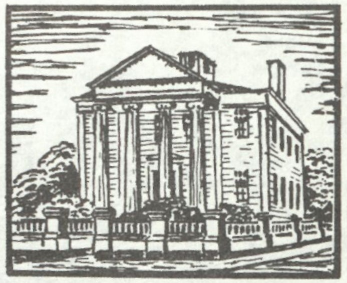
8. Old Mill



1746, with original curious machinery and grinding stones; top turns sails into wind by long spar on wheel in yard; plans are made to grind corn for the summer.

ADMISSION — 50¢

9. Hadwen House - Satler Memorial



A neo-classic building, the elegant mansion of a wealthy whale oil merchant with furniture and furnishings; beautiful staircase; portraits; chandeliers; elegant fireplaces; four posted canopy and crewel beds.

ADMISSION — $1.00

10. Nathaniel Macy House

1723 - moved to present site in 1741. A most authentic house and contents gives the visitor the feeling of living here 250 years ago; beautiful fireplaces, furniture, tools, utensils, and knick-knacks of the period.

ADMISSION– $1.00

11. Old Town Office

With high desk, chairs, stove; account books; scales and artifacts used in operating town government around 1850.

NO ADMISSION

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
1659
INCORPORATED JULY 9, 1894

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

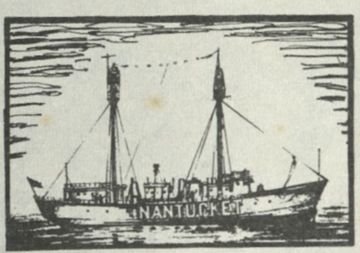
(Not included in season pass.)

a. Greater Light

Howard Street. The island's most unusual house, a unique and fascinating collection of furniture, art, and decorations ranging from Nantucket to Italy and the Near East.

ADMISSION - $1.00

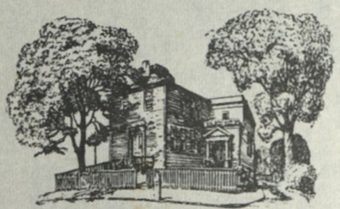
b. Lightship "Nantucket"



Moored at Straight Wharf. This proud ship once guarded the South Shoals and its light and radio beam were the last contact by ships leaving America and first for those arriving. Come aboard, see the equipment and live for a little while the life of these brave men who contributed so much to our maritime history

ADMISSION - $1.00

c. Quaker Meeting House



1838. Fair Street. Last house of worship on the island of the once numerous Society of Friends. Open to all who visit Fair Street Museum.

d. Eighteenth Century Nantucket

At the Fair Street Museum. A Bicentennial Exhibition of furniture, portraits, embroideries, and artifacts. Much of it dates before the Revolution and is on loan from private homes. Of great interest to proffessional collectors and lay observers.

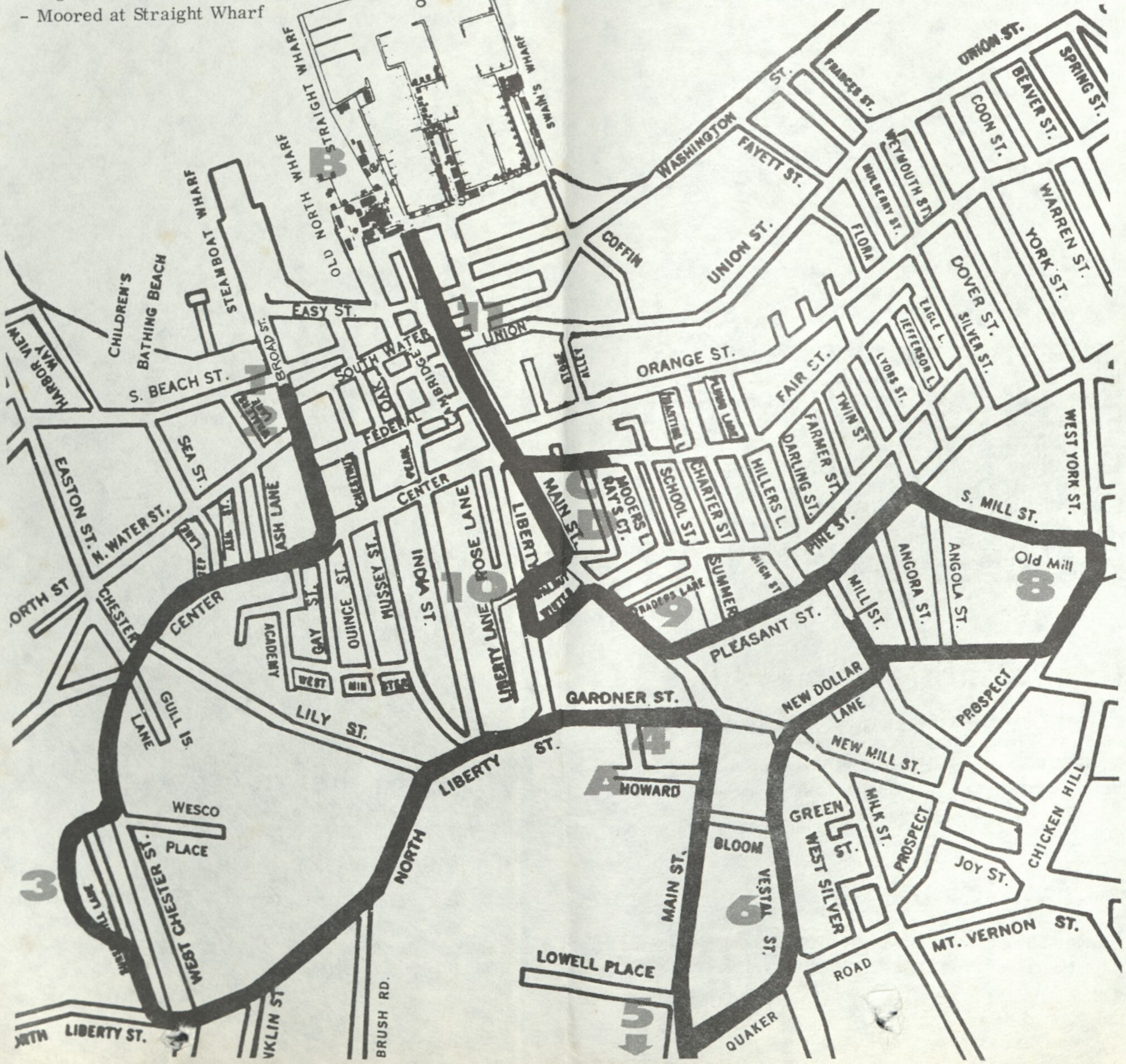
ADMISSION - $1.00

INCLUDED IN $3.00 SEASON PASS

1. Whaling Museum - Broad St., head of Steamboat Wharf
2. Peter Foulger Museum - Broad St., Next to Whaling Museum
3. Oldest House - Sunset Hill, off West Chester St.
4. Old Fire Hose Cart House - Gardner, between Liberty & Main
5. Abiah Folger Franklin Fountain - 1/2 mile out on Main St.
6. Old Goal - Vestal St. near quaker Road.
7. 1800 House - Mill St. off Pleasant St.
8. Old Mill - Mill Hill off Pleasant or Prospect St.
9. Hadwen House - Corner of Pleasant & Main
10. Nathaniel Macy House - Liberty St. corner of Walnut Lane.
11. Old Town Office - 5 Washington Street.

SPECIAL EXHIBITS NOT INCLUDED IN SEASON PASS

a. Greater Light - Howard, between Gardner & Main
b. Lightship "Nantucket" - Moored at Straight Wharf
c. Quaker Meeting House - Fair Street
d. 18th Century Nantucket - Exhibit in Fair Street Museum



OLD
STRAIGHT WHARF
SWAIN'S WHARF
OLD NORTH WHARF
B
STEAMBOAT WHARF
CHILDREN'S BATHING BEACH
HARBOR VIEW WAY
EASY ST.
BROAD ST.
S. BEACH ST.
SOUTH WATER
11
UNION
OAK
FEDERAL
CAMBRIDGE
CENTER
EASTON ST.
SEA ST.
N. WATER ST.
ASH LANE
CHESTNUT
PEARL
ROSE LANE
LIBERTY
MAIN
C
D
MOOERS L.
RAY'S CT.
SCHOOL ST.
CHARTER ST.
HILLERS L.
DARLING ST.
FARMER ST.
TWIN ST.
FAIR ST.
ORANGE ST.
STONE ALLEY
UNION ST.
COFFIN
WASHINGTON ST.
FAYETT ST.
FRANCES ST.
MULBERRY ST.
FLORA
WEYMOUTH ST.
UNION ST.
COON ST.
BEAVER ST.
SPRING ST.
WARREN ST.
YORK ST.
DOVER ST.
SILVER ST.
EAGLE L.
JEFFERSON L.
LYONS ST.
WEST YORK ST.
S. MILL ST.
PINE ST.
ANGORA ST.
ANGOLA ST.
Old Mill
8
MILL ST.
7
9
TRADERS LANE
SUMMER
HIGH ST.
PLEASANT ST.
10
WALNUT
INDIA ST.
MUSSEY ST.
QUINCE ST.
GAY ST.
ACADEMY
WEST
MIN
STEP
CENTER
CHESTER
NORTH ST.
GULL IS. LANE
LILY ST.
GARDNER ST.
LIBERTY ST.
4
A
HOWARD
NEW DOLLAR LANE
PROSPECT
NEW MILL ST.
CHICKEN HILL
GREEN ST.
WEST SILVER
MILK ST.
PROSPECT
JOY ST.
WESCO PLACE
3
SUNSET HILL
WEST CHESTER ST.
NORTH LIBERTY ST.
MAIN ST.
BLOOM
VESTAL ST.
6
LOWELL PLACE
5
MT. VERNON ST.
ROAD
QUAKER
BRUSH RD.
FRANKLIN ST.
LIBERTY ST.

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

1659
INCORPORATED JULY 9, 1894

EXHIBITS

OPEN

10 a.m. — 5 p.m. daily, Sundays and holidays, middle June to middle October

DOOR ADMISSION

as listed or by Season Pass — $3.00
Children under 12 — Half price.

1. Whaling Museum

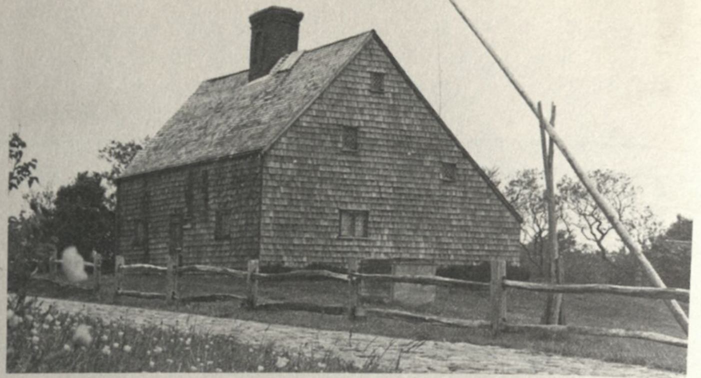
In an old "Candle House", one of the most outstanding exhibits in the country; full size brick tryworks, completely rigged whale boat; a room full of scrimshaw; cooper, whale boat, and blacksmith shops; whaleship models; sextants; sea chests; house flags; ship "camels"; etchings of whale scenes; sail loft; 18 foot whale jaw; binnacle, ship bells; gamming chairs, South Seas room; old prints and portraits; full size skeleton of real whale; narwhal head; possibly only candle press in existance; old glass prism light and top from Sankaty light; Greenland kyack; old coastal charts;

ADMISSION $1.25

2. Peter Foulger Museum

Museum and research library. Exhibits of early Nantucket and maritime history. Work of local craftsmen; relics of China trade; paintings by Eastman Johnson, 1987

HISTORIC NANTUCKET



Oldest House 1686

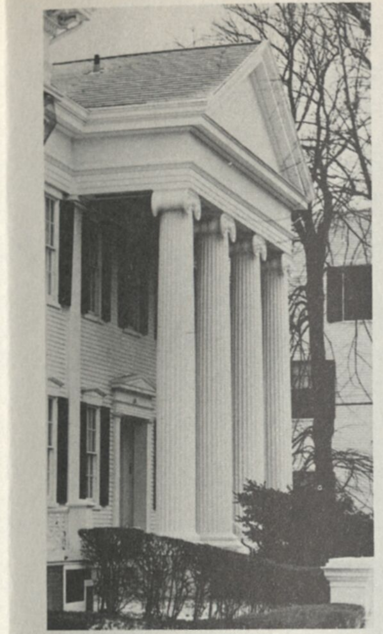
Built for Jethro and Mary Gardner Coffin, this dwelling is characteristic of the late 17th-century house plan common to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Visitors learn how the architecture evolved to satisfy domestic needs of families who lived there and the social and economic history of the Island until shortly after the Civil War. A special exhibit marking its 300th anniversary investigates the subtleties and mysteries of Nantucket's "Oldest House," a National Historic Landmark.

$1.50 or Visitor's Pass

Nathaniel Macy House 1723

As the harbor at Sherborn, two miles west of the present town, became landlocked (in the area now called Dionis) and as whaling gained importance, this house was moved in 1741 to its present location near the great harbor and the new town called Nantucket. It is shown today as it was restored and furnished by its last occupants. Furnishings, household accessories, and decorative arts of the 18th and 19th centuries feature fine collections of lighting devices, silhouettes, hooked rugs, and early cooking implements. The kitchen, with its traditional "walk-in" fireplace, offers a glimpse of early American domestic life.

$1.50 or Visitor's Pass



Hadwen House 1844

William Hadwen, owner of a spermaceti works, now the Whaling Museum, built this Greek Revival mansion in 1844 and captured the full elegance of Nantucket's "palmy days" of whaling prosperity. The parlors are appointed with Regency, Empire, and Victorian furniture. The house features magnificent sliding doors, carved Italian marble fireplace surrounds, molded plaster cornices and ceiling rosettes, and doorknobs of silver. Mid-19th century decorative objects manufactured in this country and abroad, portraits, needlework, and canopied beds create a rich tapestry. Period gardens, maintained by the Nantucket Garden Club, grace the spacious lawn behind the house.

$1.50 or Visitor's Pass

Whaling Museum 1846

Built as a factory to refine spermaceti, the building now houses extensive collections of whaling implements used in the pursuit and processing of sperm whales. The huge press, used to extract the wax from the oil, spans the building where a full sized tryworks, a whaleboat from the bark Sunbeam and an unparalleled collection of scrimshaw are displayed. The skeleton of a 43-foot Finback whale is exhibited and the original 16-foot-tall lens from the Sankaty lighthouse highlights an area devoted to navigation and exploration. Items that attracted the interest of Nantucket whalemen as they journeyed throughout the world are displayed along with many fine portraits of those who made Nantucket the third-largest port in the United States and an important source of capital for a growing nation.

$2.50 or Visitor's Pass

Peter Foulger Museum

Although whaling is the most obvious chapter in Nantucket's history, it is only part of a fascinating past. The Peter Foulger Museum chronicles the Island's entire history, from its settlement as a farming community to its rebirth as a summer resort. Insight is gained about Indians, Quakers, whalemen, and the trades they pursued. Relics of the China trade; paintings by Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Thomas Birch, and Elizabeth R. Coffin illustrate people and places dear to the Island. The railroad, 'Sconset as a fishing village, lightship baskets, steamships, Indian artifacts, and early lighting devices are but of a few of the subjects and objects exhibited. The Research Center, with its collection of historic documents, is located in this building.

$1.50 or Visitor's Pass

1659 The first settler, Thomas Macy, arrived in the fall of this year accompanied by his family and two friends named Edward Starbuck and Isaac Coleman. Macy had recently been fined five pounds for sheltering Quakers in his home at Salisbury, Massachusetts, and came to Nantucket to raise sheep and farm where religious zeal was less fervent. The Island was inhabited by 700 Indians who were kind and hospitable, readily lending assistance as Macy established a farm at the west end of the Island. The following year Tristram Coffin and others who had purchased land arrived and by 1673 a town was established.

1700 Although shore whaling for right whales had been common on Nantucket and other coastal communities for many years, it was in the early 1700's when Christopher Hussey was blown far offshore in a gale and captured the first sperm whale. Nantucketers began to concentrate on this species as the oil was more valuable than that of other whales and produced spermaceti from which fine wax for candles, as well as oil for lamps, could be refined. Large vessels were built for extended whaling voyages and the shipment of oil and spermaceti to Newport, Boston, and even England for processing and sale. Hard work and determination made Nantucketers more successful than others who tried and failed. By 1774, 150 whaling vessels sailed from Nantucket, plying the Atlantic from the Arctic to the Falkland Islands.

1775 Disaster struck the whaling industry as the Revolutionary War erupted, bringing maritime activity to a halt and destroying 80 percent of Nantucket's ships. The harbor was blockaded, many seamen died aboard prison ships, and the remaining islanders barely survived the winters with little wood for heat and scarce provisions. At the end of the war, whaling resumed; however, oil prices were down and cheaper tallow candles were preferred to expensive spermaceti. In 1787, a group left Nantucket for Dartmouth, Nova Scotia and then England and France to pursue whaling where it was more profitable. The French revolution soon eliminated a great part of the European market and the Nantucketers returned to the Island. In 1791, the first Nantucket vessel sailed into the Pacific Ocean in search of sperm whales and was rewarded with a bountiful catch. This, coupled with good prices, began the the first golden era for Nantucket, which was to last for 21 years.

1812 Another war against England signaled the return of hard times. Nantucket in its defenseless position against the British fleet and because of Quaker beliefs, declared neutrality. In fear of hardship, many fled the Island, abandoning their homes and businesses. After the war, the whaling industry entered its second golden era. Stately homes and thriving businesses attested to a prosperous economy, unique for an island of such small size and isolated location. By the 1840s', however, optimism turned to concern. Competition was increasing from the port of New Bedford; an encroaching sandbar across the mouth of Nantucket's harbor prevented large vessels from entering despite attempts to remedy the problem; a fire in 1846 destroyed much of the town's business district; coal gas was supplanting whale oil for illumination in the European markets; and the California gold rush lured men from the Island. New businesses, such as shoe manufacturing and a silk works, were tried unsuccessfully. Whaling's last gasp was in 1869 when the last whaleship, the *Oak*, sailed from Nantucket. By 1875 the population had declined to 3,201, only one third the number in 1840.

1855 Despair began turning to hope as "vacation mania" began to sweep through all classes of American society. The industrial revolution was transferring jobs from the farms to the cities and, for the first time in history nearly all classes enjoyed truly free time. Efforts were undertaken to establish two steamboats a day from New Bedford and Woods Hole that connected with railroad spurs from the large cities. Guest houses were established and Nantucket became a favorite "watering place" for increasing numbers of people. Although today's year-round population is several thousand shy of the 1840's, the summer population now blossoms to 40,000, creating a prosperity rivaling the golden eras of whaling.

Old Mill 1746

Built by mariner Nathan Wilbur, the mill is the only survivor of four that once stood along the range of hills west of town. The long spar and wheel are used to rotate the top of the mill and turn the sails into the wind. Visitors may view the impressive wooden gear train as it transfers the power of the wind into corn meal. The mill is in operation daily in season, weather permitting.

$1.00 or Visitor's Pass

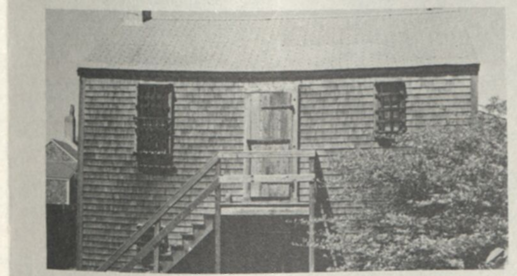
Abiah Folger Franklin Memorial

Overlooking the fields and moorlands, visitors may view the site of Benjamin Franklin's mother's birthplace and the home of his grandfather, who acted as interpreter during negotiations with the Indians for the purchase of Nantucket land in 1659.

1800 House

Jeremiah Lawrence, hatter and High Sheriff of the County, purchased this dwelling in 1807 from Richard Coleman, a housewright. Quietly elegant and little changed over time, the house incorporates the architecture of both the Georgian and Federal styles. Period furnishings reflect early 19th-century Island life. The summer kitchen and cellar are enjoyable features of this house, as is the backyard pump.

$1.00 or Visitor's Pass



Old Gaol 1805

Jeremiah Lawrence, as sheriff, was concerned about the care given inmates of the jail. It is representative of an early New England penal institution with walls, ceilings, and floors bolted with iron throughout. Rough plank bunks, open privies, and iron grated windows bespeak the grimness of prison life. A sign will direct you to the location off Vestal Street.

Quaker Meeting House 1838

Quakers were attracted to Nantucket by its religious freedom in 1690, and their philosophy appealed to the Islanders. Their meeting house was first used as a school by the Wilburite Friends and later as a place of worship. It is still in use today as a Quaker gathering place on Fair Street.

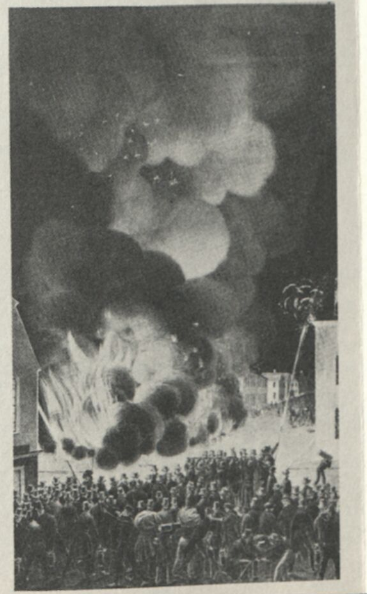
$1.00 or Visitor's Pass

Thomas Macy Warehouse 1846

Built as a warehouse to outfit ships, this building reflects an industry as important as whaling itself. Whaleships built in other coastal areas came to Nantucket for final outfitting, taking advantage of the craftsmen who prepared vessels for long whaling voyages. Now used as headquarters for the Artists' Association of Nantucket, the gallery is open to the public throughout most of the season.

Fire Hose Cart House 1866

After the conflagration of 1846, Nantucketers' fear of fire prompted the construction of buildings with features such as plaster under roofing shingles, and fireproof vaults. The Hose Cart House is the sole survivor of neighborhood fire stations once situated throughout town. There is a collection of fire-fighting equipment, including the pumper Siasconset, used by volunteer firemen over a century ago.



Greater Light 1930

In the 1930's two Quaker sisters from Philadelphia converted this livestock barn into a summer dwelling of eclectic charm. Its innovative design and unique furnishings from all over the world offer fascinating insight into the people who were attracted to Nantucket as "summering" began to flourish in the early 20th century.

$1.50 or Visitor's Pass

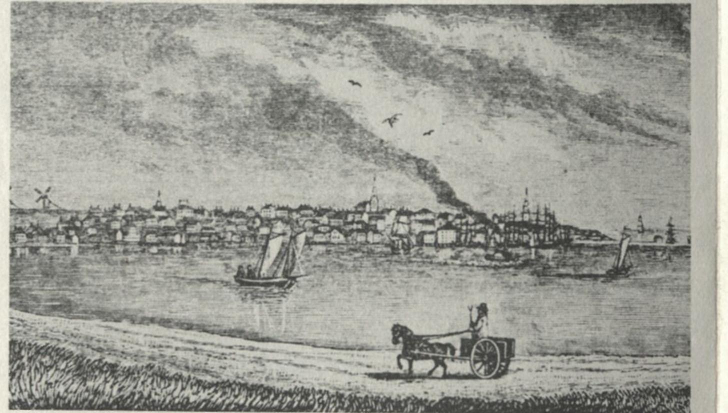
Fair Street Museum 1904

Adjacent to the Quaker Meeting-house, this fireproof structure is an early example of poured concrete construction and was built to house the collections of the Nantucket Historical Association. Now, collections are dispersed throughout many buildings, and this museum has become a gallery hosting special exhibitions of Nantucket's cultural heritage and decorative arts. Exhibits change frequently and special announcements precede each presentation.

$1.00 or Visitor's Pass

HISTORIC NANTUCKET

Historic Nantucket is a collection of 13 buildings throughout the town, open to the public and owned by the Nantucket Historical Association. Together they portray the way people lived and worked as Nantucket grew from a small farming community to the center of America's whaling industry.



Five period houses dating from 1686 to 1930 illustrate how the dwellings reflect the fortunes and misfortunes of the Island's economy. Three formal exhibit buildings depict whaling, Island industries, the people who contributed to Nantucket's unique culture and the decorative arts. Structures, such as the windmill, have been restored and function as they did originally. Our Research Center contains over 5,000 volumes, 315 ships' logs, 500,000 pages of manuscripts, and 10,000 photographs for use by students, historians, and genealogists.

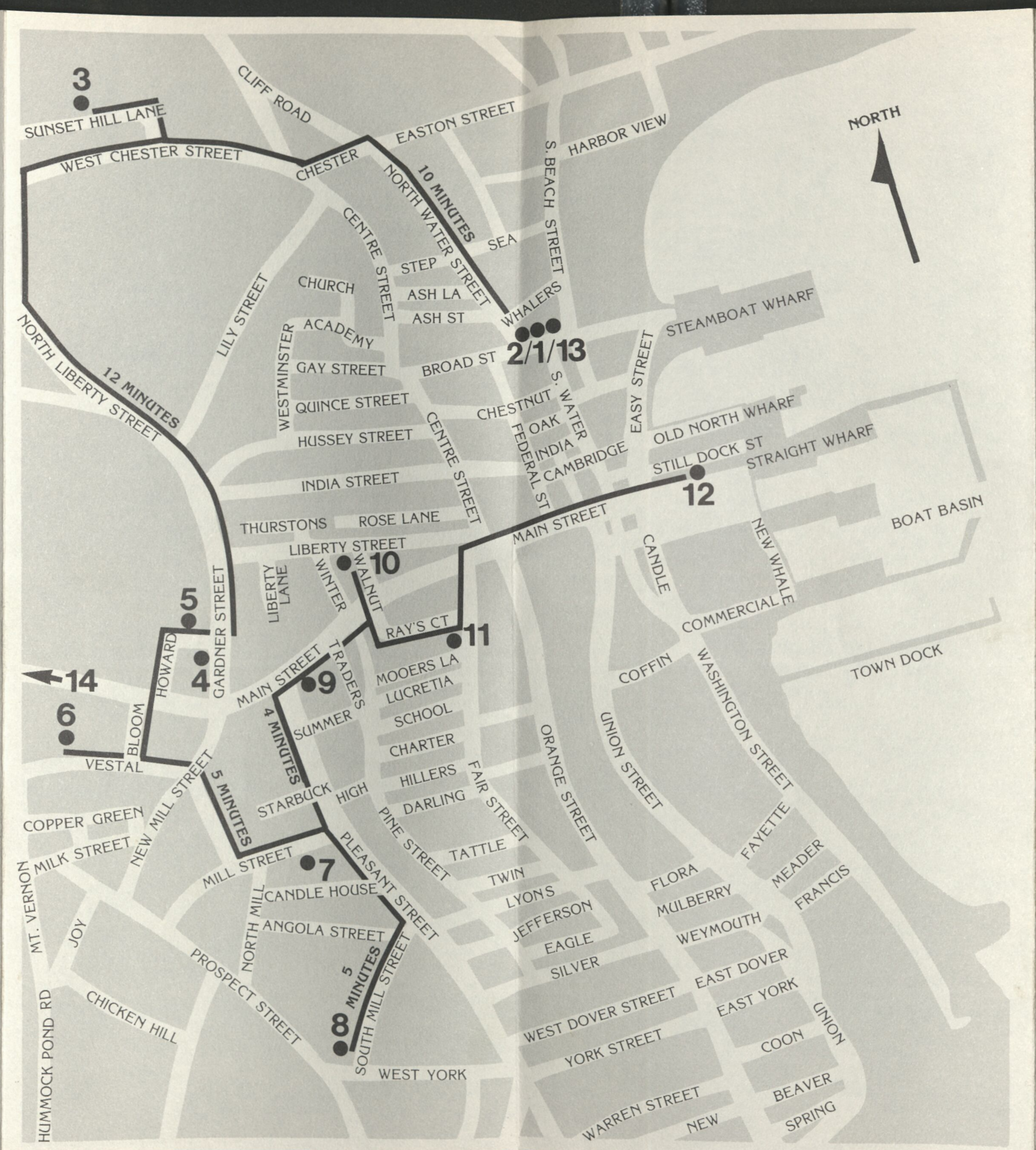
Admission

A Visitor's Pass entitles the holder to one admission to all buildings and is good for the entire season. Passes may be purchased at any of the buildings.

$6.50 Adults
$2.50 Children 5-14

Individual building admissions, ranging from $1.00 to $2.50, are available and total $13.00 if purchased separately.

Arrangements for group discounts may be made by calling (617) 228-1894 or writing to Historic Nantucket, POB 1016, Nantucket, MA 02554.



NORTH
3
SUNSET HILL LANE
CLIFF ROAD
WEST CHESTER STREET
CHESTER
EASTON STREET
10 MINUTES
NORTH WATER STREET
S. BEACH STREET
HARBOR VIEW
SEA
CENTRE STREET
CHURCH
STEP
ASH LA
ASH ST
WHALERS
2/1/13
LILY STREET
ACADEMY
WESTMINSTER
GAY STREET
BROAD ST
QUINCE STREET
CHESTNUT
S. WATER
OAK
FEDERAL ST
INDIA
EASY STREET
STEAMBOAT WHARF
NORTH LIBERTY STREET
12 MINUTES
HUSSEY STREET
INDIA STREET
CAMBRIDGE
OLD NORTH WHARF
STILL DOCK ST
STRAIGHT WHARF
12
BOAT BASIN
THURSTONS
ROSE LANE
LIBERTY STREET
10
MAIN STREET
LIBERTY LANE
WINTER
WALNUT
CANDLE
NEW WHALE
GARDNER STREET
5
HOWARD
4
RAY'S CT
11
COMMERCIAL
14
MAIN STREET
9
TRADERS
MOOERS LA
LUCRETIA
COFFIN
WASHINGTON STREET
TOWN DOCK
6
BLOOM
VESTAL
SUMMER
4 MINUTES
SCHOOL
CHARTER
HILLERS
ORANGE STREET
UNION STREET
NEW MILL STREET
5 MINUTES
STARBUCK
HIGH
DARLING
FAIR STREET
COPPER GREEN
PINE STREET
TATTLE
FAYETTE
MILK STREET
MILL STREET
7
PLEASANT STREET
TWIN
LYONS
FLORA
MEADER
FRANCIS
MT. VERNON
CANDLE HOUSE
NORTH MILL
JEFFERSON
MULBERRY
JOY
ANGOLA STREET
EAGLE
WEYMOUTH
5 MINUTES
SILVER
EAST DOVER
PROSPECT STREET
SOUTH MILL STREET
EAST YORK
UNION
CHICKEN HILL
WEST DOVER STREET
8
YORK STREET
COON
HUMMOCK POND RD
WEST YORK
WARREN STREET
BEAVER
NEW
SPRING

Visiting all of the properties on foot and touring the buildings takes between 2½ and 3½ hours. Walking times between buildings and suggested routes are indicated on the map. Special walking tours are available. Inquire at the Nantucket Historical Association office or call 228-1894.

1. **Whaling Museum** - Broad St., head of Steamboat Wharf
2. **Peter Foulger Museum** - Broad St., next to the Whaling Museum
3. **Oldest House** - Sunset Hill, off West Chester St.
4. **Fire Hose Cart House** - 8 Gardner St., between Liberty & Main Sts.
5. **Greater Light** - 8 Howard St., between Gardner & Main Sts.
6. **Old Gaol** - 15 R Vestal St.,
7. **The 1800 House** - 10 Mill St.
8. **Old Mill** - Mill Hill, Prospect St.
9. **Hadwen House** - 96 Main St., corner of Pleasant St.
10. **Nathaniel Macy House** - 12 Liberty St., corner of Walnut Lane
11. **Fair Street Museum & Quaker Meeting House** - 7 Fair St.
12. **Thomas Macy Warehouse** - 12 Straight Wharf
13. **Museum Shop** - Broad St., next to the Whaling Museum
14. **Abiah Folger Franklin Fountain** - ½ mile out Madaket Rd.

Museum Shop

Museum Shop

Adjacent to the Whaling Museum, the Museum Shop carries adaptations and reproductions that exemplify the character and taste of Historic Nantucket. Period furniture, silver, bone and ivory scrimshaw, candles, and children's toys are but examples of the great variety of items available. The Museum Shop carries a full line of publications relating to the Island's past and present.

The Decorative Arts and Crafts of Nantucket

A special exhibit at the Fair Street Museum from June 22nd through October 17th, 1987.

The exhibition will include treasures from the Nantucket Historical Association as well as objects from other leading American museums and private collections. The exhibit will reflect the exuberance of Nantucket's maritime past, the classic restraint of the Quaker influence, and the strong tradition of the Island's craftsmen.

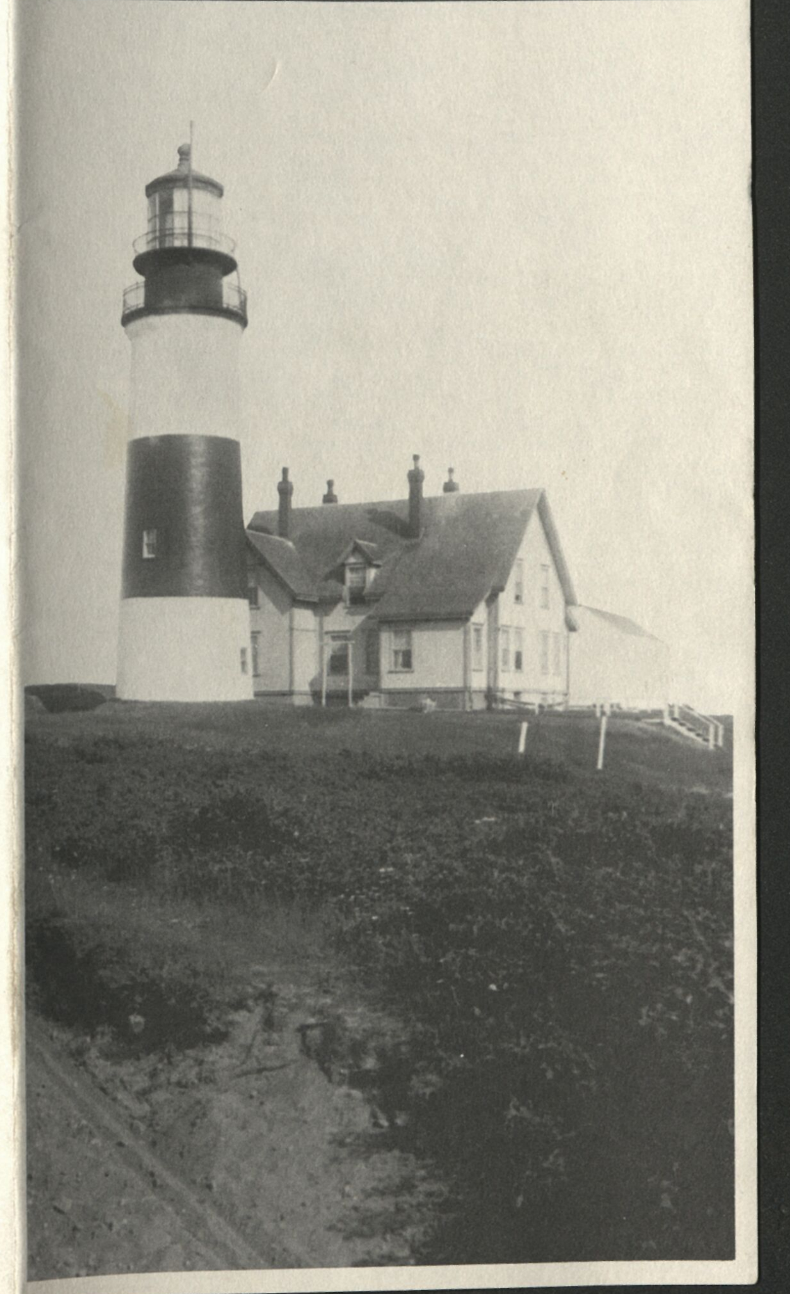
Sankaty Lighthouse 1849 *(cover)*

Located high atop the bluff near 'Sconset, Sankaty Light has warned shipping of the dangerous shoals for 136 years. The original lens, which stands 16 feet tall, was removed in 1950 to the Whaling Museum as part of the Navigation Exhibit.

Memberships in the **Nantucket Historical Association** are $15.00 for individuals, $25.00 for families. There are other categories available, all of which entitle members to unlimited admission to all buildings for the entire season, invitations to lectures and special events, and subscriptions to our scholarly publication *Historic Nantucket* and our newsletter *The Gam*. Membership contributions are tax-deductible to the extent provided by law and assist us in educating those entrusted with our future to understand our past.

1987

HISTORIC NANTUCKET



mbits.

Nantucket's railroad to the sea, sand and moors-

Promotion, Boom and Bust

"A railroad on a tiny island in the sea, 30 miles from the mainland!"

"What madness!" Nantucketers said.

In 1879 when the "preposterous" idea of a railroad on Nantucket Island was first presented to Nantucketers there were really no sights or attractions anywhere on the island's 48 square miles that seemed to warrant such a harebrained venture. Siasconset, the only other settlement of any size besides the harbor town of Nantucket was some nine miles away at the other end of the island but it was just a tiny fishing village.

Outside of the town of Nantucket, which had already shrunken in both population and wealth from its glorious whaling days which had ended quite abruptly a half century before, there was only the sand and the sea and the moors.

Skeptical by nature, the islanders were also curious, many never having seen a train. So, when the promoters promised that none of the cost of the railroad would be borne by the islanders (who were also a conservative people) they began to see the value of this "mad" notion of train tracks being laid across their island. And, too, the Nantucketers were just then beginning to really appreciate off-island tourist dollars.

Over on Cape Cod tourism was growing and two steamers a day were coming to Nantucket from New Bedford and jetties were being constructed to improve Nantucket's harbor.

Assured, by the railroaders, that tourists would love riding a little narrow gauge railroad across the dunes, Nantucketers finally accepted the promotion, still holding misgivings and a "show me" attitude. Little did they know then that the little railroad not only would parallel Nantucket's growth as a famous summer and health resort but would indeed be dominantly responsible for the growth of Surfside and 'Sconset.

July 4, 1881, was the great day when doubtful, but excited, Nantucketers got their first chance to ride "their very own train." The fact that the "Dionis" was only a second-hand, miniature (25 ton) steam engine, brought over from the mainland, didn't spoil any of the excitement as two carloads of delighted town dignitaries chugged along the tracks to Surfside a little more than three miles away, on the south shore. The fact that Surfside, where the tracks (which were also second-handed) ended was nothing but beaches, the sea and a railroad depot didn't prove to be a detriment and the novelty of the fascinating train ride prevailed all summer long as some 30,000 people rode the train at 35¢ each one-way, for a gross business of more than $10,500.

In August of that year more than 500 members of the Coffin family clan, decendents of Tristram Coffin, the first English settler of Nantucket

continued on page 6

Continued from page -1

Island, came from all over the mainland for a mammoth reunion which, of course, was highlighted by the ride on the new train, drawn by a fascinating little steam engine named after Tristram's wife, Dionis. The great feast held little more of their conversation than did the "excursion" ride on the train.

Despite their somber Quaker backgrounds, Nantucketers took quickly to the new fun-filled days at Surfside. Dressed in bustled dresses and fancy suits bought especially for the Surfside revelry, they boarded the faded little cars behind the proud little engine Dionis, with great expectations.

After the scenic but quite bumpy ride through the several miles of wetlands and moors and along the ocean to the sandy dunes of Surfside, they alighted at the depot, one of the few buildings at Surfside and the center of all activity.

In all likelihood there would be roller skating in the depot building, or a hot-air balloon ascension from the beach to watch. Literary orations and glee club concerts were quite popular and the highlight of the day might be a fancy dress ball at night followed by a grand-finale of fireworks shot out over the ocean. As was promised, tourists loved the little railroad too and the uniqueness of Surfside and they came in droves. Many celebrated Americans (including President Chester A. Arthur) rode the cars drawn by the "mighty" little Dionis and real estate men hurried to cash in on the big Surfside boom.

Excitement grew and the news was spread that a hotel, the Surfside, would be opened in 1883. Nobody seemed to mind that the hotel was second-hand (like the train) and already had been a white elephant on the continent. The huge four-story building was shipped to the island in pieces which were stock-piled at nearby Nobadeer, then to be reconstructed at Surfside. Room rates were $3 a night and the railroad prepared for the hotel's certain popularity and prosperity by acquiring a baggage car big enough for trunks full of ballgowns.

The hotel opened on July 4th, 1883, which was also the second anniversary of the railroad. The occasion called for great fanfare and oratory including poems lauding the little railroad and poems promoting the cottage sites for sale in the area around the hotel.

All this made for another good year for the railroad and profits and enthusiasm were great enough to induce the owners of the railroad to extend the tracks eastward to 'Sconset (the islanders' nickname for Siasconset) at the easternmost end of the island the following year. It was a delightful ride to 'Sconset along the promontory (about 80 feet high) of Tom Never's Head, then down the 'hill" into the picturesque little village with its rose covered cottages, while riding gaily along behind the new (second-hand) engine which had been leased and named for the village of 'Sconset.'

Once more as the golden spike was driven home, the railroad brought prosperity, and the social life of Nantucket moved 'Sconsetward. The village flourished and became the summer home of many celebrated stage and screen actors, who, in turn, became great fans of the little toy train and for the first time there were more visitors than accommodations in 'Sconset.

But the high point of the railroad's prosperity had been reached and its decline had begun. Never before in the railroad's history had it lacked for delighted customers, but for a number of reasons (many uncertain to us today) the little railroad slipped into difficult times never again to recapture its golden days. Perhaps it was that Nantucketers, and tourists, had come to expect new innovations each year as a part of their celebration of the 4th of July, an extravagance not only too expensive to continue but where else, having already crossed the island, was there for the train to go?

Within ten years a half-dozen new owners came, became discouraged, and left. The upkeep of the tracks and roadbed became increasingly more difficult and the financing of the engines became more of a problem. The scenic ocean-side tracks were perfect targets for the frequent severe storms with their enormous waves whipped up by gale winds that would rip out whole sections of the track or inundate the roadbed with huge piles of sand. There were occasions when townspeople and tourists succeeded in getting a particularly courageous engineer to take a trainload of venturesome folks out to Surfside at the heighth of a storm just to see the thunderous waves which threatened the very tracks on which they rode.

The original, though second-hand, Dionis was never equalled for durability by the later engines which, although they were sometimes built (new!) for Nantucket, were invariably returned to the manufacturers because of mechanical failures.

In one especially bad year, 1908, it was necessary to import stagecoaches from New York's Fifth Avenue to replace the broken down train.

Only one engine, the "Bug" ever captured a place in the hearts of the people as did the original locomotive Dionis. The Bug, a tiny, self-powered (gasoline) Toonerville trolley type car with a five passenger capacity, suited the line very well. Often, after its retirement, it was brought back to fill in when a newer, fancier, engine had failed. It was on one such reincarnation that the Bug met its disastrous end. Racing down the "hill" into 'Sconset, the passengers, all railroad men, realized that the brakes were not functioning and leaped off the racing Bug into the sand dunes in time to watch the Bug crash into the very locomotive it was replacing, which stood enfeebled at the end of the tracks. The crash of the Bug also signalled the imminent downfall of the railroad company.

For reasons that are not altogether clear the popularity of Surfside came to an end almost as suddenly. The hotel failed despite numerous attempts to re-vitalize it, including the installation of an electric lighting system which lasted only until the fall storms. When the train, which had contributed to its prosperity, stopped running, the hotel was abandoned and left to the wrath of the elements. It collapsed in 1889, a sad and pathetic end for an era, and for a rejuvenated white elephant which had known such promising summers as THE place on Nantucket to go.

As the now ill fated railroad teetered, the forces of history, which somehow have always seemed to strike close to Nantucket, entered the picture. World War I had begun. German submarines were stopping ships, and even sinking some, just off Nantucket's shores thus putting a sudden end to anyone's thoughts of vacationing on Nantucket. The tourist boom had burst.

The owners of the railroad, frantic with thoughts of bankruptcy, were miraculously spared total defeat when, in 1918, they were offered a "war-time" price for the rails and the engine which exceeded the original price of the equipment. It was the first profit the little railroad had shown in a number of years.

Townspeople who had dearly loved their train rides mourned the final fate of their railroad and, with tear-filled eyes, read elegies as the rails were ripped up and tossed onto waiting ships to be hauled to France to aid in the far away war which was destined to last only another six months.

It was on this unhappy scene that one of Nantucket's most colorful eras ended. All that is left today is the abandoned trackbed with a spectacular view and perhaps a nagging feeling in a few ecologically-oriented minds that a lot of the island's problems could be cured if, instead of the over-abundance of cars, Nantucket could once again have a train.

THE DEVELOPERS ARE COMING, THE DEVELOPERS ARE COMING

The alarm is being sounded in secluded communities across the country, but perhaps nowhere with greater apprehension than on Nantucket Island, the site of a famous fictional "invasion" by Russians.

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

NANTUCKET, MASS.—Several years ago Nathaniel Benchley wrote a novel called *The Off-Islanders* about the chaos that ensues when a Russian submarine goes aground on a small island off the New England coast (the novel was later made into a droll movie called *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*). The island was never identified, but it was clearly Nantucket, where Benchley then summered and now lives year-round. If by nothing else, those familiar with Nantucket's ways would have recognized it by the scene in which an islander named Palmer implores the elderly proprietor of a sporting goods store to break out his supply of hunting rifles:

"Palmer shouted 'Russians have taken over the airport.' 'I told 'em it would happen,' the old man said. 'I told 'em once you start running those excursion steamers the place'd fill up with off-islanders. It's a wonder they didn't take over a long time ago . . . Who was it you was going to shoot?'

" 'Russians—paratroopers—invaders.'

" 'You mean off-islanders?'

" 'Yes!'

"Why didn't you say so? . . . While you're at it, shoot a couple for me.' "

This summer another cry has gone out across Nantucket Island—"The Developers Are Coming, The Developers Are Coming!" It warns Nantucketers about another kind of off-islander: the mainland subdividers who are threatening to cover the island's moors and dunes with thousands of homes and condominiums. The weapon that Nantucket's self-appointed defenders have devised—the Nantucket Sound Islands Trust Bill, introduced in Congress last April by Senator Edward M. Kennedy—would prevent such developments by blocking new construction on most of the island's remaining vacant land. Its opponents, however, compare the bill, not to a high-powered hunting rifle that could knock out specific invaders, but to a shotgun whose splatter of buckshot would wound islanders and off-islanders alike. And a fierce debate over the weapon's suitability has raged across the island this year, dividing neighbor from neighbor, the rich from the not-so-rich, "summer people" from "year-rounders."

In many respects the battle over the "Kennedy bill" is part of a national debate over rural land use and development. As the nation's population has swelled in recent years—with income and leisure time growing simultaneously—more and more Americans have sought out areas that preserve some natural grace and beauty. And, increasingly, the second home—whether a seaside cottage, hunting lodge, or remote farm house—has replaced the second car as the prime American status symbol (the 1970 census showed 2,889,771 households with second homes, compared with 1,700,000 in 1967).

In turn, these encroachments on the ever-diminishing stock of undeveloped land—and the accompanying destruction of forests, pollution of waters, and crowding of quiet places—has aroused a fierce reaction.

The warning cry "The developers are coming" now sounds in scores of communities across the country, from the inlets of Maine to the hills of Oregon. But perhaps nowhere has the anxiety over development been more acute, and the clash of interests more dramatic, than on Nantucket.

Nantucket's chic as a watering ground of wealthy and famous easterners—such as Gloria Vanderbilt, Clark Clifford, and Hugh Downs—has added a certain glitter to the battle here, and Senator Kennedy's sponsorship of the bill to slow development has cast the glow of national limelight on the fray.

But the special intensity of the struggle here stems, in large part, from Nantucket's very insularity. The competing designs on its island territory vie for an absolutely delimited space. As an island it enjoys a disproportionate abundance of water-front sites and spacious vistas, which today's urban refugees so avidly seek. And Nantucket's isolation has helped preserve the cobblestoned charm of its historical past—another prime selling point in the second-home market.

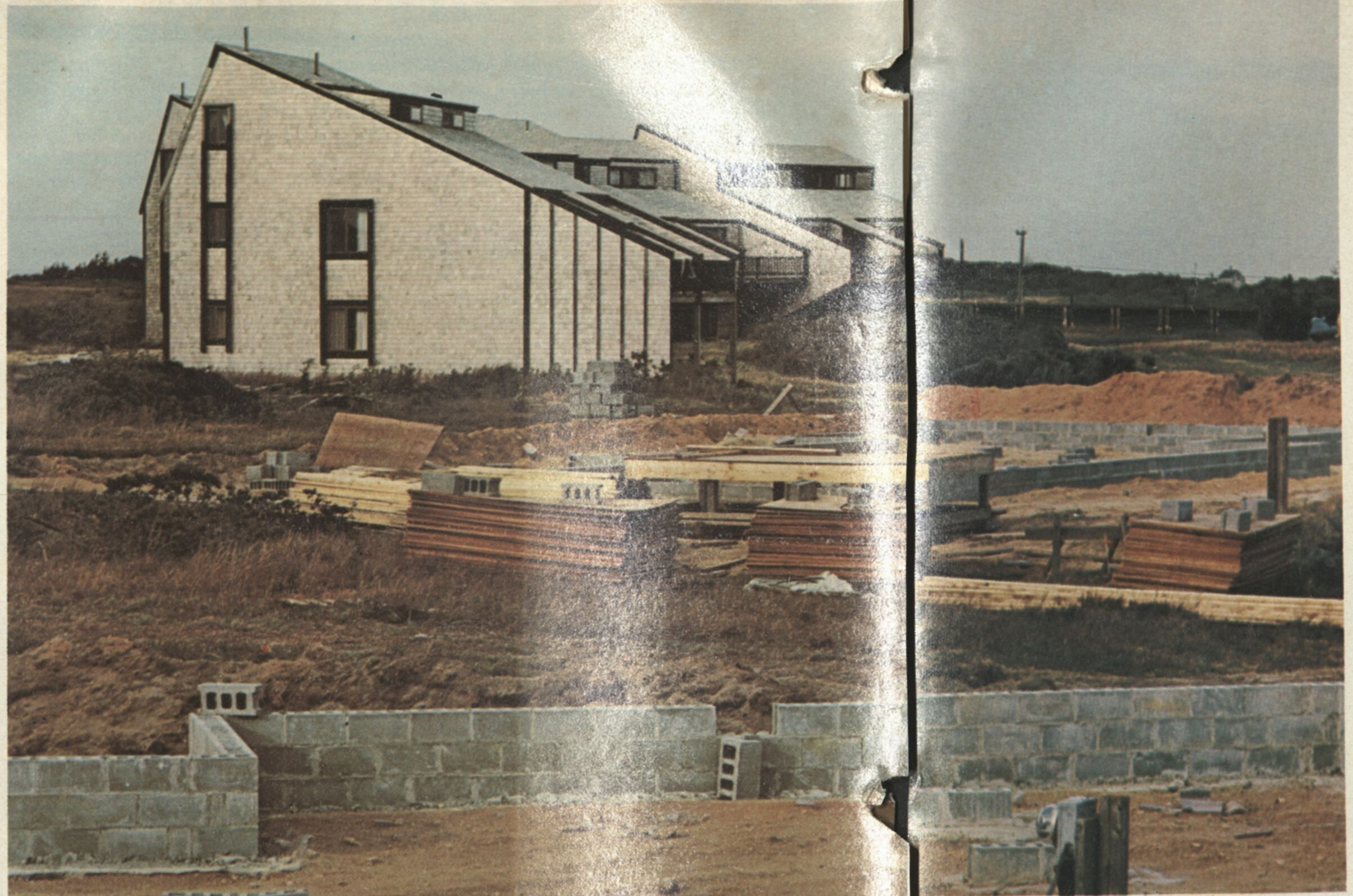
To some extent, of course, all islands develop a sense of particularity, of nonconformity, of independence from the powers and preoccupations of the mainland. A few, like Muscongus, off the Maine coast, have actually seceded for a time. Nantucketers have often flirted with secession—they remained neutral during the Revolutionary and 1812 wars—and political autonomy is a recurring theme in their fantasies. Mitchell Havemeyer, who runs Mitchell's Book Corner on Main Street, has been having fun with a series of advertisements entitled "When Nantucket Secedes." Havemeyer speculates

J. Anthony Lukas, a Pulitzer Prize winner, is a freelance writer and a contributing editor of (MORE), *the New York-based journalism review.*

Nantucket's Main Street bustles, but its moors have, so far, largely escaped intrusion.

“They had the whole island laid out in a huge grid—like Staten Island!”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES KARALES



NANTUCKET
PLUMBING COMPANY
BILL RICHARD OWNER
HEATING OIL BURNER
SERVICE

Preservationists are afraid that developments like Tristram's Landing (left) will spread. Even “tasteful” developing by Walter Beinecke (lower right) has been attacked. But many islanders, like Bill Richard, oppose federal restrictions on building.

that the island could become a constitutional monarchy, with ranks and titles derived from Indian or settler names—among them Lord Monomoy, the Earl of Polpis, and the Grand Duke of Rotten Pumpkin Pond. And Nantucketeers often refer to the mainland as “America.” For some—like the secretary of the Unitarian church who recently made her first trip to the mainland in ten years—it is almost a foreign land. For others the phrase may be only a playful needle at mainlanders (one storekeeper, just back from a weekend in Boston, told me, “America is getting uglier all the time”).

Nantucket's sense of its own specialness has solid geographical roots. Its name, in the Indian tongue, means “land far out at sea,” and it is, indeed, the most remote of New England's islands—twenty miles south of Cape Cod and a full thirty from the mouth of Buzzards Bay. That may not be much by jet and ferry, but it was a lot of water to traverse in the Indians' birch-bark canoes or even in the tiny craft in which the first settlers landed here in 1659.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries Nantucket's great whaling ships broke out of this isolation: roving the world's oceans, calling at exotic ports, carrying cargoes of sperm oil to Europe. By 1835 Nantucket was the third richest municipality in the state, after Boston and Salem, but gradually New Bedford replaced it as the center of the whaling industry. By 1870 not a single whaler sailed from here. The town was destitute. Building stopped. The population, which had reached 9,700 in 1840, fell to 4,100.

For two-thirds of a century, then, Nantucket sank back into remote isolation—and that is one of the roots of the current struggle. For the graceful antiquity and unspoiled wilderness that is now threatened by development is not the result of conscious preservation or deliberate restoration, as at Williamsburg, but the natural legacy of the island's abandonment. And when the “summer people” rediscovered Nantucket early in the century—first theatrical folk at Siasconset, then the affluent gentry at Brant Point and Monomoy, later the “day trippers” on the excursion steamers from Hyannis and Woods Hole—they were received with deep ambivalence. Their dollars were a welcome infusion to the depressed economy, but they were viewed as interlopers, if not invaders. Similar tensions can be found at any summer resort, but they were probably more acute here because of the island's special history; fist fights between “island” and “off-island” youths were not uncommon, and one long-time “summer person” told me a weird tale about finding glass on his driveway and holes in his boat. Some of this animosity has dissolved in a sea of common concerns. But, as the year-round population of about four thousand balloons to nearly thirty thousand in August, with the accompanying crush of bicycles and cars along the cobbled Main Street, the epithet “off-islander” has a special bite—bred of resentment, pride, and prickly iconoclasm.

This ancient tension shadows every aspect of the fight over the Kennedy bill—but with some ironic twists. For the bill's most vehement support comes from summer people bent on preserving the fragile beauty and privacy of their island refuge (“They're saying, ‘We've got ours, now stop the island,’” complains one winter resident). And most of the die-hard opposition comes from year-rounders (“Guys who've made shrewd land deals and now hope to reap handsome profits,” says one of the bill's supporters). To be sure, there are summer people who oppose the bill—among them, Morris Ernst, the civil-libertarian lawyer. And there are winter people who favor it—among them Howard Jelleme, one of the island's major builders. But clearly the bill has exacerbated old resentments.

Moreover, these tensions determine the battle's rhetoric. For both sides justify their positions in terms of defending Nantucket against outside intrusion. The bill's proponents say only federal legislation—and an element of federal control—can protect Nantucket from mainland developers. Opponents say Nantucket can defend itself against developers without federal intervention, which they see as the real threat to the island's integrity.

On the surface the bill's supporters have a compelling case—for the other side of the islanders' resistance to outside control is their long-time reluctance to impose restraints on themselves. For years Nantucket, like many small towns that have recently undergone a siege of development, had no town plan, no building code, no zoning law—and rejected all suggestions that it enact them. Such bureaucratic devices might be acceptable to abject mainlanders, but here they were regarded as unbearable shackles on the traditional liberties of Nantucketers. “No bastard's going to tell me I can't keep lobster pots in my front yard” was the typical reaction every time a zoning ordinance came up in Town Meeting. When I asked James Bartsch, a planning-board member, why the town didn't install parking meters to control the runaway traffic, he said with genuine horror, “My God, they'd never stand for them! They'd rip 'em up by their roots.” There isn't a single traffic light on the island—and nobody expects one soon.

For years what control there was came largely through private conservation efforts. The Nantucket Conservation Foundation (headed by summer resident Roy E. Larsen, vice-chairman of Time Inc.), the Nantucket Ornithological Foundation (headed by another summer resident, ex-diplomat Arthur Dean), and several smaller groups now own nearly four thousand acres. Walter Beinecke, Jr., the S & H Green Stamps heir, bought up much of the town's commercial property and developed it tastefully (not without stirring up widespread animosity; several years ago many Nantucketers sported a button with the legend “No Man Is An Island” emblazoned on an S & H Green Stamp).

Finally, under grave warnings of imminent chaos, the town was induced to impose a few regulations. The Historic District Commission now requires all new construction to be “compatible” with the architecture of 1846—ensuring the traditional restraint, simplicity, and weathered gray cedar shingles. With a private foundation grant the planning board hired a Rhode Island consultant to draw up a town plan. And, after a herculean effort, zoning and building codes were adopted by last March's Town Meeting. But Jackie Gardner, the stolid printer who heads the planning board, sounds a plaint heard in many other localities that have moved to stem the tide of development: “None of the regulations we've got now can stop a developer who really wants to build here. They put a few obstacles in his way, but nothing he can't hop right over.” Moreover, Gardner and others who have studied the matter say that under Massachusetts law there is probably no legal zoning or planning that could stop large-tract development of the island.

But the passage of the zoning code did have one effect—it forced many prospective developers into the open. Some tried to get their plans filed before the code went into effect, others began coming in for approval, and, all of a sudden, Nantucketers found out what was being planned for their island. Jim Bartsch, the planning board member, recalls: “One day Jackie Gardner and I counted up the house-lot applications already approved or awaiting approval. We didn't even bother with the small ones—a house here, a house there—and we came up with 2,264. If you realize we only have about 3,000 houses on the island now, you see we could have twice that many in a couple of years.”

Among the first projects to be smoked out was a 125-unit apartment development for “low-income and elderly people” proposed by a local group called the Nantucket Development Corporation. Perhaps because the project smacked so much of mainland development, it stirred a furor on the island. The *Inquirer and Mirror*, Nantucket's weekly newspaper, said the discovery showed “how very nearly defenseless we are against this kind of thing,” and a week later it warned grimly, “The island we have all loved is slipping, slipping away from us while we mumble and grumble and sit on our hands.”

Even more ominous rumors began circulating. One island woman told of coming back on the ferry and watching a group of “very slick city types” poring over plans at a nearby table. “When they got up to leave, one of their maps rolled under my bench. I picked it up, and they had the whole island laid out in a huge grid—like Staten Island or Westchester!” Meanwhile, ten miles west on the larger resort island of Martha's Vineyard, development was proceeding even faster. In August 1971 planning consultants issued a report that concluded that the Vineyard was rapidly contracting “environmental terminal cancer.”

In this atmosphere of growing apprehension the Kennedy bill was born.

“I feel like an Indian about to be sentenced to a reservation.”

The weekend after the Vineyard report was issued Senator Kennedy and one of his former aides, a 31-year-old Boston lawyer and real estate man named K. Dun Gifford, were sitting on a beach at Muskeget (another, smaller Nantucket Sound island) discussing the Vineyard situation. Kennedy recalled that his brother Jack had once talked of adding Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket to the Cape Cod National Seashore, President Kennedy's own project to protect the Cape from rampant development. Within a month of that conversation on Muskeget, Ted Kennedy had introduced a Senate bill calling for a six-month study to determine if the Seashore should be so extended (ironically, purchases of land for the National Seashore have contributed to a shortage of good building sites on the Cape and thus spurred developer interest in the two islands).

Before the resolution could be acted on, distressed summer residents persuaded Kennedy that the situation was too urgent to put off with another study. So, instead, the senator turned to a concept proposed in 1970 in an Interior Department study: so-called Island Trusts, administered by joint federal, state, and local commissions, which would assume responsibility for the controlled development and preservation of islands “where traditional techniques for the protection and enhancement of island values are not practical.”

On April 11 Kennedy took the Senate floor to introduce the Nantucket Sound Islands Trust Bill. “Today Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard stand on the brink,” he warned. “If unchecked development continues its current course, then there will be no turning back, and the generations which follow us will find these offshore islands, in the years to come, little different from today's sprawling suburbs.”

The bill divided the islands' land into three broad categories: forever wild, scenic preservation, and town (or county) planned land. In “forever wild” lands—areas “so noteworthy from a scenic, historic, conservation, or other viewpoint that they should be preserved in a natural or wild state forever”—owners could occupy present houses for twenty-five years, after which they would have to be demolished or moved elsewhere (the land could then be acquired by the Trust for fair market value). “Scenic preservation” land—noteworthy areas already partially developed—would be “frozen in their current state of development.” In “town [or county] planned lands”—the built-up areas of both islands—development could continue under local control.

The bill hit like an off-season hurricane on the unprepared islands. Although a few summer people had known what was going on, no island officials had been consulted. Gifford explains: “Advance disclosure of legislation involving land acquisition is a very tricky legal thing. Many of the selectmen are in real estate, or their brothers or wives are. We just couldn't say a thing.” To the selectmen, of course, that was no excuse (several quickly pointed out that Gifford himself is an executive in a large real estate firm). “We're the elected representatives of the people,” thundered Bob Haley, a chubby ex-state policeman-turned-liquor dealer who is chairman of Nantucket's Selectmen. “We damn well should have been consulted.”

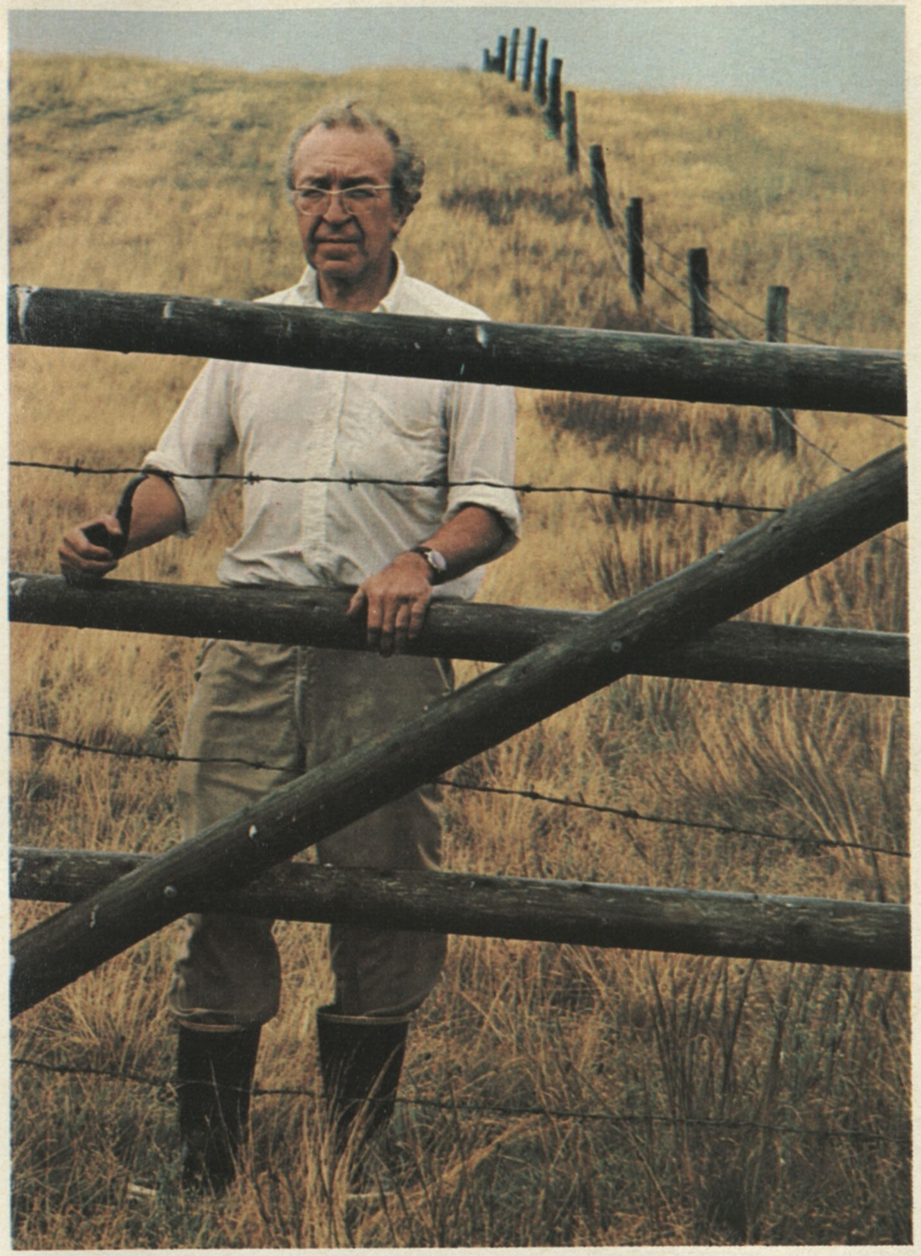
Moreover, quite apart from any mass developments, there were many land owners who had planned to build homes for themselves or their children and now found their land in “forever wild” or “scenic preservation” areas. Not surprisingly, they were livid. The most renowned case was that of a teacher whom the Nantucket School Board had just managed to lure from the Midwest after two years of effort. He had purchased a lot in the Tom Nevers Head area only a few months earlier, but, before he could begin construction, the area was designated “forever wild.” The teacher threatened to leave the island until a lot was found for him near the school. Another outraged land owner wrote the *Inquirer*: “I feel like an Indian about to be sentenced to a reservation.” And some reacted with vintage Nantucket defiance. A scallop fisherman who planned to build a beach cottage on his “scenic preservation” land told me: “I'll be building my cottage; you can be sure of that. The first damn federal agent who comes to tell me different will get his pointy little head blown off.”

But the section that aroused the most outrage was the one that dealt with a predictable economic consequence of limiting development—the loss of jobs in the construction trades. The bill suggested that unemployed Nantucketers be retrained in oystering, lobstering, or cultivating grapes. Some islanders wrote the *Inquirer* to argue that the island waters were too cold for oysters and not rocky enough for lobsters. But others exploded. Wrote Kay Mack of Polpis Road: “Who does he [Kennedy] think he is that he can trample over people's lives? Train our carpenters to be lobstermen? Take away their right to work and get rich in the profession they choose? . . . I'm sorry, dear Nantucketer, you can't be a plumber anymore—you'll have to sit and weave baskets all day. . . . The nerve, the colossal gall!”

Indeed, opposition to the bill is fueled by suspicion and resentment of Kennedy. Nantucket, after all, votes heavily Republican, and none of the Kennedys have been particularly popular here. Teddy's troubles at Chappaquiddick (a small island off the Vineyard) did nothing to help; the bill's opponents bring up the incident frequently, and one of them keeps threatening to distribute a cartoon showing Kennedy driving off a bridge in a car with two women, one labeled “Martha Vineyard” and the other “Nan Tucket.” Moreover, some islanders resent Kennedy's dispatching his former aide Gifford to sell them the bill. The Giffords are an old island name (“My family has been coming here since 1880, and I've been here every summer since I was one,” says Dun), but they're still regarded as off-islanders, and snooty ones at that. “Dunnie's a yachtie, he lives up on the cliff, and he's a rich guy who hasn't worked a day in his life,” says a restaurant owner. “He was the wrong one to sell us a bill of goods.”

Two of the main antagonists in the battle over development are Dun Gifford (below), a long-time summer resident and one-time Kennedy aide, and Abe Glasser, a large property holder who has vowed to stop Kennedy's anti-development legislation.

Gifford found that out in mid-April when he made selling trips to both islands. His reception on the Vineyard was downright icy, and it was not much warmer when he walked into the Nantucket High School gym on the evening of April 25 to face about 1,200 islanders, many of them clearly spoiling for a fight. The tall, elegant lawyer began by assuring them that the bill was intended only as a “working document” and inviting them to send proposed amendments to Kennedy. “Hey man, I feel like I'm talking to a carrier pigeon,” a young man shouted from the audience. “I want to talk to the big chicken.” And they were off.



Roy Barrett, an island builder, said he had already lost four houses since the bill was announced and predicted that construction would be off 40 per cent. “Who's going to pay my crew a weekly salary? Is it going to be you and Mr. Kennedy, or do we go on welfare?” “If there were no problems, none of us would be here,” Gifford suggested. “That's a hell of an answer!” roared Barrett.

Much of the outrage focused on the threat of “dictatorship from Washington.” Dr. Wylie L. Collins warned that, when you got federal control of anything, you got “a federal takeover.” He said he'd found that out through painful experience with Medicare and Blue Cross. “They tell you what you are going to do!” A woman rose to cry, “We've been in the habit of governing ourselves for years. We don't want Washington in control.”

State Rep. Arthur Desrocher asked “whether you or Senator Kennedy dealt with any year-round residents in drawing up this bill?” Gifford said some year-rounders had contacted the senator about it, “but I won't mention any names, because of what happened on the Vineyard. The few people there who identified themselves as being interested in the bill have been abused and mistreated. So I'm sure you wouldn't want me to play God with their names.” “But you're playing God with us!” an islander shouted.

Before it adjourned, the meeting voted roughly two to one against the bill, and in the weeks that followed island sentiment clearly seemed to be running in that direction. A resolution urging Congress to reject the bill was adopted at a Special Town Meeting, 392 to 12, and a Home Rule Committee (composed of the five selectmen, Representative Desrocher, and three Chamber of Commerce representatives) was formed to fight it. Later a Nantucket Citizens Council—made up exclusively of year-round residents—was formed to oppose efforts “to bind us and our beloved island indefinitely to the inept ministrations of the growing bureaucracy in Washington.” (The Council opposed “massive development” but preferred to combat it through state and local action.)

Meanwhile, however, the pro-bill forces were mobilizing. Late in May they united in a Committee to Preserve Nantucket, which favored the Kennedy bill if amended to provide for more local control. The committee boasted some prominent year-rounders—among them, Tom Giffin, editor of the *Inquirer and Mirror*; Howard Kehlenbeck, vice president of the Pacific National Bank, and Marland Roundsville, a member of the planning board. But it was headed by a summer resident, Boston real estate man Bernard Grossman, and much of its support came from summer people, who by then were flocking onto the island.

Curiously enough, on an island with few year-round Jewish residents, the forces for and against the bill for a time this year were both led by Jews: Grossman for the bill and Abraham Glasser, a New York lawyer who has recently moved here full time, spearheading the opposition. This was noteworthy only because there has long been an ugly streak of anti-Semitism on the island. For years visitors with Jewish names found it difficult to get rooms in Nantucket hotels, and those who lived here could not get into the Yacht Club or the 'Sconset Casino. This discrimination has eased considerably—David Deutsch, a Jew married to one of the prominent Sanfords, is now assistant commodore of the Yacht Club—but some Jews who summered here this year think they detect some anti-

"None of the regulations we've got now can stop a developer."

Semitism behind support for the bill. "Some of these people think that, if they can stop development, they can keep this a nice, private little WASP enclave," one New Yorker told me.

The Jewish issue has been kept alive in part by Abe Glasser's fierce determination and flamboyant personality. A former Justice Department lawyer and Rutgers law professor (he was forced to resign in 1953 for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Activities Committee), Glasser began summering in Nantucket in the Fifties and found it to be "an Elysian Fields, a Garden of Eden." In 1964 he bought part of the Sexton Dairy Farm and over the next seven years painstakingly accumulated the rest of its 400 acres. ("Paris had to have Helen of Troy. I had to have this place. It was my passion.") But, deeply in debt to a Cape Cod bank that holds a $1.2-million mortgage on his land, he faced the "pure financial necessity" of selling off 125 acres. And then the Kennedy bill put his land in "scenic preservation." Understandably enough, he plunged into a frantic campaign against the bill. In a recent interview he denounced his enemies on the island as "writhing, excremental midgets," called Dun Gifford a "feline, jungle predator," accused Kennedy of attempting "a Chilean-Allende type of expropriation program," and pledged, "I will singlehandedly defeat the Kennedy bill in the courts." Aware that he was not exactly popular on the island, he said, "It doesn't bother me any more than it bothered Moishe Dayan that Nasser didn't like him."

But, if Glasser's style makes him the least popular developer on the island, most people I talked to consider his development plans (forty-four lots averaging three acres in size) far from the most noxious. That distinction was reserved for a development already partially under way—Lindsay Perry's Tristram's Landing. Named for Tristram Coffin, one of the island's earliest settlers, the project near Madaket Harbor now boasts several dozen cramped condominiums and another thirty houses in wildly exuberant styles—plenty of A-frames and slanting windows—all scattered across unlandscaped terrain crisscrossed by raw, red roads. "If that's the future," says Tom Giffin, the newspaper editor, "I'm going to find myself another island."

Without the Kennedy bill or comparable legislation the future will also hold "Hummock Pond Village," 157 units of "cluster housing," which something called American Leisure Homes proposes to plunk down beside one of Nantucket's most beautiful salt ponds; "Tuckernuck Village," 160 more cluster units off the 'Sconset Road to be built by a New Jersey syndicate; Nantucket Beach Properties' proposed development of 200 to 300 detached houses in the wild, rolling Tom Nevers Head area; a projected construction of up to 1,200 homes on some 1,300 acres in Surfside; and several smaller developments on the island's moors.

Until the zoning ordinance and the Kennedy-bill fight most Nantucketers knew little of these projects. As they have learned more about them, sentiment has begun to swing in favor of the bill, which places virtually all the projects in "forever wild" or "scenic preservation" areas.

Several other factors have stirred support for the bill of late. One was the disclosure last May of the district attorney's investigation into possible fraud in the sale of land by Nantucket town officials. The real estate involved was so-called "owners unknown" land, tracts once held as "common" grazing land but gradually split into individual "commons shares." When whaling ceased and islanders deserted for the mainland in the middle of the last century, this land was essentially abandoned and became of interest again only with the tourist and development boom. According to the preliminary investigations, some town officials sold such land off to friends or relatives for the back taxes and then may have participated in the immense profits. One 625-acre tract that went for a mere $326.86 in 1966 is now valued at over $500,000. Some land sold in this fashion has ended up on the developers' drawing boards.

Such disclosures have shaken many Nantucketers' faith in the capacity of their time-honored town meeting-selectmen form of government to deal with the complex problems now facing the island. The five part-time selectmen (two former policemen, a carpenter, a commercial painter, and a dry cleaner) do not have the time or training to deal with the technicalities that come before their Wednesday-night meetings. Many town ordinances, challenged by an aggressive new defense attorney, have been found ill-drawn and unenforceable (the latest flap came when a zealous new dog officer, enforcing the town's leash law, picked up hundreds of stray dogs. When the courts threw the law out, the dog officer resigned—with some townspeople charging that she had used her own Portuguese water dog—in heat—to "entrap" unfortunate mutts). Two committees—one appointed by the selectmen, the other by the Committee to Preserve Nantucket—are studying reforms in town government. Some people have even urged switching to a "town manager" system, and many critics apparently see the Kennedy bill as a lever to force more efficient town government.

Finally, Senator Kennedy has attracted support for his bill by revising it to meet many island protests. On July 27 he submitted in Congress an amended bill that, among other things, dropped the requirement that houses in "forever wild" areas be torn down or moved after twenty-five years; set aside 10 per cent of "scenic preservation" land for town expansion (at a rate of 5 per cent every year for the next twenty years); provided that lands acquired by the Trust should be taxed as if privately owned; and split the Trust Commission into two—one for Nantucket and one for Martha's Vineyard—with more power given to local and less to the federal government.

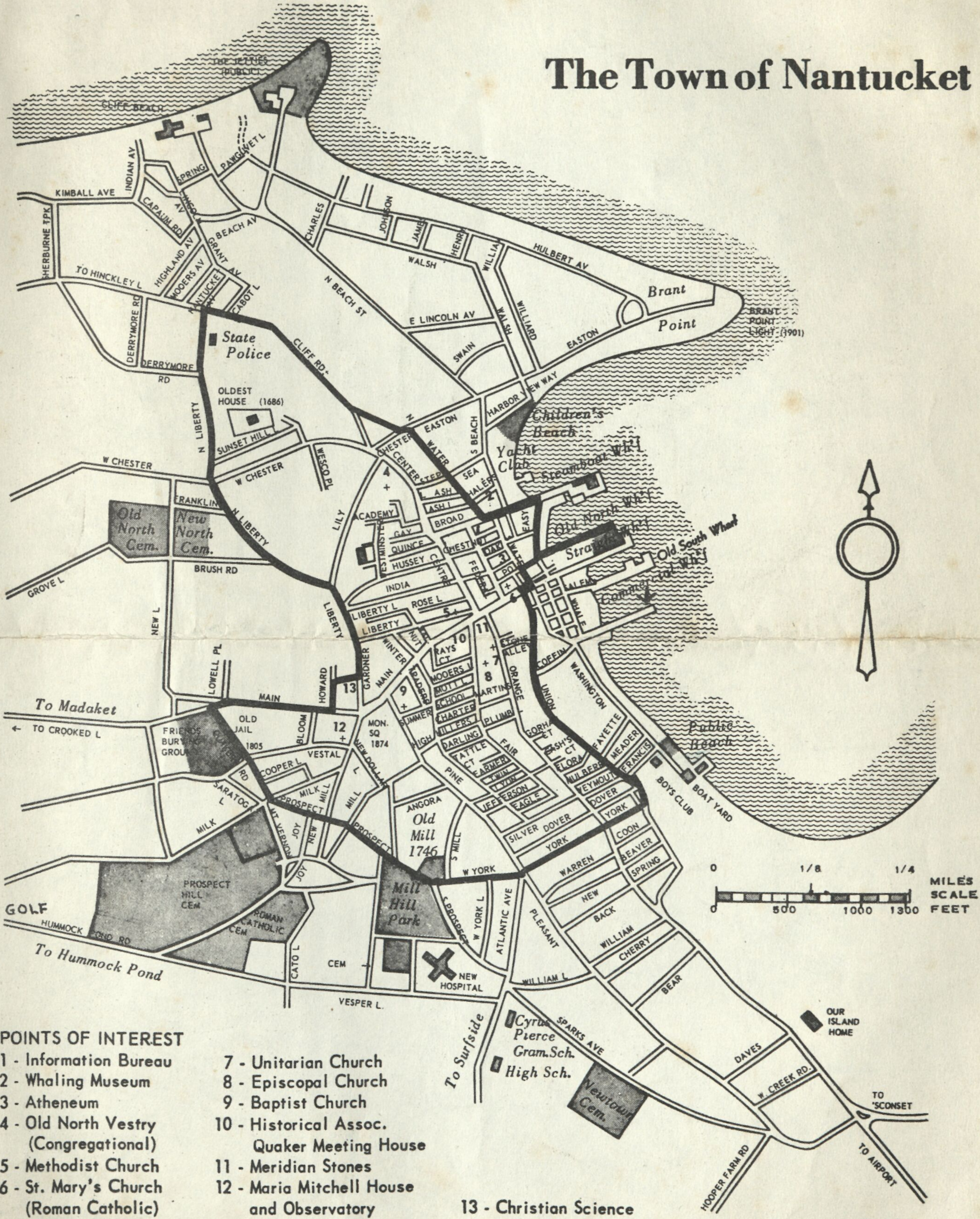
The amendments have not satisfied everyone. The Nantucket Home Rule Committee angrily charges that it has been bypassed in favor of the Committee to Preserve Nantucket ("the summer people with a real pipeline to Kennedy"). It demands that far more land be set aside for town expansion and still greater powers granted to town officials. But apparently many Nantucketers have been won over.

Kennedy has pledged not to press the bill in Congress until a majority of the islanders favor it. The best guess now is that the proposed legislation would win such a vote on Nantucket, if not on Martha's Vineyard, and Kennedy is expected to start formal Senate hearings on the bill early next spring.

Meanwhile, large-scale construction on Nantucket has come to a halt. The bill bans all new construction in the prescribed areas as of April 11, 1972, the day the bill was introduced. And, while this prohibition has no legal force in advance of possible enactment by Congress, banks are unwilling to lend money for construction that might have to be removed if the bill is passed.

Thus an uneasy stalemate prevails, with development on Nantucket (and Martha's Vineyard) substantially slowed. Meantime, those xenophobic islanders horrified at the prospect of federal intervention to contain development might consider the more tangible consequences if the developers' invasion is not resisted. As Anthony Huxley once wrote, "The fascinating and peculiar faunas and floras of remote islands depend in many ways on their isolation, and when that isolation is broken down, as is happening in many places through human agency, the days of the original species are numbered." ☐

The Town of Nantucket


THE JETTIES (PUBLIC)
CLIFF BEACH
Brant Point
BRANT POINT LIGHT (1901)
Children's Beach
Yacht Club
Steamboat Wh'f
Old North Wh'f
Straight Wh'f
Old South Wharf
Commercial Wh'f
Public Beach
BOYS CLUB
BOAT YARD
State Police
OLDEST HOUSE (1686)
Old North Cem.
New North Cem.
OLD JAIL 1805
FRIENDS BURYING GROUND
MON. SQ 1874
Old Mill 1746
Mill Hill Park
PROSPECT HILL CEM
ROMAN CATHOLIC CEM
CEM
NEW HOSPITAL
Cyrus Pierce Gram. Sch.
High Sch.
Newtown Cem.
OUR ISLAND HOME
To Madaket
TO CROOKED L
TO GOLF
To Hummock Pond
To Surfside
TO 'SCONSET
TO AIRPORT
KIMBALL AVE
SHERBURNE TPK
INDIAN AV
SPRING
PAWGUET L
CAPAUM RD
HIGHLAND AV
BEACH AV
BRANT AV
MOOERS AV
NANTUCKET
CABOT L
TO HINCKLEY L
DERRYMORE RD
CHARLES
JOHNSON
JAMES
HENRY
WILLIAM
WALSH
HULBERT AV
N BEACH ST
E LINCOLN AV
SWAIN
WILLIARD
EASTON
HARBOR VIEW WAY
CLIFF RD
N LIBERTY
SUNSET HILL
W CHESTER
WESCO PL
FRANKLIN
N WATER
S BEACH
CHESTER
CENTER
STEP
SEA
WHALERS
ASH
ASH L
BROAD
ACADEMY
LILY
GAY
QUINCE
HUSSEY
WESTMINSTER
CHESTNUT
FEDERAL
EASY
INDIA
ROSE L
LIBERTY L
LIBERTY
NUT
BRUSH RD
GROVE L
NEW L
LOWELL PL
MAIN
HOWARD
GARDNER
WINTER
RAYS CT
MOOERS L
SCHOOL
CHARTER
MARTINS
ORANGE
STONE ALLEY
COFFIN
UNION
WASHINGTON
FAYETTE
MEADER
FRANCIS
SUMMER
HIGH
MILLERS
DARLING
PLUMB
FAIR
TATTLE CT
FARMER
TWIN
LYON
JEFFERSON
EAGLE
PINE
BLOOM
VESTAL
COOPER L
SARATOGA L
MILK
PROSPECT
MT VERNON
JOY
NEW DOLLAR L
MILL
ANGORA
SILVER
DOVER
YORK
COON
BEAVER
SPRING
WARREN
NEW
BACK
WILLIAM
CHERRY
BEAR
DAVES
W CREEK RD
HOOPER FARM RD
SPARKS AVE
W YORK
S MILL
S PROSPECT
W YORK L
ATLANTIC AVE
PLEASANT
WILLIAM L
CATO L
VESPER L
HUMMOCK POND RD
0
1/8
1/4
MILES SCALE
0
500
1000
1300
FEET

POINTS OF INTEREST

1 - Information Bureau
2 - Whaling Museum
3 - Atheneum
4 - Old North Vestry (Congregational)
5 - Methodist Church
6 - St. Mary's Church (Roman Catholic)
7 - Unitarian Church
8 - Episcopal Church
9 - Baptist Church
10 - Historical Assoc. Quaker Meeting House
11 - Meridian Stones
12 - Maria Mitchell House and Observatory
13 - Christian Science

"The use of motor cycles, motor scooters or motor bicycles on roads and ways in the Old and Historic Districts are prohibited during the hours from 8 p.m. and 8 a.m." Old and Historic Nantucket District is defined by heavy line.

The Last Resort

A lot has been written about swinging executives who stay in town all week while their wives and kids swim, sail and sunbathe at the family summer retreat. The husbands have a ball with all the poor working ladies who stay in town, and the wives rendezvous with the lifeguards and hired hands from the neighboring farm. By Friday night the men reluctantly tear themselves away from their hot weather mistresses and drive, train, or maybe fly up to the little women and kiddies for two days of carefree unclogging antiquated plumbing, scaling fish, and pulling ticks out of the family pooch.

That's the way it is in the movies, but that's not how it is if you work in New York City and your wife and brood are summering in Martha's Vineyard. Martha's Vineyard is an island in the Atlantic off Cape Cod. It's 50 minutes by air and seven hours by car and ferry, so the New York weekend commuter has to fly, usually on Air New England, which leaves from the city twice a day—or at least tries to.

One Friday, I was confirmed on Air New England's flight leaving New York at 5:20 p.m. and scheduled to arrive, non-stop, at 6:20 p.m. I checked in and was told the plane would be ten minutes late.

"Fog on the Vineyard?" I asked apprehensively.

"Not yet, sir. Just mechanical trouble."

An hour later, strapped into my seat while awaiting clearance on the runway, I asked the man next to me if he commuted to the Vineyard.

"I'm going to Nantucket," he said.

"But this plane only goes to Martha's Vineyard," I told him smugly.

"Martha's Vineyard is fogged in, so they put us Nantucket people on this flight. If the fog clears in the Vineyard, they'll fly you over there after they drop us off." Now *he* sounded smug.

The pilot's voice over the speaker system stopped our discussion: "Welcome aboard Air New England's flight to New Bedford, Mass. Please check to see that your seat belts are securely fastened. We are sorry for the delay."

My seat mate and I looked at each other. Then we both grabbed for the stewardess at the same time. "We're not going to New Bedford?" we pleaded. "We are supposed to be going to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket."

"There's fog in the Vineyard and Nantucket. We'll fly to New Bedford first. If there's still fog, we'll fly to Hyannis," she told us rather routinely.

Sure enough we landed in New Bedford. No one got off and no one got on. We learned our plane would take off in a quarter of an hour.

"We are going to Martha's Vineyard, then?" I asked the pilot through the open cockpit door. He just nodded, but it was with such authority I relaxed. The plane took off, the door to the cockpit was closed, and on the loud speaker, the pilot once more made his announcement, this time to an imaginary audience:

"I'd like to welcome our New Bedford passengers on board. Our flying time to Hyannis will be approximately 15 minutes." This time the stewardess kept herself carefully—and wisely—hidden.

"I don't think I'm coming up weekends anymore," I told my wife, when I finally arrived midway through the weekend. "I think I'll stay in New York."

"I knew it! You've got a girl there!"

"Right," I said casually. "She's an Air New England stewardess, and you'll never meet her because she never comes to the Vineyard."

By Jim Lavenson

MARKETING MAGAZINE AUG 21, 1972

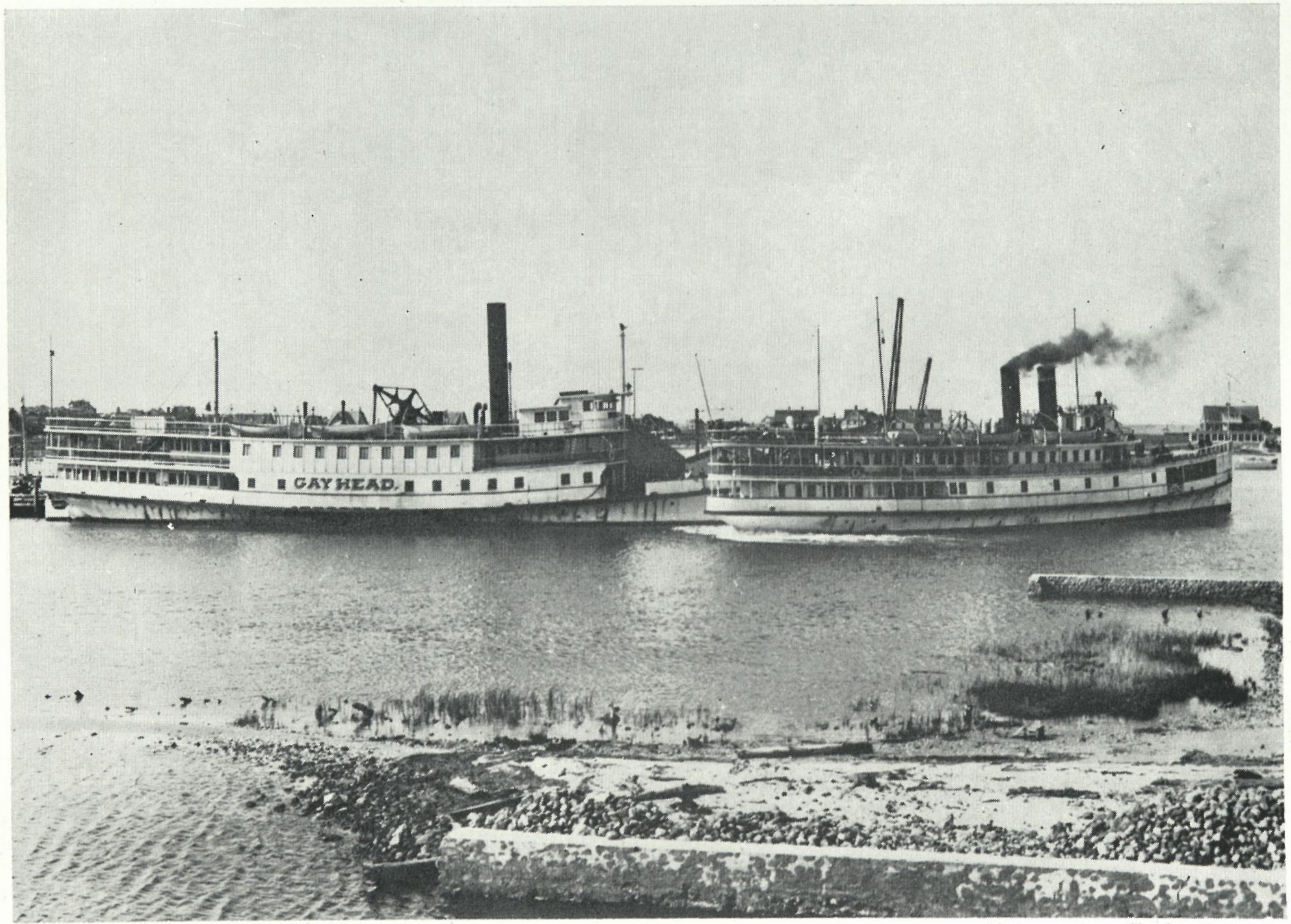


Photo courtesy Charles Sayle, Sr.

Sankaty backing around corner at Steamboat Wharf, 1912

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Second Section ◄ *Thursday, November 19, 1970*

By Phyllis Hanes

Staff writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Nantucket, Mass.

NANTUCKET ISLAND WITH ITS QUAINT, austere ruggedness and its strong Puritanical traditions somehow typifies the old-fashioned wholesomeness the rest of the world is rapidly losing.

Only 30 miles off the crowded eastern shore of the United States the island has a charm that goes deeper than its isolation and its windswept moors. By remaining aloof it has somehow managed to avoid the improving hand of man-made progress, to maintain its heritage in the face of 20th-century urbanism.

Many of Nantucket's historic houses are still privately owned and their individuality has been saved in a blending of past custom and present comfort. Most residents prefer restoring an old house to building a new one.

Boxy, spartan, and shingled houses line cobblestone streets and characterize parts of the old town settled in the early 17th century by Puritans from the New England mainland.

During the golden era of the early 19th century, wealthy merchants and sea captains built Federal and Greek Revival mansions of brick with columned porticoes, and cupolas, and elaborate roofs. Many were topped with a "widow's walk" for viewing ships as they returned to harbor.

Heritage amid prosperity

Today, visitors have brought a new prosperity that has set a pattern for the island's future development. The Nantucket program to maintain its character while continuing to grow is of interest to other American towns beginning to realize the importance of preserving a local heritage.

The Nantucket Historical Trust, which has played a leading role in encouraging and instigating restorations and reviving traditional crafts, bought one of the statelier brick mansions, the Jared Coffin House, and it is now open year round as a small hotel.

Its lounge and library are furnished with antiques of the Chippendale, Sheraton, and American Federalist periods. Walls are hung with paintings which reflect the island's history; handsome crewel embroideries were worked by Nantucket women.

Oriental-art objects and whalebone scrimshaw tell the story of former whaling expeditions.

Nantucket is famous for its old scrimshaw. The literal definition was explained by Nathaniel Benchley of the island's literary-artistic set:

"Scrimshaw is really any kind of carving or engraving done by hand by a sailor," he stated. "But over the years it has come to be associated with whalebone carvings, and also the pieces of ivory that are not actually carved but have drawings on them."

Scrimshaw, crewelwork, painting

"Bench," as his attractive wife, Marge, calls him, is a New Englander from way back. A well-known writer, he also paints and carves scrimshaw.

Converts to year-round living on Nantucket, the Benchleys maintain two homes here. A summer home, Flagship, stands on the bluff above 'Sconset beach. It is surrounded by wild roses and has a view of the ocean from every room of the upper floor.

The friendly, comfortable house with generous porches is personalized by Marge Benchley's crewelwork and by her husband's paintings as well as a large workable kitchen-dining room. It is not, however, suited to Nantucket winters.

Moving back to town (Nantucket) is part of the Benchleys' fall activities along with planning for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

"I think we'll have turkey for Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Benchley as she wrapped bacon around some fresh scallops she was preparing for lunch. "I thought about goose but we'd need three and they won't fit in my oven.

"I'll have to make up my mind soon since the island deliveries by boat are always apt to be slower in the winter, because of weather.

"I'm making a trip to the mainland next week—will do some shopping in New York and hope to pick up some small molds so I can make some paté for Christmas gifts.

"Have a list of things to get for several people—we probably won't make another trip for quite a while."

Bluefish specialty

When it comes to food, it's a favorite subject for Marge Benchley who is an excellent cook. But like most islanders, she limits the subject to seafood.

"We both love fish," explained her husband, who likes to catch it, clean it, and cook it as well. "We like bluefish and have found out that it's better if it can sit a day before cooking. Most fish is best fresh out of the water. But not bluefish. Clean it right away but cook it next day," he advised.

"Right now we're more interested in scallops than anything else; the season just started," said Mrs. Benchley. "We like to broil them with bacon or poach them in bouillon with lots of fresh tarragon. Of course they're delicious raw, too, with lemon juice."

"Nantucket is an ideal place for a writer," commented Mr. Benchley, who has written short stories, the biography of his famous father, Robert Benchley, and several novels. Of the latter, "The Off-Islanders" was made into the movie "The Russians Are Coming."

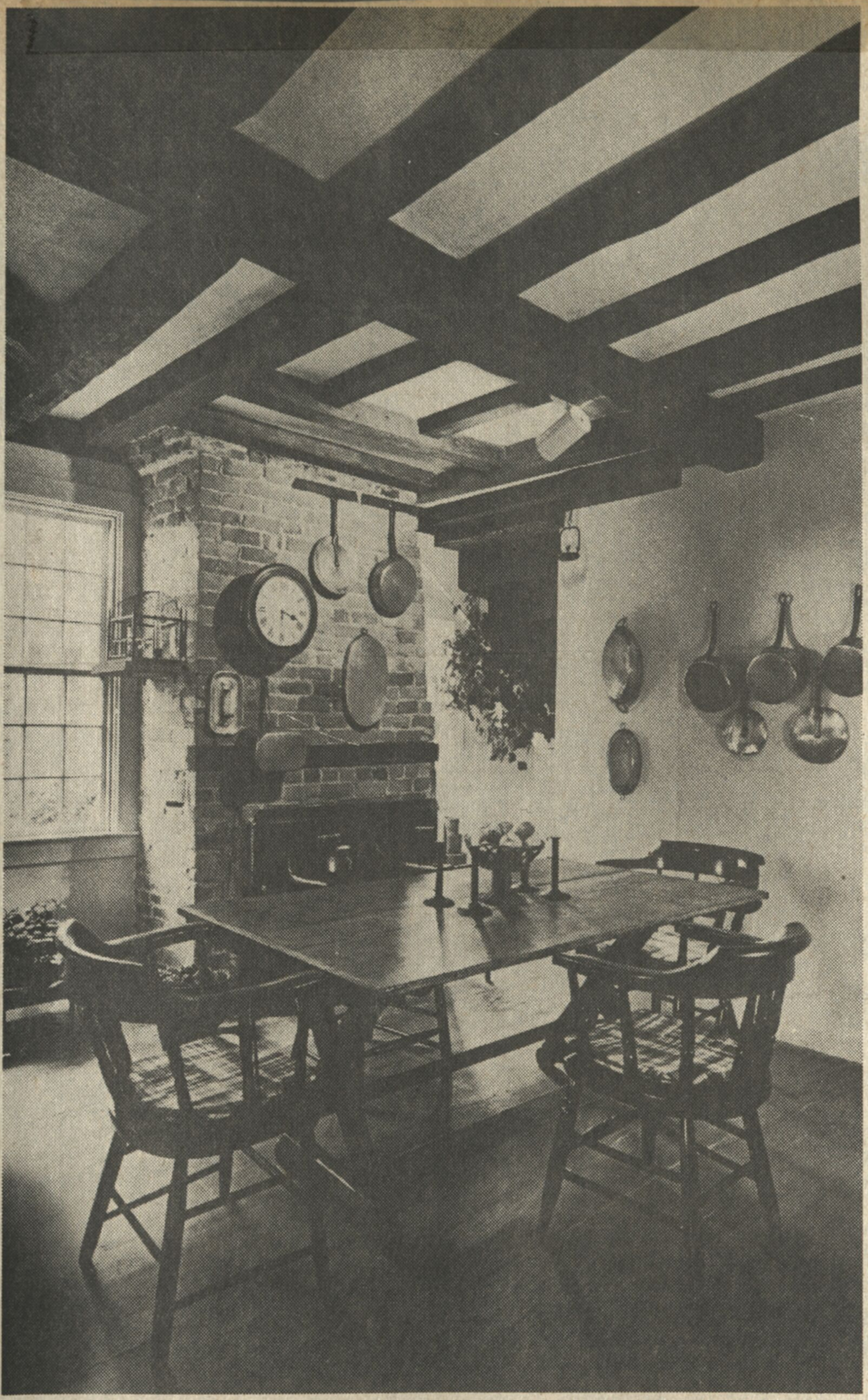
"A good deal of Nantucket's charm lies in the fact that it's not always easy to get here," the writer said. "And once you're here you do things Nantucket's way or not at all.

"It's difficult to say precisely what it is about Nantucket that makes it unique; it's a combination of many things."

Phil Read of the Jared Coffin House puts it this way: "There seems to be something about the atmosphere here that goes with Thanksgiving and Christmas. I guess it's because people like to get away from the population explosion, and somehow or other they feel closer to the Pilgrim spirit here than anywhere else."

Islanders Nathaniel and Marge Benchley

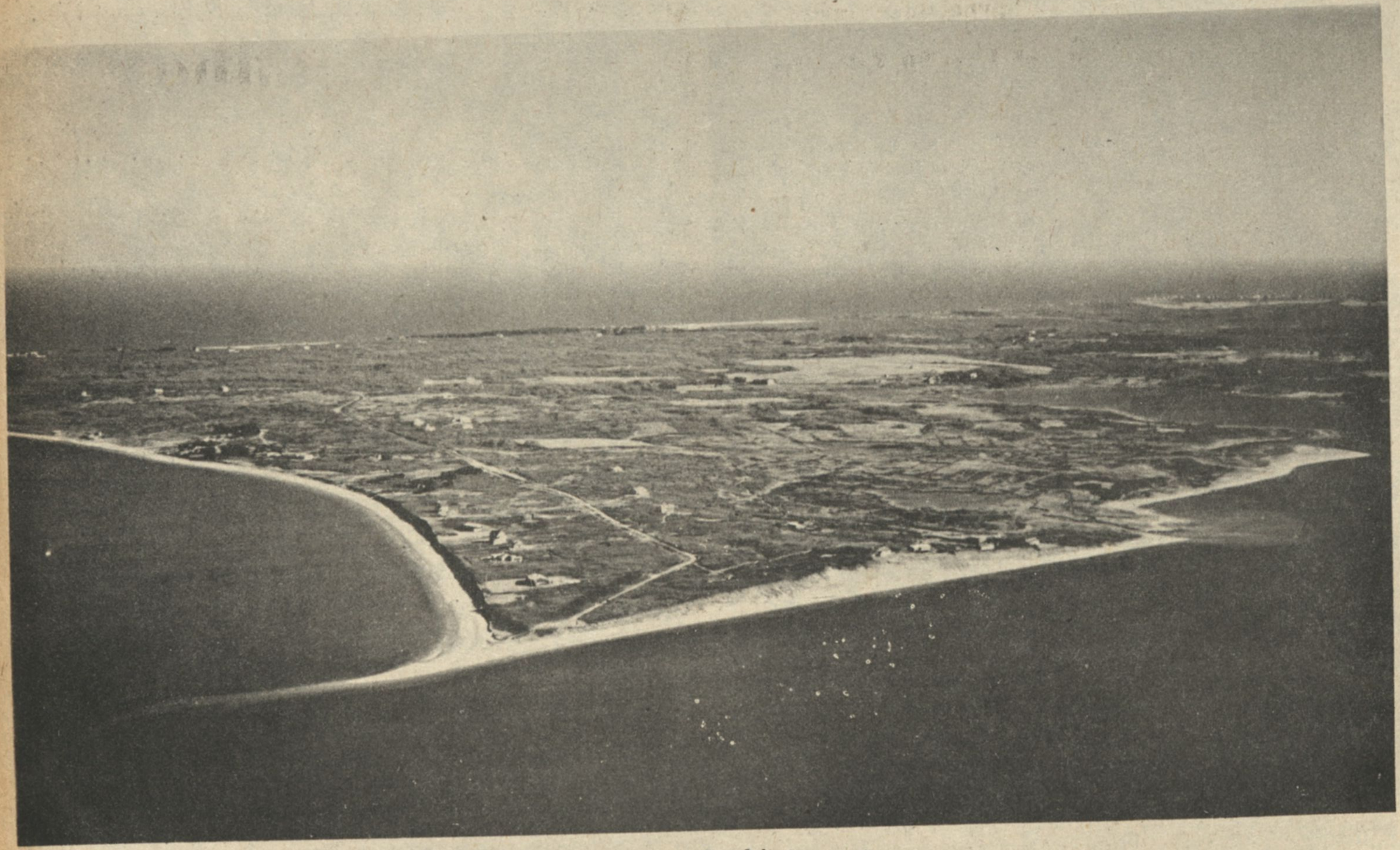
His and her scallops



Home of artist Andrew Shunney

hibachi

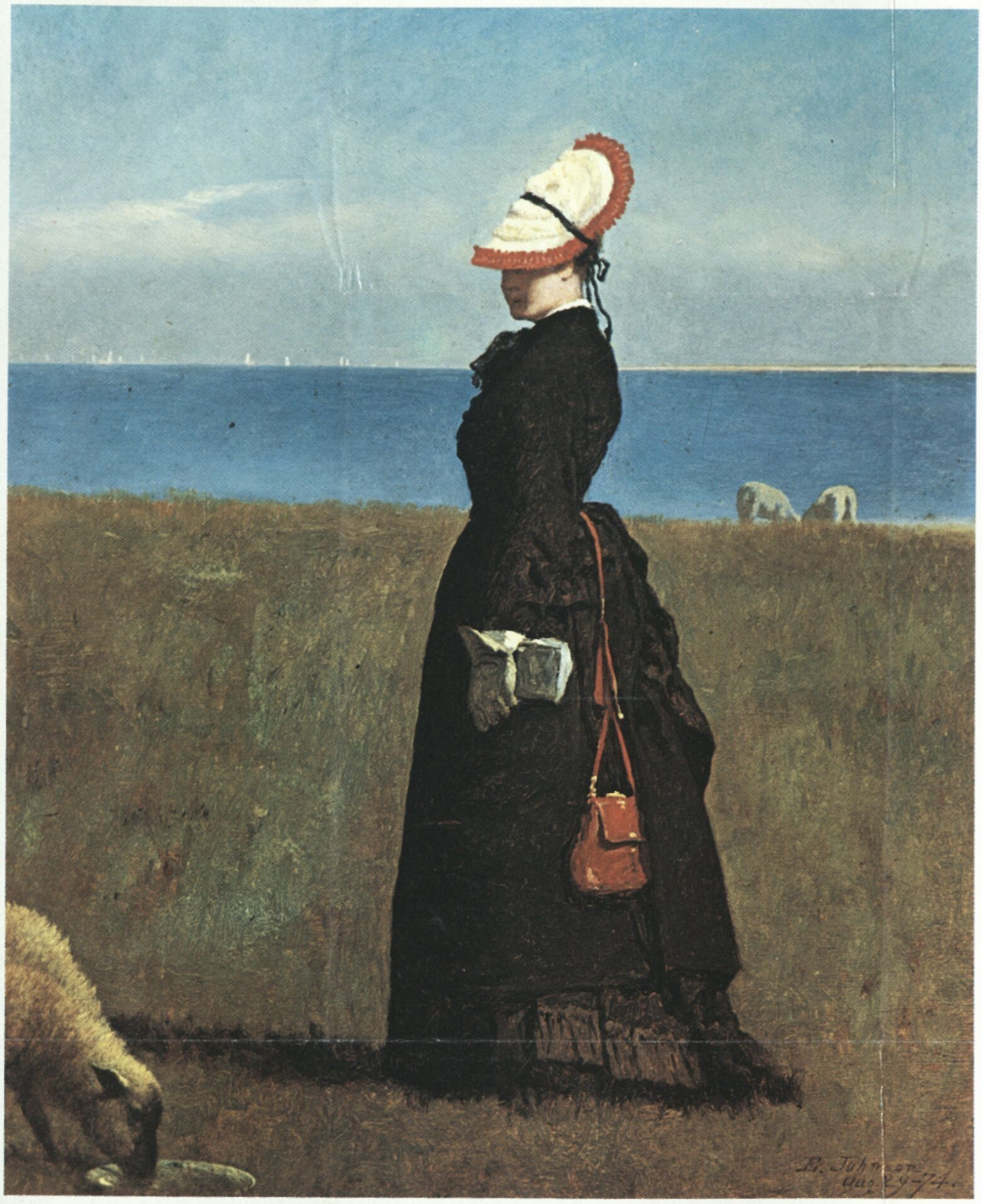
PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PHILIP MANHEIM



Pocomo looking east

JULY 1974

100 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH THIS MASTERPIECE WAS PAINTED ON NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASSACHUSETTS



Lambs, Nantucket
EASTMAN JOHNSON (1824-1906)
Oil on board: 19⅛ x 15¾ inches
Signed at lower right: E. Johnson Aug 29-74

Ex-collection: Estate of the artist

A drawing study of this painting, Lambs, is in the collection of the Free Library of Philadelphia.

Another painting of a similar subject, possibly a study for this painting, is published erroneously as the work of Winslow Homer in Forbes Watson, *Winslow Homer* (1942), pg. 52, as *On the Beach,* 1878, oil, 25 x 18½ in., from the Chester Dale Collection.

Hirschl & Adler
GALLERIES INC.

21 East 67th Street New York 10021 (212) 535-8810
Summer hours: Monday through Friday 9:30 to 5
Member of Art and Antique Dealers of America

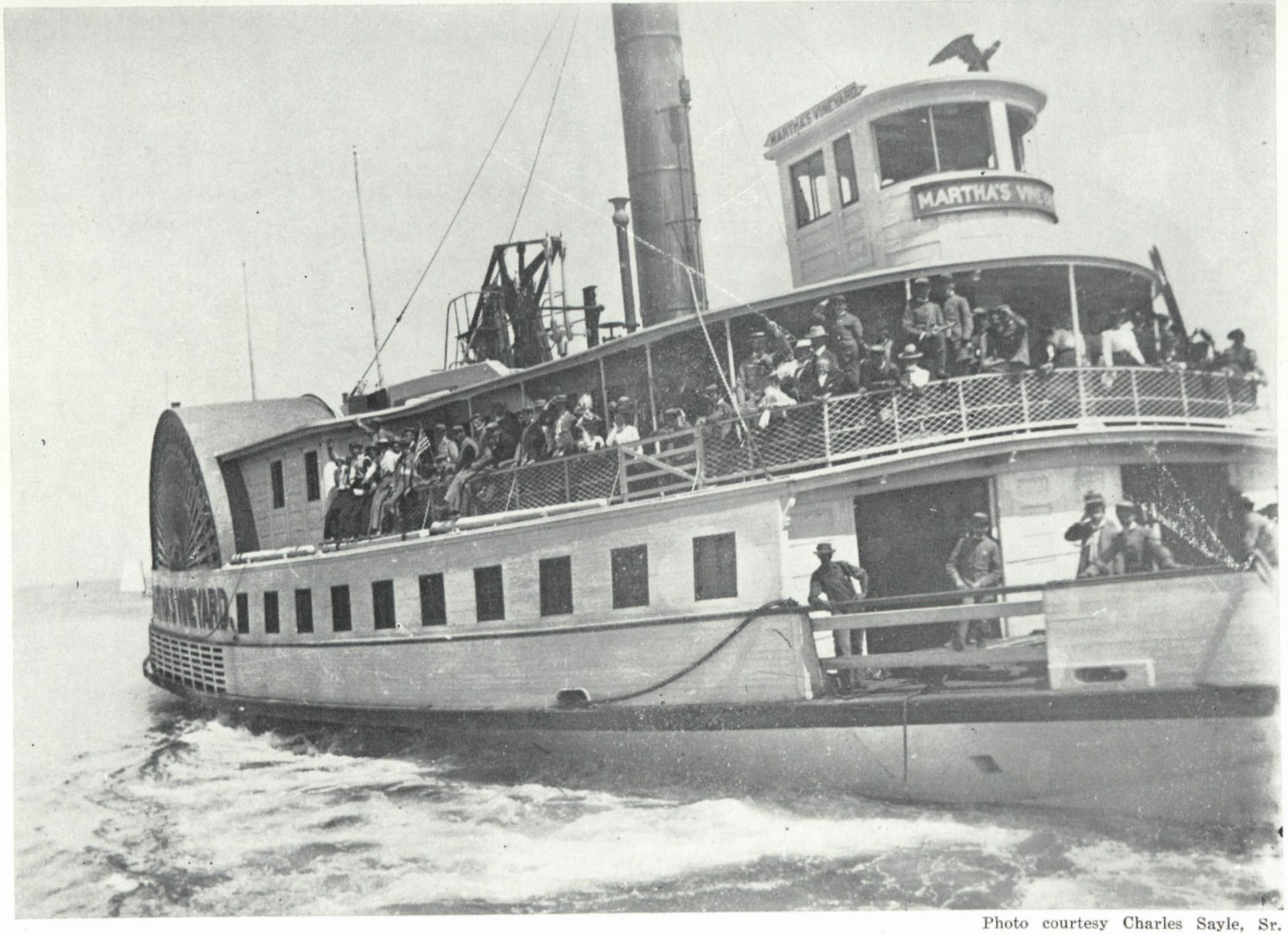
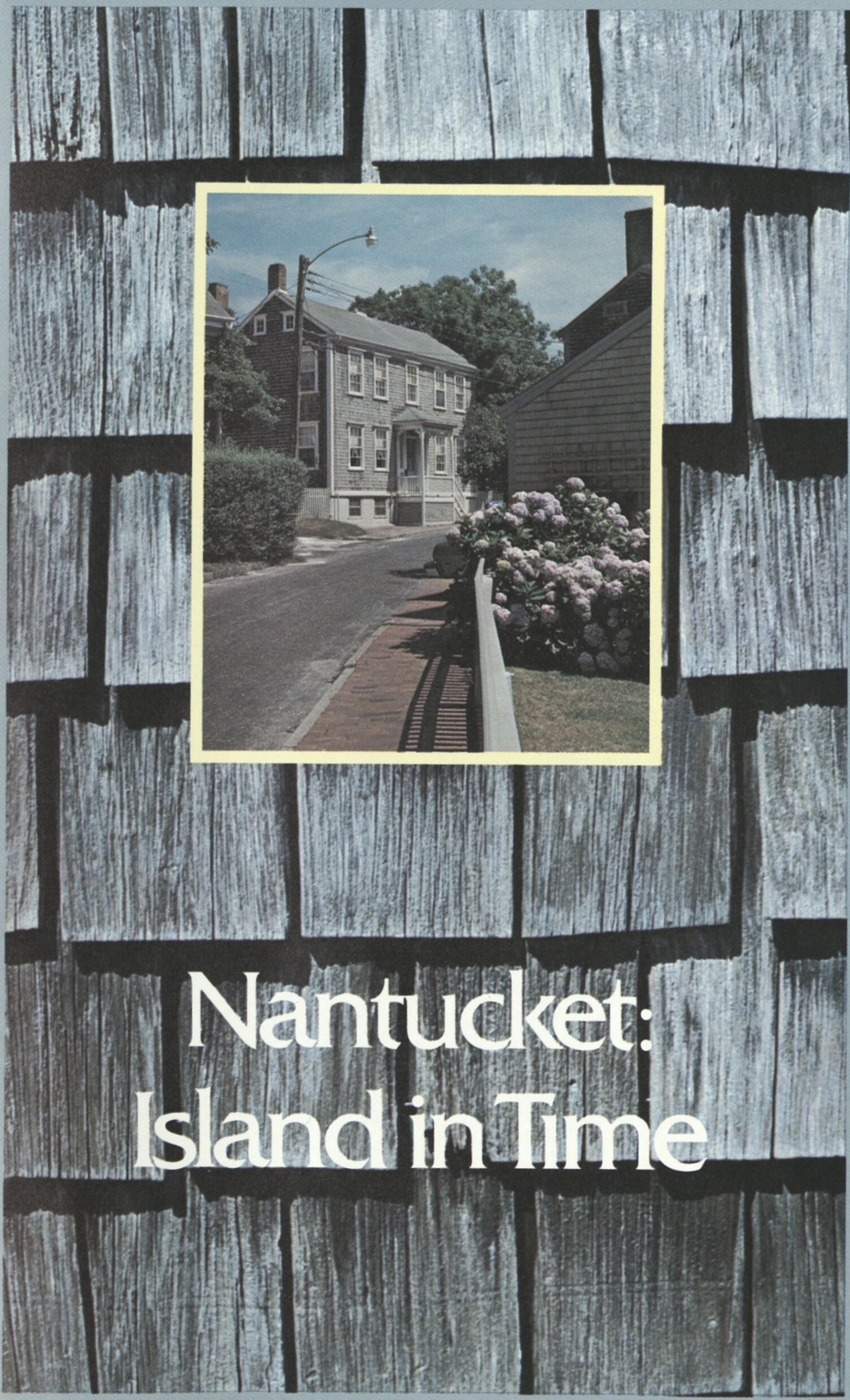

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
MARTHA'S VINE
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Photo courtesy Charles Sayle, Sr.

Martha's Vineyard backing away from dock, date unknown. Note detail of walking beam



Nantucket: Island in Time

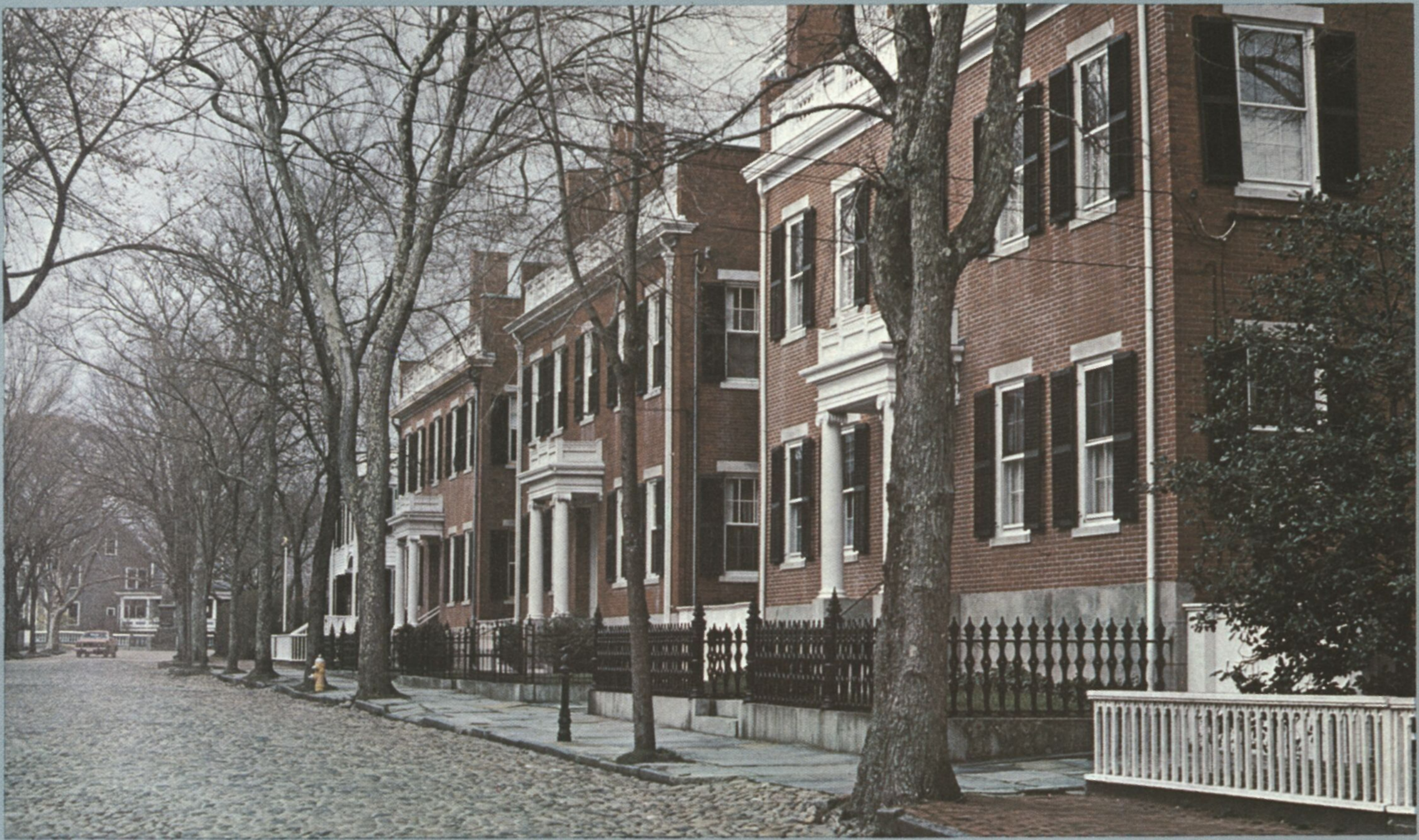
Edouard A. Stackpole

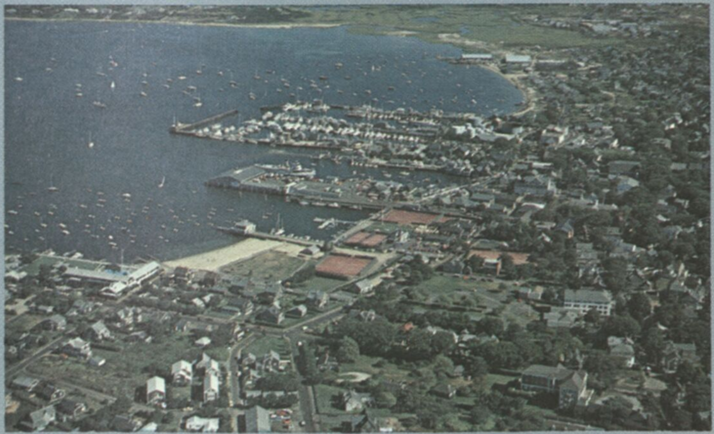
The self-reliance of the 17th-century settlers was the first of three great influences that determined the destiny of Nantucket, an island, a town and a county located in the Atlantic Ocean well off the southeastern shore of Massachusetts. The second influence was Quakerism, which became the predominant religion on Nantucket in the 18th century. The third force was whaling. Having chosen this "business on the great waters," the Nantucketers, as Melville so aptly declared, "emerging from their ant hill in the sea," made voyages that extended eventually into all the legendary seven seas, conquering them (to again quote Melville) "like so many Alexanders."

Today Nantucket is a favored resort island. Shaped like a sailor's hammock, the island is 15 miles from end to end, with a three-mile breadth at its narrowest point. Its undulating terrain holds a surprising variety of low hills, pleasant stretches of heath, pine groves, sizable ponds and long ranges of white, sandy beaches. Located at the western end of the protected harbor, the old town of Nantucket has retained, to a remarkable degree, its 18th-century atmosphere. When whaling ended in 1869, Nantucket was discovered as a summer vacationing spot, gaining popularity with the advent of the 20th century. But in the last two decades it has also become a haven for out-of-season visitors—vacationists, tourists, writers and students—who find there a treasure trove of materials for architectural and social studies, as well as for the exploration of maritime history.

Nantucket may be considered a microcosm of American history as well, providing an opportunity to study within an island world the exciting story of settlement, development and maturation of an isolated community—a narrative sweeping from colonial to Quaker times, from whaling to summer business, from the serenity of pre-World War II days to the crisis posed by modern development. With its present setting now protected, the old

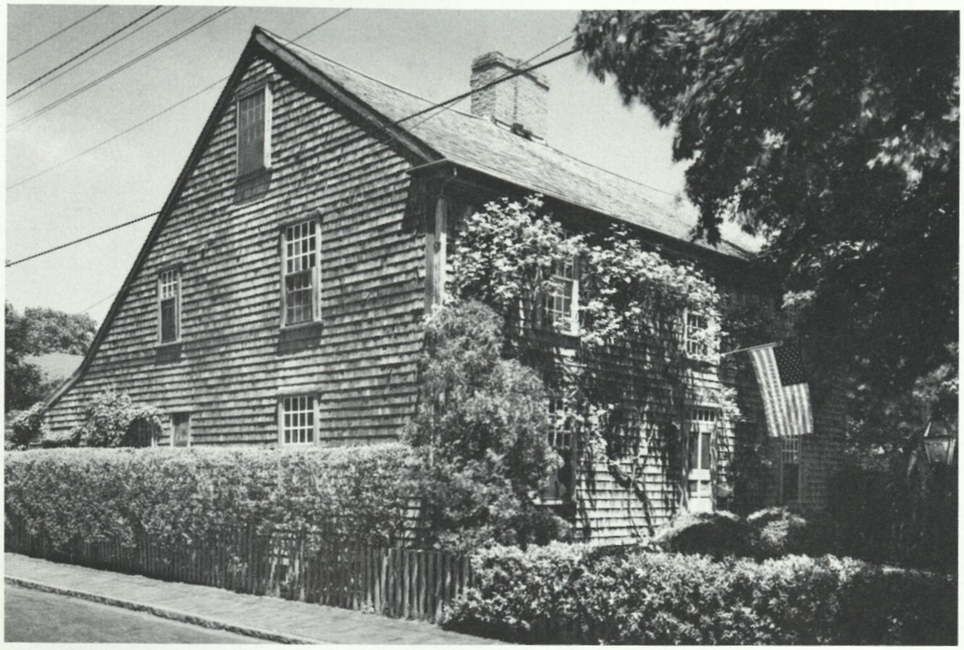
APRIL-JUNE 1976





Opposite page: Gray shingles of the Oldest House (1686), typical of Nantucket, frame scene of Hussey Street, (Robert C. Giebner)

Top: Starbuck Houses (1836-38), or the "Three Bricks," at 93, 95 and 97 Main Street. (F. Blair Reeves)
Above left: Aerial view of Nantucket. (William G. Reeves)
Above right: Current view of Main Street. (F. Blair Reeves)



Restored lean-to at 105 Main Street, with right section moved from Sherborn in 1690 and left section built for Christopher Starbuck c. 1757. (Edouard A. Stackpole)

town, above all, represents a unique community, preserved in the last century as if by fate, and portions of it in recent times by a historic districts act. What is significant is that it is a living community, where the visible evidences of the past are on every hand, reflecting the sturdy character of an unusual people who created this seaport town that prospered from an intimate association with the sea.

Having been spared some of the crude aspects of modern development (principally because of its isolated location), Nantucket-town today faces a danger that hovers over the island like a threatening cloud. The individuality that gave the town such an enviable reputation and helped to insure its economic success as a resort is being challenged.

A rash of modern construction at the outskirts of the town, housing developments such as that at the west end of the island and proposals for similar construction in other areas have demonstrated that the inherent character of the town and the island are in jeopardy.

It may well be asked, "Why bother to preserve the island and its town? What is there about Nantucket that calls for preservation?"

The answer is in the character of Nantucket. The character of its architecture, its community, its history. Nantucket is the best preserved 19th-century New England town remaining. Carefully laid out by the proprietors in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, the town is divided into house lots arranged as a series of grids—the Wesco Acre Lots, the Fish Lots and the West Monomoy Lots.

The collection of homesteads (named Sherborn in 1671 by the chief authority over Nantucket, New York Royal Governor Francis Lovelace) developed as the American whaling industry was developed by the islanders.

Perched on the western end of the "Great Harbor" on the gentle slopes of the Wesco hills, Nantucket has a variety of architecture that reflects the various periods of its growth. The "lean-to" of the colonial period, with its long, sloping roof dropping to one-story height at the rear and a central chimney serving four or five fireplaces, was a design to which the islanders clung tenaciously for a century and more, and even when the two-story house, front and rear, came with the 18th century the lean-to was not forgotten. Gambrel-roof houses appeared in the 1750s but were not great in number. After the Revolution, when whaling regained prosperity, another type of dwelling emerged—a square, two-storied house with huge central chimney and such Federal-style additions as fans over doorways. But it is in the simplicity of these houses that the Quaker influence is revealed—the plank-and-frame windows, three or four-paned lights over two-paneled doors, thin boards projecting a few inches over doorways and shingled sides with clapboard facades. This is no surprise as Nantucket was once the stronghold of Quakerism in New England.

With the second high tide of Nantucket's whaling prosperity—from 1820 to 1850—came the erection of Georgian-style brick dwellings and a large number of Greek Revival mansions, the latter ranging from the attractive, compact homes on Pleasant and Orange streets to the pretentious white-pillared mansions on Main Street.

A distinct atmosphere of historical continuity touches all who visit the old town—a consciousness of the intangible presence of the past. Such a quality is natural and not contrived—the result of the fact that Nantucket is a living community.

Despite the fact that the wharves and adjacent waterfront have been the scene of many changes during the course of three centuries, the streets leading from the waterfront into the town are as of old, bringing a quiet stability even to the busy modern summer scene. Lanes that straggle off from the main thoroughfares provide varied scenes of shingled houses and more pretentious mansions typifying Nantucket.

The simplicity of Nantucket has an instant appeal. Again, this is a natural inheritance of the history of the island.

The first settlers selected the isolated island of Nantucket so that they could escape the domination of the Puritans in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where they had first arrived from England. When Daniel Webster came here a century and a half ago he called Nantucket "the unknown city in the ocean." Fifty years before he arrived an observant French visitor, J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, commented: "This happy settlement was not founded on intrusion, forcible entries, or blood. . . . It drew its origin from necessity on the one side and good will on the other. . . . Their freedom, their skill, their probity, and perseverance have accomplished everything. . . ."

For two decades these courageous people lived in a chosen remoteness as farmers and sheep raisers, with 1,000 Indians as their neighbors. There was never any fighting—not even the arrival of Indian chief Metacomet, known to whites as King Philip, on a mysterious visit induced the red men to attack the white settlers.

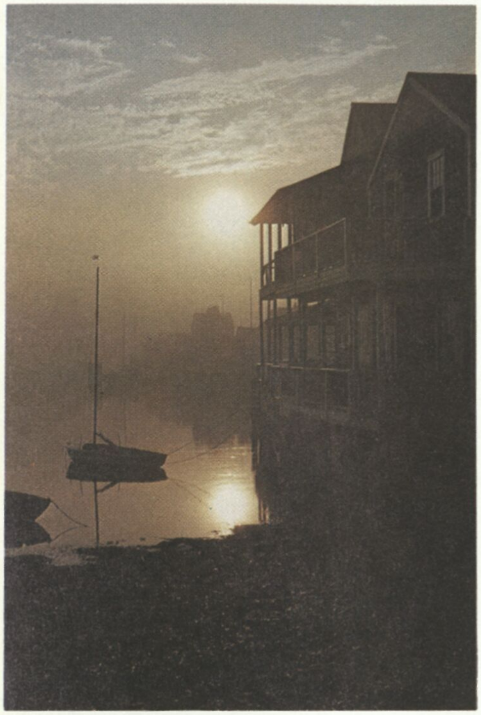
Federal style Thomas Macy House (enlarged c. 1830), 99 Main Street, where Herman Melville visited in 1852. (Edouard A. Stackpole)

One of the most adventurous chapters in maritime history was almost entirely written by Nantucketers. In the 18th century Nantucket whalemen launched a new colonial industry—deep-sea whaling. Instead of waiting for the whale to come to them (as did other coastal communities) they went after the whale. They specialized in capturing the sperm whale, which yielded the best and highest priced oil. By 1740 they were selling oil directly to London, their chief market place. Before the American Revolution they had become the pioneers in a new phase of deep-sea whaling that came to be called the Southern Whale Fishery. In developing this colonial industry the Nantucket whalemen made voyages ranging from Greenland in the Arctic to the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, from the West Indies on the American side of the ocean to the coast of Africa on the opposite side.

Although the Revolution virtually destroyed Nantucket whaling, with a fleet of 100 ships scattered and the island blockaded by both warring factions, the whaling leaders maintained a position of neutrality that saved the town from destruction. After the war, British tariffs voided any profit in the sale of whale oil to London, so the Nantucketers migrated to places where they could continue profitable whaling. Many went to England to command British whaleships. A group led by William Rotch established a whaling colony in Dunkirk, France. Another group accepted an invitation to migrate to Nova Scotia and establish a whaling center at Dartmouth, across the harbor from Halifax. Less than a decade later, as a result of their success, they were invited to cross the Atlantic to establish another whaling port at Milford Haven, Wales. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars checked such migration, and in the early 1800s most of the islanders returned home to reestablish Nantucket as the world's leading whaling port. Despite a temporary setback due to the War of 1812, the islanders persevered, and in 1823 could state proudly: "There are now employed in Nantucket nearly twice as many ships in the Southern Whale Fishery as from all the ports of England and France, and most of the ships from the latter two countries are commanded by Nantucket men."

As other American whaling ports began to flourish, Nantucket suffered. The handicap of sandbars across the mouth of the Nantucket harbor precipitated the extra expense of outfitting and unloading ships outside the bars—an expense other ports did not have. The Great Fire of 1846 destroyed the Nantucket waterfront and business section. The California gold rush drew nearly 1,000 enterprising islanders from home. And the Civil War brought many enlistments in the Army and Navy (giving the town, by the way, the honor of becoming the "banner town of Massachusetts").

The last whaleship, the *Oak*, sailed from Nantucket in 1869. Then depression dropped like a mysterious curtain and the old town became a grey relic of the past. Despite sporadic attempts to introduce new industries, the island continued to



Top: Old North Wharf. (Robert C. Giebner)
Above: Moors and South Shore. (F. Blair Reeves)

slumber, as if content gradually to deteriorate. While most of New England was enjoying prosperity (New Bedford, for instance, had invested its whale oil earnings and opened cotton mills), Nantucket's depression deepened. But ill fortune had one benefit—not being able to afford new buildings, Nantucketers maintained the structures of the early 19th century, and the old town was unwittingly preserved.

By the mid-1870s Nantucketers recognized a new industry, called "The Summer Business." As this enterprise developed, many summer visitors became summer residents and, charmed by the rugged simplicity of numerous old dwellings, these "strangers" restored and preserved them. Nearly all of the new construction on Nantucket took place along the rise of the Cliff and on Brant Point, outside the old town limits. Even here the influence of the old styles may be seen, with "four-square" designs mingling with cottage and Victorian dwellings; this restraint has kept the modern bungalow style from dominating the traditional.

In 1963, with the formation of the Sherburne Associates company, there was a major revision of the waterfront scene. Led by a man who was a summer resident of Nantucket while growing up, Sherburne Associates transformed three of the five major wharves to accommodate boat basins for visiting craft and to house a variey of shops and small harbor dwellings constructed to blend into a maritime environment. With the introduction of smaller excursion boats and minibuses, summer traffic congestion was relieved. The underlying purpose of Sherburne Associates is to strengthen the Nantucket economy while retaining the character of the island.

Today, those who control the future of Nantucket have a responsibility to preserve and restore not only the town but the island. In a rare and remarkable combination these compose the telling picture of a past that is the very essence of early American maritime history. From the writings of the past we may know what people did, and from the canvasses of artists we know how they looked, but architecture gives us the picture of how they lived.

The Historic Districts Act of 1956 protects only the town. The land adjacent to the district and the open "commons" or heath on the island have only the partial protection afforded by zoning. Certain areas have been selected by developers for housing units; one of these complexes has already been spawned, demonstrating all too sharply the architectural horrors possible in bungalows, "tax shelters," boxlike "small homes" and even condominiums. Similar housing developments are planned for other sections of the once attractive open heath. Help on the federal level is promised through the proposed Nantucket Sound Islands Trust bill, often called the Kennedy bill. If implemented this will protect Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands with a land-use plan including outright purchase, funds for the purpose being incorporated in the bill in the form of a trust. The bill (S67, HR 10307) was passed in the Senate and has been sent to the House of Representatives.

A number of organizations have made outstanding contributions to the preservation of Nantucket. The Nantucket Historical Association, formed in 1894, has taken over and preserved the Oldest House (1686), the Old Mill (1746), the Nathanial Macy House (after 1723), the Old Jail (1805) and the Candle House (1847), now the Nantucket Whaling Museum. This association also maintains the Peter Foulger Museum, the Fair Street Museum (1904), the Quaker Meeting House (1838) and the 1800 House. Among other cares are the Old Sconset Pump (1776) and the Forefathers' Burial Plot dating from 1687.

With the formation of the Nantucket Conservation Foundation in 1965 a powerful preservation force was created. Through the purchase and acquisition by gift of island land, this organization has been able to preserve certain sections that otherwise would inevitably have been developed. Much is still to be done.

Another means of preservation has been furnished by the Nantucket Historical Trust. Founded in 1957 it has restored several old Nantucket dwellings, renovated two large church auditoriums, salvaged two landmarks, and reestablished the Jared Coffin House, an old hostelry that has proven to be an island asset.

The trust has continued its work in recent years by sponsoring a Nantucket survey by Historic American Buildings Survey (HABS), National Park Service; each summer, teams of architecture students under the guidance of a professor of architecture make measured drawings and photographs of Nantucket's historic structures.

In 1968, the trust sponsored an urban planning study in cooperation with Cornell University, thus providing HABS with another aspect of the Nantucket documentation program, a study of the town's historic district, with a University of Florida professor leading the student research group.

As a result of this work the Preservation Institute: Nantucket was established in 1972 under the sponsorship of the Nantucket Historical Trust, the University of Florida, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., the National Park Service and the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Each summer pre-professional programs are conducted for 15 undergraduate and graduate students in architecture, interior design, urban studies and architectural history. Allied with this program are two-week professional workshops, using Nantucket as a case study, designed to provide further training for students of preservation.

Not so many years ago it was Old World Europe to which many Americans looked for architectural and cultural tradition. In recent times, especially with the emphasis on Bicentennial observances, we have come to recognize that colonial America—especially New England—is the Old World of our United States. In Nantucket we have a community that best represents the visible evidences of a rich chapter in American maritime history. What has been a historical asset to Nantucketers has become an economic bulwark as well.

But the good fortune of Nantucket's preservation has now brought to the fore the responsibility of avoiding blight. The environs of the town are endangered. The rolling heath, the thickets of beech trees in the swamps, the beach plum and blueberry growths and the low pine forests that break the sweep of the undulating vista—these also are a part of the preservation picture.

The white sands of the beaches that curve about the island like a band of white silver binding the green of the land, the blue ocean washing in majestic rolls on the east, south and west shores or gently on the northern line of beach—all make a magical scene. These are the elements that serve as the setting for the jewel that is the island town of Nantucket. Overbuilding cluster homes and developments could so encrust this natural setting that the jewel itself could eventually become tarnished and obscured.

We live in a confused world, and as never before we need places where history is alive to remind us of how young our nation is and to rekindle the memories of those people who contributed so much to the legacy of American accomplishments. Nantucket can provide such inspiration. In establishing their insular kingdom the islanders created a town and they lived in it as they lived on the decks of their ships, confident of their ability and strengthened by their Quaker faith. They left a legacy far richer than their oily cargoes, a legacy of freedom of enterprise, of Quaker faith and of architectural harmony.

The preservation of this legacy can best be served through the preservation of the island as well as the town. The economic future of Nantucket depends on how this is accomplished. It is a perfect example of how the preservation of a historic place may also be the preservation of an economy that, until this time, maintained it. It must be recognized that the two cannot endure separately. HP

Front steps and doorway of Capt. Robert McCleave House (1830), 109 Main Street. (Edouard A. Stackpole)

Edouard A. Stackpole, a maritime historian and native of Nantucket, is the author of 16 books, the most recent of which is Nantucket Doorways: Thresholds to the Past *(Hastings House, 1974). He has served as president of the Nantucket Historical Association and editor of the Nantucket newspaper, the* Inquirer and Mirror. *He has been the director of the Peter Foulger Museum since its opening in 1970.*

NEW YORK
TIMES, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1968 K

Observer: Two Weeks in 'Mare's Nest'

By RUSSELL BAKER

NANTUCKET, Mass., June 26 —Excerpts from a vacationer's diary:

Saturday—Arrived exhausted and trembling after fourteen-hour drive. This house is named "Mare's Nest" and has a library consisting of every National Geographic published up to 1938, a complete set of the "Bobbsey Twins," two novels by Marie Corelli, and a copy of "Beau Geste." The children have gone to bed in a state of shock. Reason: No television set. Bambi wants to go home first thing tomorrow. Little Archie says, "I feel like I've been amputated."

Sunday—A 48-hour day of rain. Am bitten by a spider.

It's Still Raining

Monday—Rain continues like an all-day bombardment. Buy the children a radio to give them some noise. It seems to soothe them a little, but not much. Josette flies into a rage upon being refused permission to use the car and bites Rover. Bedsheets are damp. Mold growing on the carpets. Read "The Bobbsey Twins Go to the Seashore" and seventeen issues of the National Geographic, and pray for sunshine.

Tuesday — Sunshine! Glorious sunshine! Everyone rushes to the beach, soaks up four hours of sun. Have just returned from Dr. Vetch's for treatment of acute sunburn. "Stay out of the sun for at least a week," he warns. "What am I going to do?" I ask. "Drop by my house," he says, "and I'll lend you some back copies of the National Geographic to help pass the time."

Surreptitious Purchase

Wednesday—Sneak into town and buy a copy of "Playboy."

Thursday—Josette bends the car around the fence post trying to get out of the yard. Damage: About $150.

Friday—Every fuse in "Mare's Nest" blows out at 8:10 P.M. Conduct a two-hour search for the fuse box and finally locate it in a secret chamber under the back porch. Strike head on nail-studded rafter and have to visit Dr. Vetch for tetanus injection.

Saturday—Finally solve mystery of why Bambi, Josette and little Archie have been so serene the past few days. They have found a friend with a television set and are sneaking off to his house to mainline big injections of "McHale's Navy" and "Gunsmoke." In a most effective lecture, tell them I feel the purity of our vacation has been violated. Bambi and little Archie promise not to do it again. Josette demands permission to take the car and drive home.

Sunday — Rain. Play "Go Fish" for six hours with children.

Monday—Finish the last National Geographic in the library. Josette loses the car key at the beach. Little Archie undertakes to fix the antique grandfather's clock on the stairway, and it now strikes 52 times every fifteen minutes.

Tuesday — Carried to Dr. Vetch's by ambulance for eight stitches in scalp after being struck by an escaped surfboard while floating in the water off the south shore.

Wednesday — The clock repairman comes and for $29 restores things temporarily to working order. Since 7 P.M., however, the clock has been striking 208 times every hour.

Thursday—Our neighbors in "Heathcliffe's Nightmare" complain to the police that our clock is keeping them awake. The clock man promises to take it away and replace it with an even more antique clock for $335. Little Archie got up on the roof this afternoon and kicked off half the shingles on the east end of "Mare's Nest."

Friday—Awakened at 3 A.M. today by a sense of dampness about the feet and found the lower half of the bed afloat as a result of heavy rain pouring in through the damaged roof. Developed a fever of 103 about noon, and Dr. Vetch urged going into the hospital as a precaution against pneumonia. Refused when he told me the hospital had just gotten the latest issue of the National Geographic.

Saturday—Roofers came today. Felt so much better I decided to treat everybody to lobster dinner. Price of lobster: $2 a pound. With cutting wit, told fish dealer "in that case maybe I'd better have the chinchilla." "We don't have none," he said. Concluded that he was too oafish to get the point, but discovered on arrival back at "Mare's Nest" that he had unpegged the cutting claw of a three-pounder. Visited Dr. Vetch for treatment of severely jagged laceration of the right index finger while preparing dinner.

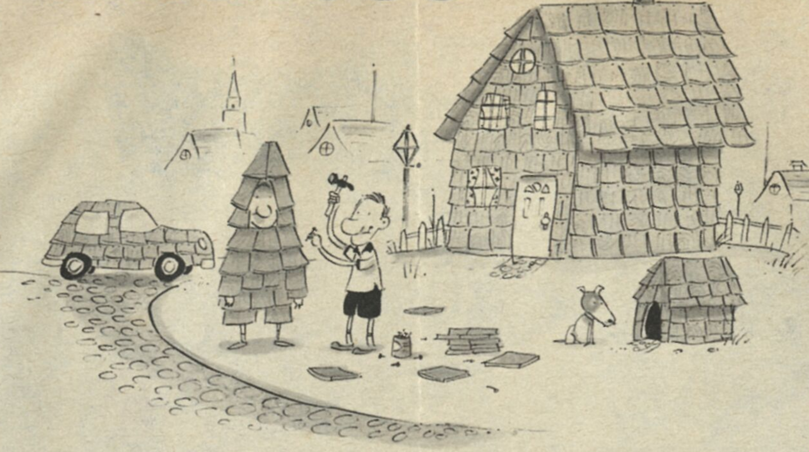
A Real Joy

Sunday — Leaving "Mare's Nest" for home within the hour. Have not felt so good for a year. Children have never been happier. Dr. Vetch just dropped in to say good-by, but as the clock was striking the hour it was impossible to converse. Sensed, however, that he was genuinely going to miss me, and in a moment of emotion handed him my copy of "Playboy." He seemed as delighted to get it as I was to see the end of another vacation.

Quaintness

Sunday Observer

BY RUSSELL BAKER



I went to Nantucket to see how the quainting was coming along and whether it had done in my old friend Crowley.

Faithful readers may recall that my last visit had left me fearful that Crowley would end up wearing a Pilgrim costume and dipping candles in front of the Moby Dick Antique Post Card Shop. That could happen to a person who, like Crowley, lives in a place that's being quainted.

And Nantucket was being quainted at a prodigious rate. At that time, there had been an intense onset of cobblestones. Cobblestones, cobblestones. Cobblestones everywhere. Cobblestones covering up once smooth streets as relentlessly as the lava burying old Pompeii.

Cobblestones are the favorite assault weapon of quainters. First they fill all the streets with cobblestones, then they put up fake gas street lights, and then they slap people like Crowley into Pilgrim costumes and make them dip candles in public.

The good news from this year's trip is that Crowley has not succumbed to candle dipping, though it was a close thing after he heard about the Texans.

The Texans came in force this year to Nantucket and, according to the islanders, brought all their money with them and dispensed it with a generosity infuriating to the chintzy New England spirit.

In New England, a millionaire driving a car fancier than a 1967 Pontiac is regarded as an ostentatious spendthrift. Texans, who see nothing remarkable about buying the Taj Mahal if Italy is not for sale, scandalized Nantucket with their $500 tips to the mailman and the boy who raked the lawn.

When Crowley heard about the $500 tips, naturally — Crowley is a New Englander, after all — he went shopping for a Pilgrim suit and enrolled in the Moby Dick Academy of Antique Auctioneering and Public Candle Dipping.

He wanted to be in position to hold his palm out if any Texans went looking for an entertaining demonstration of candle dipping.

Crowley abandoned the project after someone told him the Texans never left their rental digs, day or night. "I was told they all traveled with computers plugged into the world and never left them for fear they'd miss a change in the price of soybeans in Hong Kong, Paris or Addis Ababa," Crowley said.

True, he still might have got several $500 tips if he had rapped on the Texans' rental doors in his Pilgrim suit and offered to dip a candle, but the humiliation of posing as a door-to-door candle dipper in order to be tipped by Texans was more than Crowley's New England spirit could countenance.

In short, Crowley had not actually been quainted, but he had been mightily tempted. I fear the time is short for Crowley. In the old days on Nantucket, before the quainting began, people like Crowley usually ended up covered with gray cedar shingles.

That's because in the days before it was quainted, Nantucket was proud to be different from the mainland, whose inhabitants were always described a bit superciliously as "off-islanders."

In those days, merely being a Nantucketer was quaintness enough, and, to distinguish themselves from "off-islanders," Nantucketers had their houses, their cars and themselves shingled in gray cedar.

Though an "off-islander," Crowley has always wanted to pass as a native, and for several years I expected to return to the island one day and find him shingled from head to toe.

Now that the quainting is proceeding at a gallop, I have graver worries. Is it not a bad sign that Crowley has had a fake gas street light installed outside his house?

I remarked on the absurdity of it. The light it emits at night is a pink electric glow. One has the prurient impression of looking at the world through gauzy pink lingerie. And since there is no gas on the island, the fakery of the thing is completed by the surge of electricity needed to make it give fraudulent gas light.

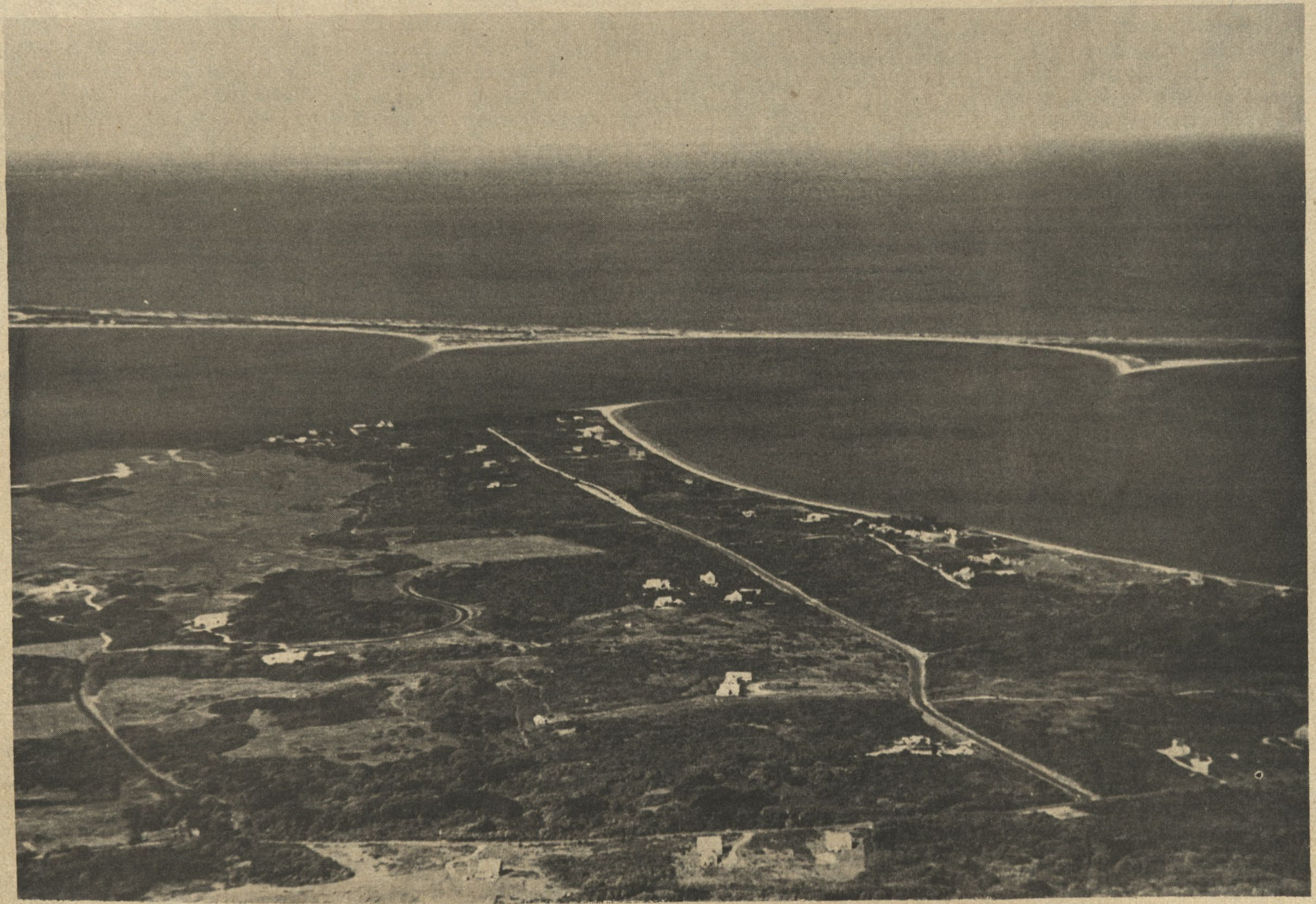
Crowley ignored my criticisms. He was too eager to show me the mountain of cobblestones recently delivered to his house. Next week he plans to start cobblestoning his parlor floor.

When that is done he intends to strip the shingles from his house and replace them with cobblestones. A house covered with cobblestones? Is this not madness? Nonsense, says Crowley, who gives me the same argument the town made for cobblestoning the streets:

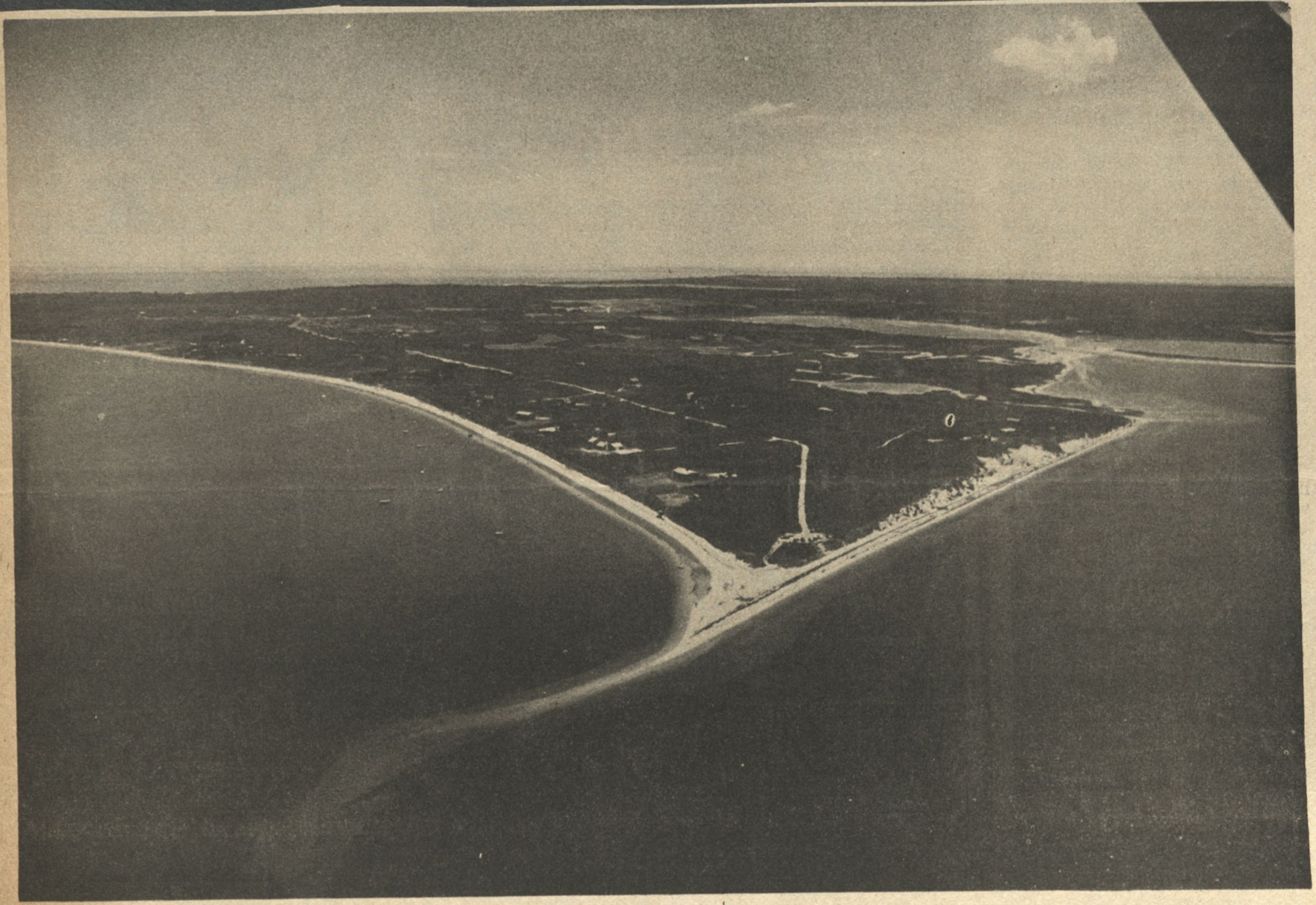
"When my house is covered with cobblestones, I'll never have to worry about it getting potholes again." ■

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS. 02554 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1976

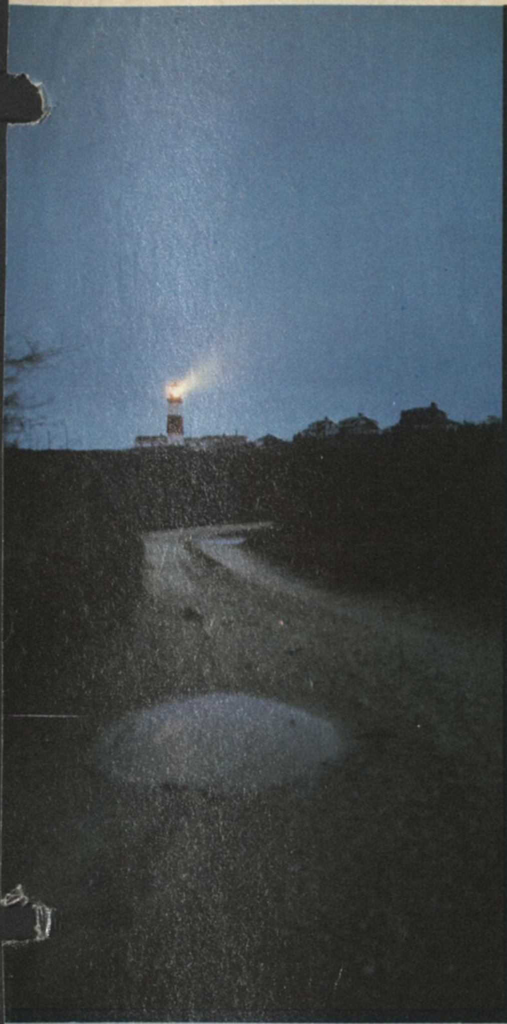
A bird's eye view of Pocomo



Pocomo looking northwest



Pocomo looking southeast



Solitary winter walk along a stretch of Nantucket Island's 55 miles of beaches can be enjoyed in relatively light clothing.

Famed Sankaty lighthouse once served Nantucket's whaling fleet. It still beams warning signal to sailors after Atlantic crossing.

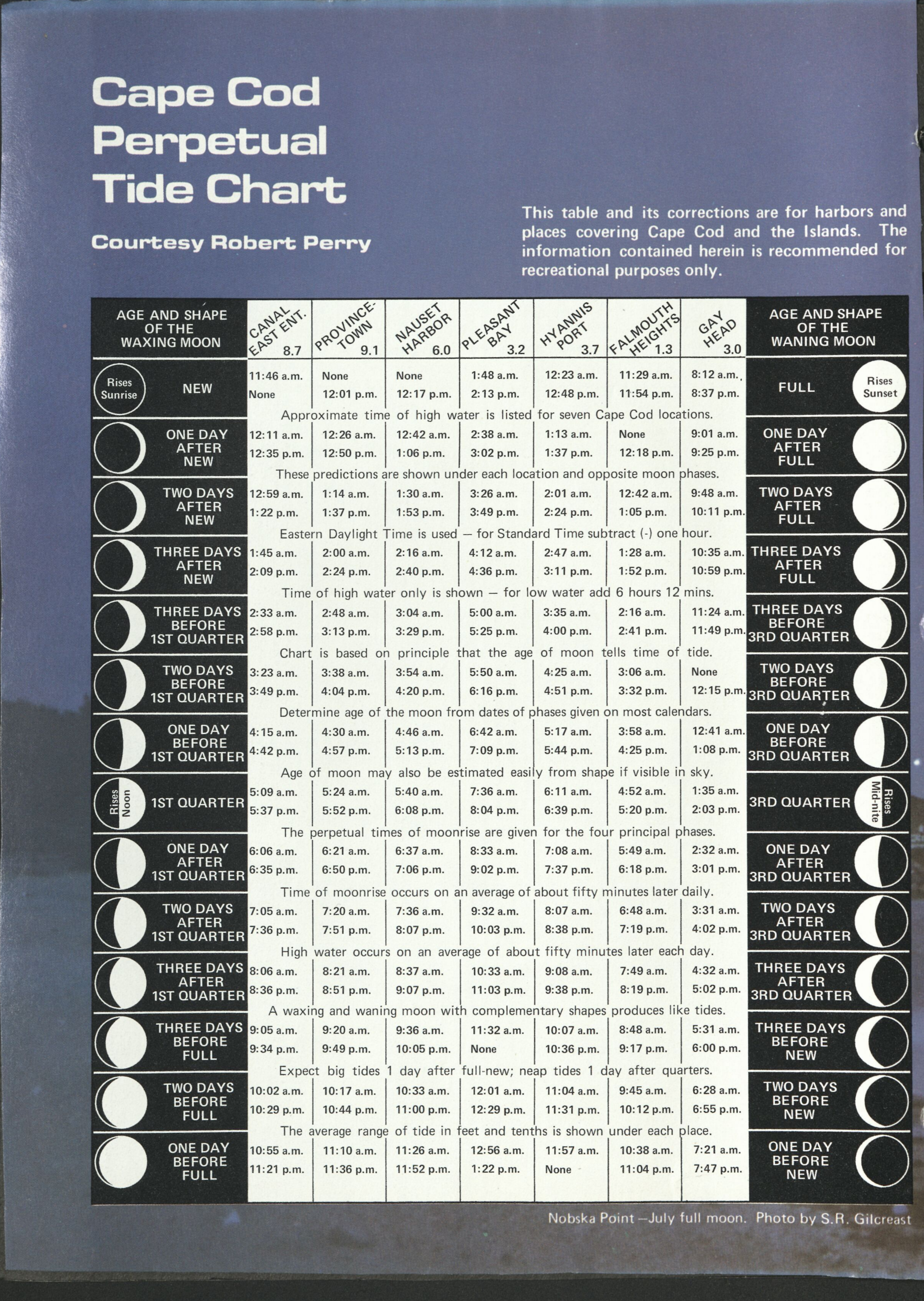
Popular winter spectacle is Christmas-tree-filled dory, inspected here by white swan. In background: Old North Wharf.

Mild climate, influenced by the Gulf Stream, permits year-round golfing. Sportsmen enjoy this area's always-playable courses.

Cape Cod Perpetual Tide Chart

Courtesy Robert Perry

This table and its corrections are for harbors and places covering Cape Cod and the Islands. The information contained herein is recommended for recreational purposes only.



AGE AND SHAPE OF THE WAXING MOON	CANAL EAST ENT. 8.7	PROVINCE-TOWN 9.1	NAUSET HARBOR 6.0	PLEASANT BAY 3.2	HYANNIS PORT 3.7	FALMOUTH HEIGHTS 1.3	GAY HEAD 3.0	AGE AND SHAPE OF THE WANING MOON
Rises Sunrise NEW	11:46 a.m. None	None 12:01 p.m.	None 12:17 p.m.	1:48 a.m. 2:13 p.m.	12:23 a.m. 12:48 p.m.	11:29 a.m. 11:54 p.m.	8:12 a.m. 8:37 p.m.	FULL Rises Sunset
ONE DAY AFTER NEW	12:11 a.m. 12:35 p.m.	12:26 a.m. 12:50 p.m.	12:42 a.m. 1:06 p.m.	2:38 a.m. 3:02 p.m.	1:13 a.m. 1:37 p.m.	None 12:18 p.m.	9:01 a.m. 9:25 p.m.	ONE DAY AFTER FULL
TWO DAYS AFTER NEW	12:59 a.m. 1:22 p.m.	1:14 a.m. 1:37 p.m.	1:30 a.m. 1:53 p.m.	3:26 a.m. 3:49 p.m.	2:01 a.m. 2:24 p.m.	12:42 a.m. 1:05 p.m.	9:48 a.m. 10:11 p.m.	TWO DAYS AFTER FULL
THREE DAYS AFTER NEW	1:45 a.m. 2:09 p.m.	2:00 a.m. 2:24 p.m.	2:16 a.m. 2:40 p.m.	4:12 a.m. 4:36 p.m.	2:47 a.m. 3:11 p.m.	1:28 a.m. 1:52 p.m.	10:35 a.m. 10:59 p.m.	THREE DAYS AFTER FULL
THREE DAYS BEFORE 1ST QUARTER	2:33 a.m. 2:58 p.m.	2:48 a.m. 3:13 p.m.	3:04 a.m. 3:29 p.m.	5:00 a.m. 5:25 p.m.	3:35 a.m. 4:00 p.m.	2:16 a.m. 2:41 p.m.	11:24 a.m. 11:49 p.m.	THREE DAYS BEFORE 3RD QUARTER
TWO DAYS BEFORE 1ST QUARTER	3:23 a.m. 3:49 p.m.	3:38 a.m. 4:04 p.m.	3:54 a.m. 4:20 p.m.	5:50 a.m. 6:16 p.m.	4:25 a.m. 4:51 p.m.	3:06 a.m. 3:32 p.m.	None 12:15 p.m.	TWO DAYS BEFORE 3RD QUARTER
ONE DAY BEFORE 1ST QUARTER	4:15 a.m. 4:42 p.m.	4:30 a.m. 4:57 p.m.	4:46 a.m. 5:13 p.m.	6:42 a.m. 7:09 p.m.	5:17 a.m. 5:44 p.m.	3:58 a.m. 4:25 p.m.	12:41 a.m. 1:08 p.m.	ONE DAY BEFORE 3RD QUARTER
Rises Noon 1ST QUARTER	5:09 a.m. 5:37 p.m.	5:24 a.m. 5:52 p.m.	5:40 a.m. 6:08 p.m.	7:36 a.m. 8:04 p.m.	6:11 a.m. 6:39 p.m.	4:52 a.m. 5:20 p.m.	1:35 a.m. 2:03 p.m.	3RD QUARTER Rises Mid-nite
ONE DAY AFTER 1ST QUARTER	6:06 a.m. 6:35 p.m.	6:21 a.m. 6:50 p.m.	6:37 a.m. 7:06 p.m.	8:33 a.m. 9:02 p.m.	7:08 a.m. 7:37 p.m.	5:49 a.m. 6:18 p.m.	2:32 a.m. 3:01 p.m.	ONE DAY AFTER 3RD QUARTER
TWO DAYS AFTER 1ST QUARTER	7:05 a.m. 7:36 p.m.	7:20 a.m. 7:51 p.m.	7:36 a.m. 8:07 p.m.	9:32 a.m. 10:03 p.m.	8:07 a.m. 8:38 p.m.	6:48 a.m. 7:19 p.m.	3:31 a.m. 4:02 p.m.	TWO DAYS AFTER 3RD QUARTER
THREE DAYS AFTER 1ST QUARTER	8:06 a.m. 8:36 p.m.	8:21 a.m. 8:51 p.m.	8:37 a.m. 9:07 p.m.	10:33 a.m. 11:03 p.m.	9:08 a.m. 9:38 p.m.	7:49 a.m. 8:19 p.m.	4:32 a.m. 5:02 p.m.	THREE DAYS AFTER 3RD QUARTER
THREE DAYS BEFORE FULL	9:05 a.m. 9:34 p.m.	9:20 a.m. 9:49 p.m.	9:36 a.m. 10:05 p.m.	11:32 a.m. None	10:07 a.m. 10:36 p.m.	8:48 a.m. 9:17 p.m.	5:31 a.m. 6:00 p.m.	THREE DAYS BEFORE NEW
TWO DAYS BEFORE FULL	10:02 a.m. 10:29 p.m.	10:17 a.m. 10:44 p.m.	10:33 a.m. 11:00 p.m.	12:01 a.m. 12:29 p.m.	11:04 a.m. 11:31 p.m.	9:45 a.m. 10:12 p.m.	6:28 a.m. 6:55 p.m.	TWO DAYS BEFORE NEW
ONE DAY BEFORE FULL	10:55 a.m. 11:21 p.m.	11:10 a.m. 11:36 p.m.	11:26 a.m. 11:52 p.m.	12:56 a.m. 1:22 p.m.	11:57 a.m. None	10:38 a.m. 11:04 p.m.	7:21 a.m. 7:47 p.m.	ONE DAY BEFORE NEW

Approximate time of high water is listed for seven Cape Cod locations.

These predictions are shown under each location and opposite moon phases.

Eastern Daylight Time is used — for Standard Time subtract (-) one hour.

Time of high water only is shown — for low water add 6 hours 12 mins.

Chart is based on principle that the age of moon tells time of tide.

Determine age of the moon from dates of phases given on most calendars.

Age of moon may also be estimated easily from shape if visible in sky.

The perpetual times of moonrise are given for the four principal phases.

Time of moonrise occurs on an average of about fifty minutes later daily.

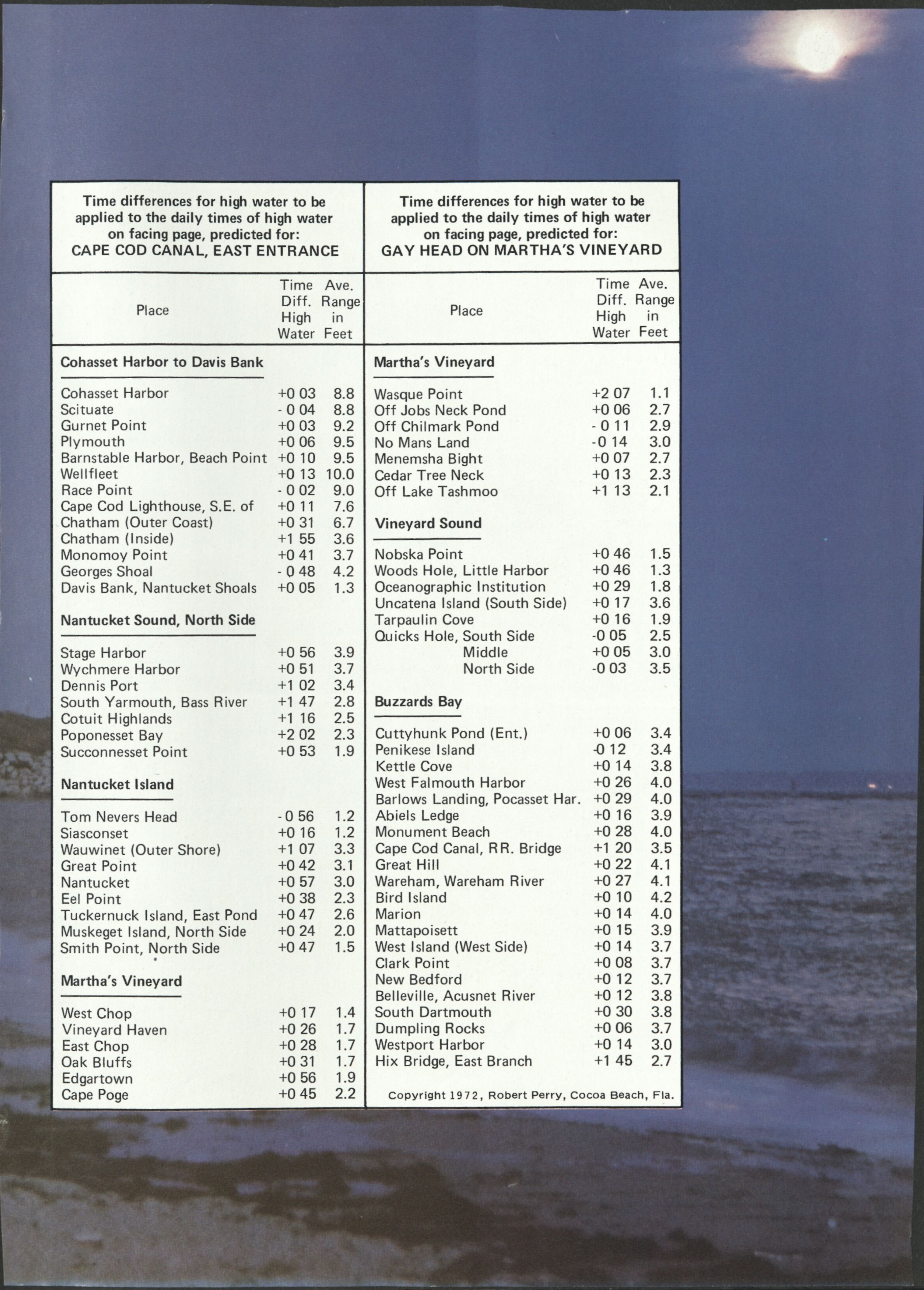
High water occurs on an average of about fifty minutes later each day.

A waxing and waning moon with complementary shapes produces like tides.

Expect big tides 1 day after full-new; neap tides 1 day after quarters.

The average range of tide in feet and tenths is shown under each place.

Nobska Point—July full moon. Photo by S.R. Gilcreast



Time differences for high water to be applied to the daily times of high water on facing page, predicted for:
CAPE COD CANAL, EAST ENTRANCE

Place	Time Diff. High Water	Ave. Range in Feet
Cohasset Harbor to Davis Bank		
Cohasset Harbor	+0 03	8.8
Scituate	- 0 04	8.8
Gurnet Point	+0 03	9.2
Plymouth	+0 06	9.5
Barnstable Harbor, Beach Point	+0 10	9.5
Wellfleet	+0 13	10.0
Race Point	- 0 02	9.0
Cape Cod Lighthouse, S.E. of	+0 11	7.6
Chatham (Outer Coast)	+0 31	6.7
Chatham (Inside)	+1 55	3.6
Monomoy Point	+0 41	3.7
Georges Shoal	- 0 48	4.2
Davis Bank, Nantucket Shoals	+0 05	1.3
Nantucket Sound, North Side		
Stage Harbor	+0 56	3.9
Wychmere Harbor	+0 51	3.7
Dennis Port	+1 02	3.4
South Yarmouth, Bass River	+1 47	2.8
Cotuit Highlands	+1 16	2.5
Poponesset Bay	+2 02	2.3
Succonnesset Point	+0 53	1.9
Nantucket Island		
Tom Nevers Head	- 0 56	1.2
Siasconset	+0 16	1.2
Wauwinet (Outer Shore)	+1 07	3.3
Great Point	+0 42	3.1
Nantucket	+0 57	3.0
Eel Point	+0 38	2.3
Tuckernuck Island, East Pond	+0 47	2.6
Muskeget Island, North Side	+0 24	2.0
Smith Point, North Side	+0 47	1.5
Martha's Vineyard		
West Chop	+0 17	1.4
Vineyard Haven	+0 26	1.7
East Chop	+0 28	1.7
Oak Bluffs	+0 31	1.7
Edgartown	+0 56	1.9
Cape Poge	+0 45	2.2

Time differences for high water to be applied to the daily times of high water on facing page, predicted for:
GAY HEAD ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

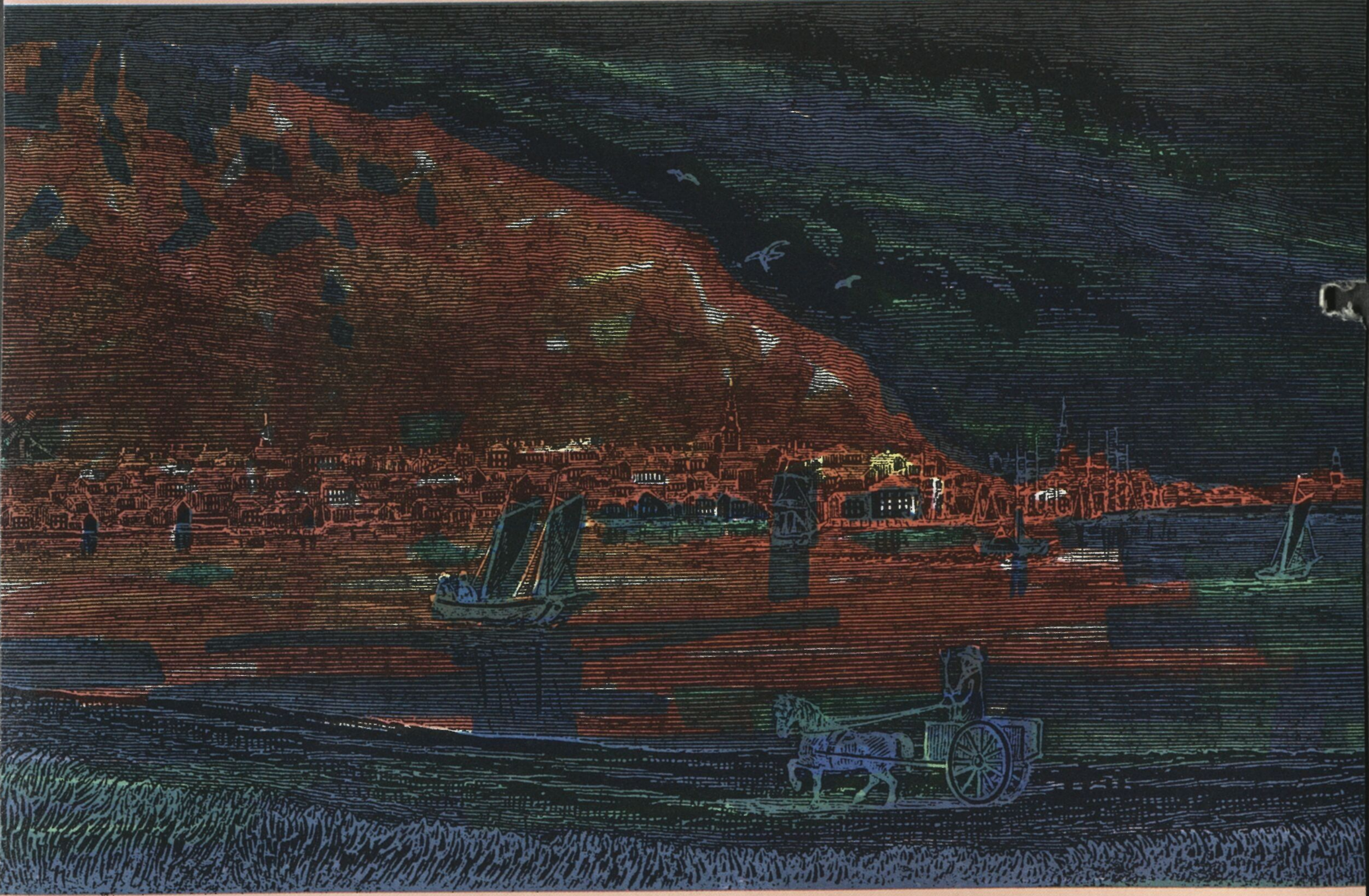
Place	Time Diff. High Water	Ave. Range in Feet
Martha's Vineyard		
Wasque Point	+2 07	1.1
Off Jobs Neck Pond	+0 06	2.7
Off Chilmark Pond	- 0 11	2.9
No Mans Land	-0 14	3.0
Menemsha Bight	+0 07	2.7
Cedar Tree Neck	+0 13	2.3
Off Lake Tashmoo	+1 13	2.1
Vineyard Sound		
Nobska Point	+0 46	1.5
Woods Hole, Little Harbor	+0 46	1.3
Oceanographic Institution	+0 29	1.8
Uncatena Island (South Side)	+0 17	3.6
Tarpaulin Cove	+0 16	1.9
Quicks Hole, South Side	-0 05	2.5
Middle	+0 05	3.0
North Side	-0 03	3.5
Buzzards Bay		
Cuttyhunk Pond (Ent.)	+0 06	3.4
Penikese Island	-0 12	3.4
Kettle Cove	+0 14	3.8
West Falmouth Harbor	+0 26	4.0
Barlows Landing, Pocasset Har.	+0 29	4.0
Abiels Ledge	+0 16	3.9
Monument Beach	+0 28	4.0
Cape Cod Canal, RR. Bridge	+1 20	3.5
Great Hill	+0 22	4.1
Wareham, Wareham River	+0 27	4.1
Bird Island	+0 10	4.2
Marion	+0 14	4.0
Mattapoisett	+0 15	3.9
West Island (West Side)	+0 14	3.7
Clark Point	+0 08	3.7
New Bedford	+0 12	3.7
Belleville, Acusnet River	+0 12	3.8
South Dartmouth	+0 30	3.8
Dumpling Rocks	+0 06	3.7
Westport Harbor	+0 14	3.0
Hix Bridge, East Branch	+1 45	2.7

Copyright 1972, Robert Perry, Cocoa Beach, Fla.

A
Memory
Trilogy

Part
1

NANTUCKET'S NIGHT OF TERROR



Nantucket in 1839 by John W. Barber for *Historical Collection* depicting New England towns. (The color has been added)

"The flames came raging on
and they all called,
'Blow up the Church'!"

by Edouard A. Stackpole

Shortly before midnight of Monday, July 13, 1846, a passerby on Main Street in Nantucket saw flames through the window of a shop. He ran to the South Tower where the watchmen were stationed and they quickly sounded the alarm. Two volunteer fire companies responded, dragging the pumpers "Fountain" and "Cataract" to the scene. When they arrived, almost simultaneously, the fire had spread into the roof but had not broken through, and, as a man at the scene reported, could have been checked with a hose stream of water.

In those days, the first volunteer company arriving at the scene was accorded the privilege of playing their pumper's hose stream directly on the flames, and the second company to arrive was obliged to "feed" the first pumper, placing their own apparatus at the cistern nearest the fire. Because the two companies had arrived at about the same time, a wrangle ensued. Meanwhile the fire gained rapidly and finally burst through the roof in a shower of sparks, escaping the confines of the Geary Store, its place of origin.

The volunteer firemen promptly "hooked on" their hoses and manned the pumps, with the "Cataract" being supplied with water by the "Fountain" crew. Too late—the fire was already attacking the large adjacent structure—Washington Hall. The firemen strove valiantly, but to no avail. Though it was a night strangely marked by an absence of any wind, the intense heat of the blazing structures set up a strong air current that fanned the flames, and now the blaze was completely out of control.

The inferno raced through Washington Hall to the next building, while on the east side of the Geary Store the neighboring store soon became a fiery torch that ignited other buildings. The night glowed red as the flames rose in fantastic surges all along the street, bridging the lower square and engulfing the buildings on the north side as well. People fled their homes, snatching up the nearest thing to hand. Church bells clanged steadily, summoning every available man against the terrifying crackle of the flames.

Before the night was out the conflagration had literally swallowed this section of the town. After destroying the entire business section, it spread to the waterfront, devouring counting houses, ropewalks, sail lofts, cooper shops and warehouses. Bursting staves of casks of stored whale oil sent blazing oil pouring out on to the docks, to form pools of fire between the wharves.

This night of horror was the beginning of the decline of Nantucket's whaling industry. Over a million dollars worth of property was lost, and the nature of the loss to merchants, ship chandlers, cooper shops, rigging lofts, ropewalks and sail lofts was such that the island never fully recovered.

In a hasty conference, the Selectmen and a number of the town's leading citizens decided to blow up several buildings with gunpowder in order to check the fire. Two houses on Orange Street became sacrifices. Momentarily stopped, the flames flung themselves westward, across the cobbled way, but the brick dwelling of Phillip H. Folger, though scorched, withstood the heat. Another brick structure, the Pacific Bank, at the head of the upper square, now became a checkpoint. Though the wooden observatory on the roof caught fire and was consumed, the flames did not get down into the building itself. On the opposite corner of Liberty Street stood the imposing Methodist Church, whose white pillared facade contrasted strangely with the advancing red flames. The structure appeared doomed.

The crews of the revenue cutter *Gallatin* (Commander Charles H. Davis), and her consort, the schooner *Wave,* had come ashore to help the firefighters. A contingent under Lieutenant Goldsborough removed the money and other valuables from the vaults of the Pacific Bank to a place of safety. Others helped salvage the contents of homes and carried powder kegs.

Recalling that grim night, Goldsborough stated:

> When the flames approached the Methodist Church, William Mitchell, the bank's cashier said, "If the church goes, we all go. Can you blow it up, Lieu-

(continued on page 60)

> tenant?" "Yes," said I. "Bring the powder and set it here." I got my men in line and laid a slow match. Just then, Miss Mitchell, the astronomer, came to the door and asked, "What is in that cask?" I didn't want to tell her it was powder, just then, so I said, "Silver."
>
> The flames came raging on, and they all called, "Blow up the Church!" But I thought I could see that the fire was pulling around to the north, and there was a chance to save the church. And so we held off and the church was saved.

Another account of this episode has it that Maria Mitchell, determined that the church be saved from blasting, defied the firefighters by remaining on the front porch. The shift of wind was like an act of Providence.

The fire turned north to race along Centre Street. On the corner opposite the Methodist Church, the deposits and papers of the Nantucket Institution for Savings, and the books of the Coffin School Library were saved only minutes before the structure was consumed. The Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank, on the east corner of Main and Federal Streets, also went, leaving its large stone vault standing like a monument in the ruins.

At the foot of the lower square, the present brick Pacific Club, then housing the Custom House and the Commercial Insurance Company, was completely gutted. Across the way, the brick Citizen's Bank met a similar fate. On Union Street, the brick Town Building, housing the various offices of the Town, soon became an inferno, and only the herculean efforts of volunteers saved the Town Records.

Still fanned by the uncanny draft of its own making, the fire continued northwards. Destruction of the Atheneum Library, with its great collection of South Sea artifacts, whaling journals and charts, was a sad blow, lamented to this day by historians. Two of the island's three newspapers were burned out—*The Inquirer,* the older journal, on the corner of Main and South Water Streets, and *The Mirror,* farther up Main Street square. The third newspaper, *The Warder*, on Coffin Street, was outside the perimeter of the flames.

Not a store was left standing on either side of Centre Street. From Main to India Street, the only structures escaping were the Methodist Church and Mrs. Upham's house on the corner of Rose Lane. On Broad Street the flames claimed the new Trinity Church and the dwellings on the street's north side. Like a bulwark, the Jared Coffin mansion checked the flames' westward spread, saving Centre Street to the north, because the fire, after consuming Trinity Church, turned northeast and then east to North Water Street, finally being checked by Aaron Mitchell's brick dwelling on the corner of Sea Street.

After four hours, it remained for the oil refineries, oil storage warehouses and ropewalks to provide the climax. Burning oil rolled and poured into the docks, so that the waterfront became a veritable sea of fire, the New North, Old North, Straight and Old South wharves falling prey to the conflagration.

Fred Elijah Coffin, in a series of articles on his reminiscences, published in 1912, wrote thus about the "Great Fire:"

> After the fire became well started and was forcing its way in three or four directions, it seemed as though it might, at any time, start directly up Main Street, and if so our house would go. At that time my father came to me—and I never before saw him so seriously in earnest—and said: "Fred, will you stand by me tonight?" I said: "Yes, I will!" And the old gentleman knew he could depend upon me. We had no horse and it would have been impossible to find one that night, so my father obtained a large porter's pushcart and with that we transferred many loads of household goods to the premises of an uncle in the upper

OVER

"After four hours, it remained for the oil refineries, oil storage warehouses, and ropewalks to provide the climax."

part of the town; but before the early daybreak it was evident that the fire was under control.

As dawn broke on the morning of July 14, a bewildered, smokegrimed and weary band of firefighters congregated at the steps of the Pacific Bank and gazed at the sight with incredulous eyes. One-third of the town lay in ashes, some 250 buildings had been destroyed. Practically all of the markets and stores were gone and with them food, drugs and medical supplies.

The Warder, described the picture as follows:

> Articles were removed from place to place repeatedly and at length burned in their supposed places of refuge, at points very remote from the spots whence they were first taken. So intense was the heat that the widest streets became impassable. People could only operate upon the outer boundaries, and the vast area comprehending the burnt district at one period seemed like an interminable sea of fire.
>
> No forms of language can convey an accurate idea of the horrors of that memorable night. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the houses, which were chiefly of wood, had become by the agency of many long days of unbroken sunshine, amply ripened for their destiny. The flames flew from house to house, crossing streets, lanes and courts.
>
> Explosions of gunpowder and torrents of water seemed alike unavailing, though directed by the stoutest arms and the most desperate and determined spirits. All night long were these doomed people thus exercised, harrassed and foiled. Human strength and skill were at last exhausted, and the fire having engorged everything within its reach, subsided only for lack of other accessible materials. Men fell powerless in the highways, utterly worn down and disheartened. Fire engines brought into the most dangerous positions up to the last moment, were yielded to the flames which poured in upon them from opposite quarters.
>
> But so appalling was the scene—so intensely engaged and excited were the populace of all ages and sexes—that no moments could be spared for contemplating the particular terrors of this dreadful conflagration. And even now the inhabitants generally are scarcely willing to credit their senses. The whole is like a painful, paralyzing dream.

(continued)

POCASSET GOLF CLUB
18 Holes
Luncheon -- Cocktails
Function Room Available For Parties up to 165
Clubhouse Drive
Off County Road
Pocasset
563-7171

". . . about 800 islanders were rendered homeless by the fire within

At least 200 families lost their homes and practically all their household goods. Allowing each family four members each, about 800 islanders were rendered homeless by the fire within the space of seven hours.

Although Samuel Haynes Jenks, editor and launcher of *The Warder,* was absent from the island at the time, his indefatigable wife, a daughter of the distinguished William Coffin, immediately set to work with Eben R. Raymond, her pressman, to issue an appeal for aid prepared by the Selectmen. The appeal read as follows:

> Friends—The Undersigned, Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket, have been constituted by a vote of the town a committee to ask at your hands such aid as you may feel able to render to our unfortunate and distressed people.
>
> One-third of our town is in ashes. A fire broke out on Monday evening last, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, and raged almost uncontrolled for about nine hours. The whole business section of the Town is consumed. There is scarcely a Dry Goods, a Grocery, or Provision store left standing, and what more particularly threatens immediate distress, the stocks contained in them, so rapidly the conflagration spread, are almost utterly destroyed. There is not food enough in town to keep wide-spread suffering from hunger at bay a single week. Seven-eighths of our mechanics are without shops, stock or tools—they have lost them all, even the means of earning bread. Hundreds of families are without a roof to cover them, a bed to lie upon, and many of them even without a change of raiment. Widows and old men have been stripped of their all; they have no hopes for the future, except such as are founded upon the humanity of others.
>
> We are in deep trouble. We cannot of ourselves relieve the whole distress, and we are compelled to call upon those who have not been visited like ourselves, for aid, in this our hour of necessity. We do not ask you to make up our loss, to replace the property which the conflagration has destroyed, but to aid us so far as you feel called upon by duty and humanity, in keeping direct physical suffering from among us, until we can look round and see what is to be done. We need help—liberal and immediate. If we seem to you importunate, we can only say that could you look upon the yet smoking ruins of one-third of our town—could you walk through our remaining streets filled with houseless hundreds wandering about seeking for some roof to shelter them, or for such remnants of their household goods as may have been snatched by others from the flames—could you feel, as we do, that not many days can pass before positive want will be knocking at our doors—our words would not appear feeble, our appeal certainly not more earnest than the occasion requires. But we are confident that you will feel for us and with us—and that you will render us such assistance as is in your power.
>
> Will you take immediate measures to bring our suffering condition before your people, either by calling a public meeting, or in such other manner as may seem to you best? Provisions, Clothing, Bedding, Money—anything useful you may have to bestow, will be most gratefully received. Will you move in the matter immediately?
>
> Please to direct anything which you may send to the Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket, and we pledge ourselves to dispense whatever you may bestow, faithfully, and to the best of our ability, judiciously.
>
> Job Coleman, Charles G. Coffin, Eben W.
> Allen, William Barney, Jr., Nathaniel Rand,
> Oben Swain, Alfred Folger.
> Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket

In response to the Selectmen's appeal, many cities and towns throughout New England sent help in various ways to the island. On the 22nd of July (Wednesday), the steamboat *Bradford Durfee* arrived from Fall River with nearly 200 passengers, and "freighted with the liberal contributions of the benevolent citizens of that place, in aid of the sufferers by the recent disastrous fire in our town." She brought $1100-1200 in money, and $2000-3000 worth of food and clothing. There were bedding, bedsteads, garments of all sizes, boots, shoes—enough to restore comfort to many families who had lost their all in the fire. The owners of the steamer also contributed all the passenger money, some $300. The steamer berthed at Commercial Wharf, the only one left of the original five. When the *Durfee* sailed on her return trip at one o'clock that afternoon, three cheers were given by the crowd assembled at the wharf.

Gifts were pouring in from all parts of New England. From different religious societies of Chelsea, $17.43; from citizens of Westfield, $24.00; persons unknown, via schooner *Enterprise,* from Boston, 1 bundle men's clothing, 1 bandbox containing women's clothing; citizens of Newport, 1 box containing bedding and clothing; citizens of Salem, by Mayor Carbot, $1,802.75; citizens of Medford, by Alexander Gregg, Wm. Haskins, Milton James, $206.22; citizens of Kingston, $465.50. From Poughkeepsie, N.Y., came $400, and from Auburn, N.Y., came $65.25. And so it went, the generous gifts from various communities coming steadily to the island. The citizens of the City of Boston alone sent $15,000.

Among lessons learned from the fire was the hazard of having so many buildings packed into such a small area—especially among warehouses containing so many combustible materials—with stores of whale oil, blacksmith forges, ropewalks and other places where inflammable commodities were in constant use. Hence, when the town's center was rebuilt, the principal streets in the "burnt district" were widened. The north line of Main Street was straightened so that the lower and upper squares were on the same lines. Federal

the space of seven hours."

and Centre Streets were widened, together with Washington and South Water Streets. Broad Street remained practically the same except that the line at the junction of Federal Street was straightened. A number of lanes were closed: Brown's Lane, a continuation of Hussey Street, across Centre to Federal; Black Horse Street, to the south of the Sanford House; Coal Lane's northern end; and Independence Lane's eastern extremity.

On Main Street two well-built brick blocks were constructed to complete the north line of the "Square" from North Union to Centre Streets. On the south side of the street, a brick block was erected at the corner of Orange Street, and then, to the east, so-called "temporary stores" were built, which lasted until 1925 when they were torn down to be replaced by the present structures.

James M. Bunker, who took over the editorship of *The Warder* temporarily, reported on August 27 that six weeks after the fire the visible evidences of the reconstruction of the burnt district were "apparent on every hand." Sixty stores and shops had grown into being. Mechanics of almost every trade were working day and night. Warehouses were raised along the wharves, and Joseph B. Macy began erecting a brick store on Straight Wharf—a structure still standing as a monument to his enterprise.

Dwellings and mansions now began appearing along the streets, some of them imposing places, with the Dr. Elisha Fearing house on Centre, Easton and Joy houses on North Water, and Fish houses on Broad Street as excellent examples. Sherburne Hall was built by the Odd Fellows' fraternity during the fall and winter with funds sent by mainland lodges, and with its stores on the first floor has become a business landmark. The fine Atheneum Library was completed in February, 1847, forming a center for intellectual and social organization which has had a far-reaching effect in this community.

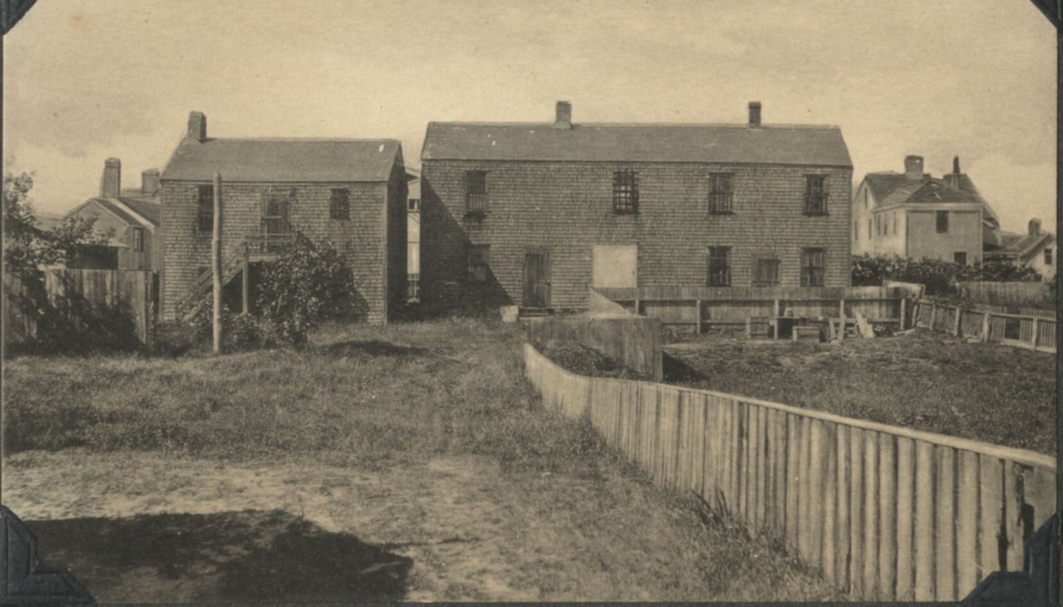
The "Great Fire of 1846," combined with the migration of so many enterprising islanders to California at the time of the gold rush three years later, and the Civil War, resulted in abandonment of the whaling industry which had supported the island for two centuries. Nonetheless, the catastrophe had a tremendous social influence upon the town and its people. A common calamity had been suffered and a common bond of sympathy and hope forged.

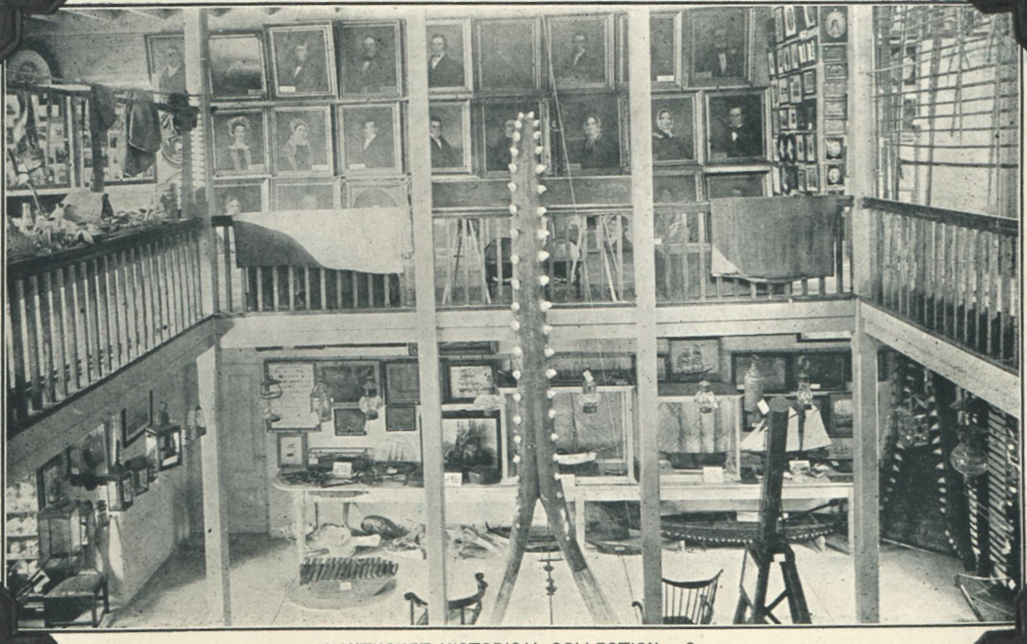
The control of the policies and business life of the town changed from the leadership of whaling and ship owners to that of the tradesmen and mechanics of individual businesses. A truer democracy was born. □□

Copyrighted, 1897, by H. S. Wyer

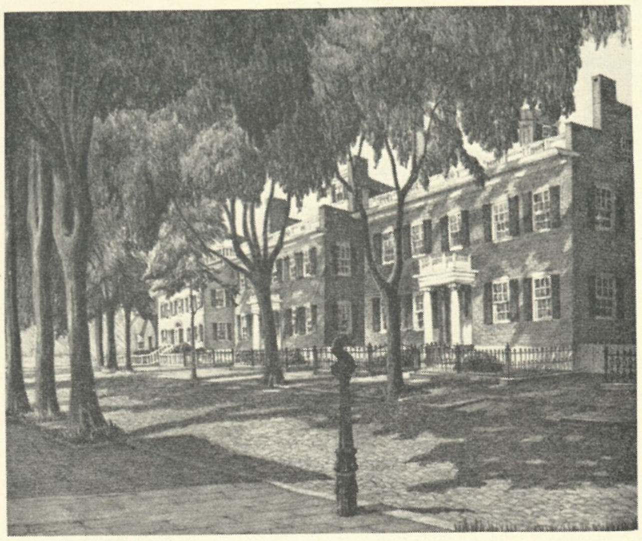
Springtime — Nantucket

THE OLD JAIL, BUILT 1805, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS 2127

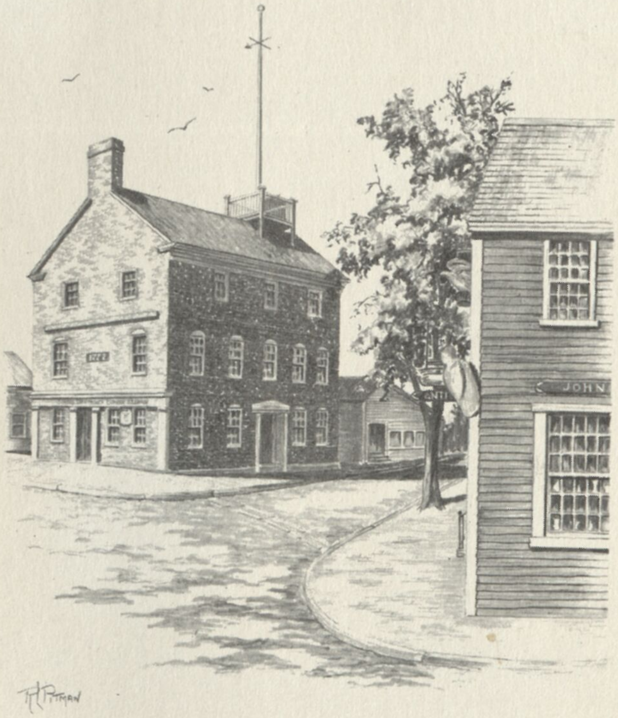




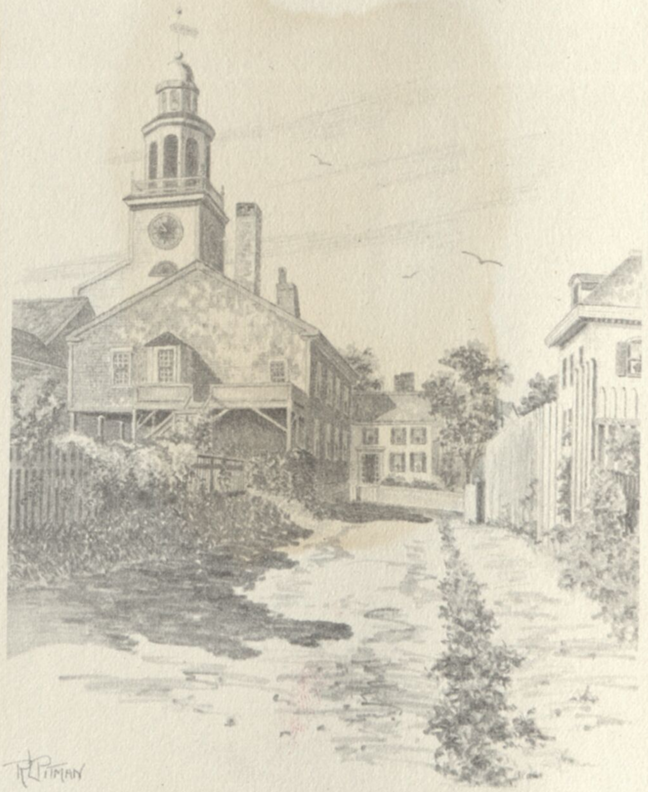
NANTUCKET HISTORICAL COLLECTION.—2



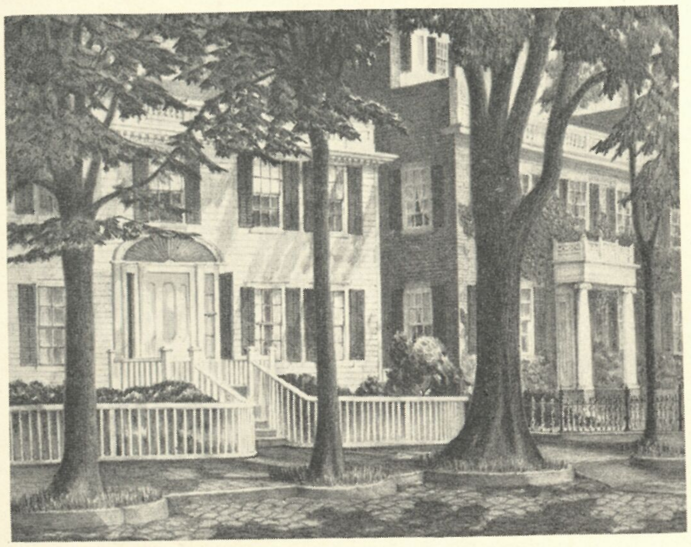
Upper Main Street, Nantucket   From a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton



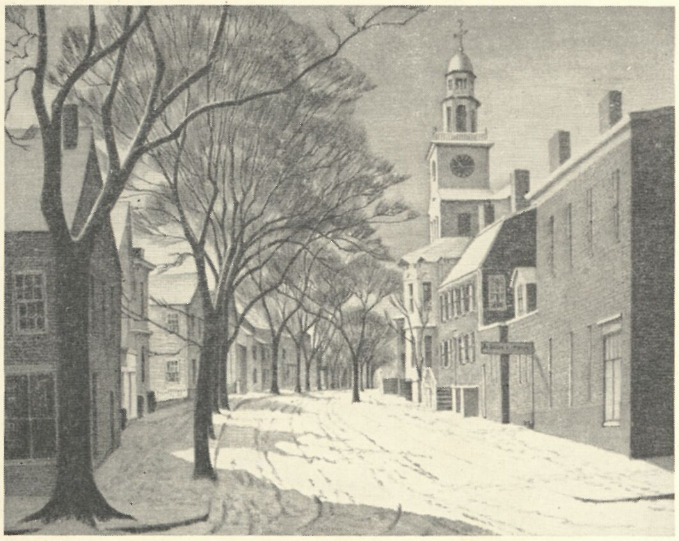
Pacific Club and Court House, Nantucket, Mass.   R. L. Pitman



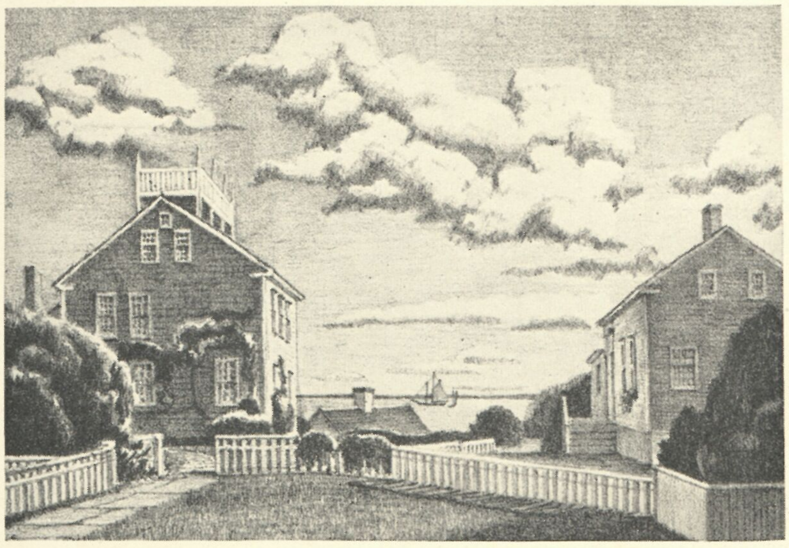
Gardner's Court, Nantucket, Mass.   R. L. Pitman



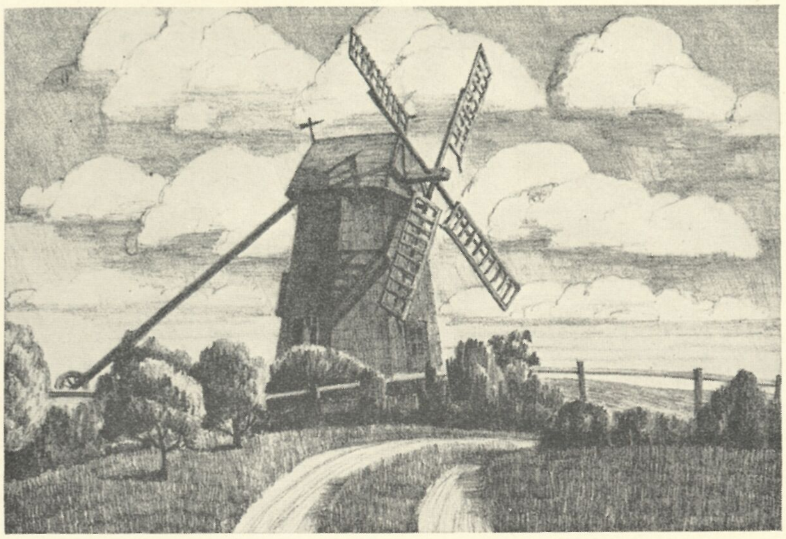
Nantucket Doorways From a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton



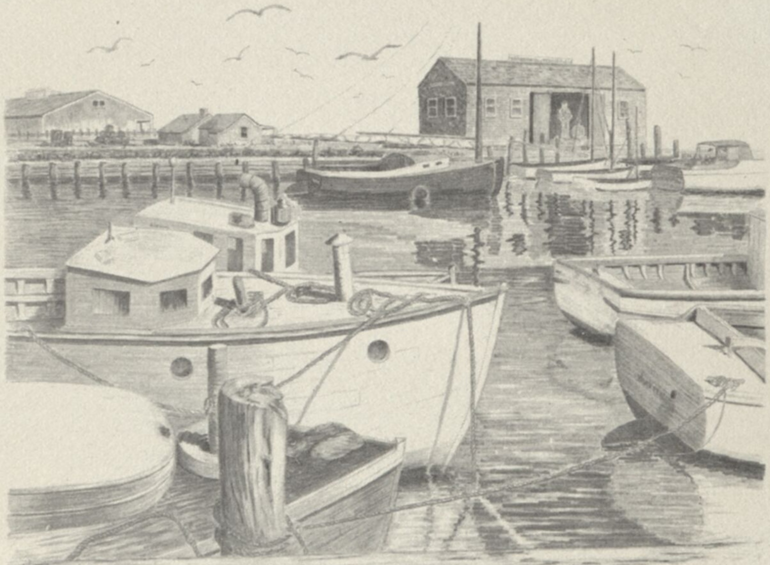
Orange Street, Winter, Nantucket From a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton



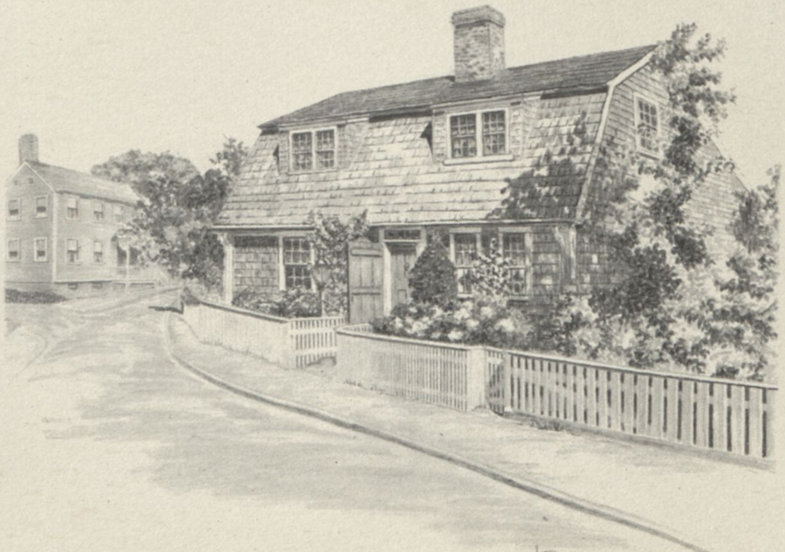
Gorham's Court, Nantucket From a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton



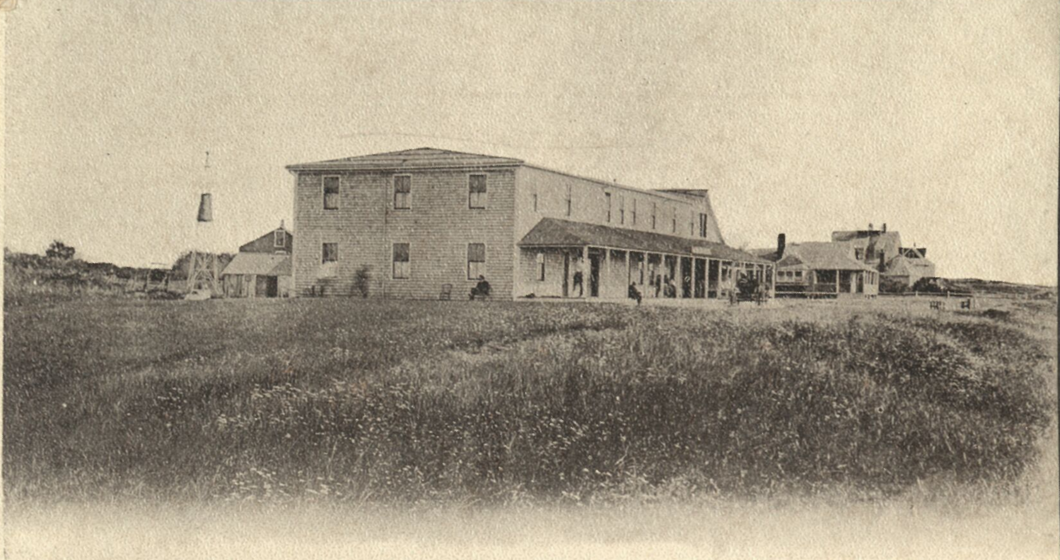
The Old Mill, Nantucket From a lithograph by Ruth Haviland Sutton



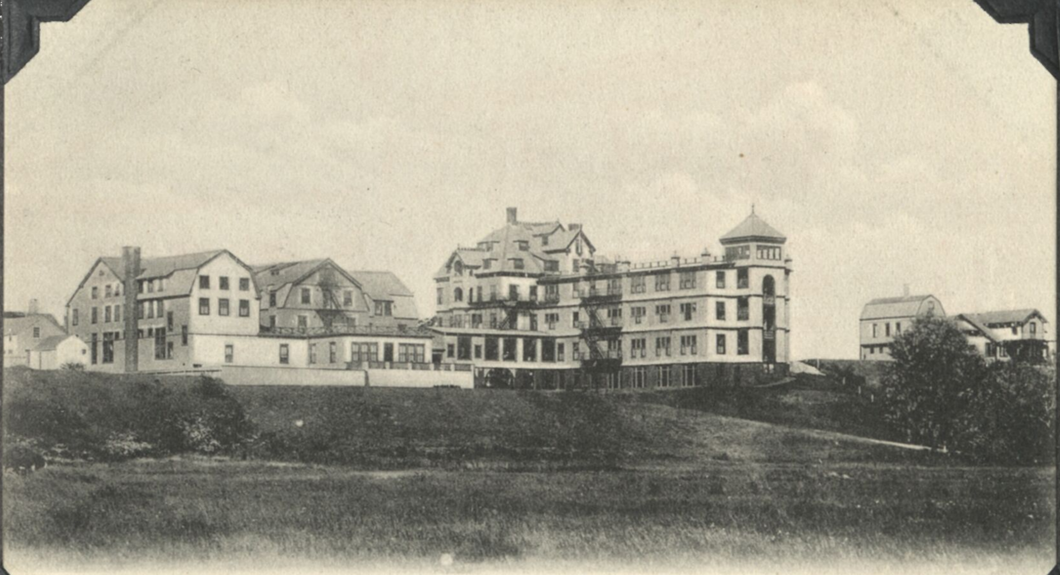
From Old South Wharf, Nantucket, Mass. R. L. Pitman



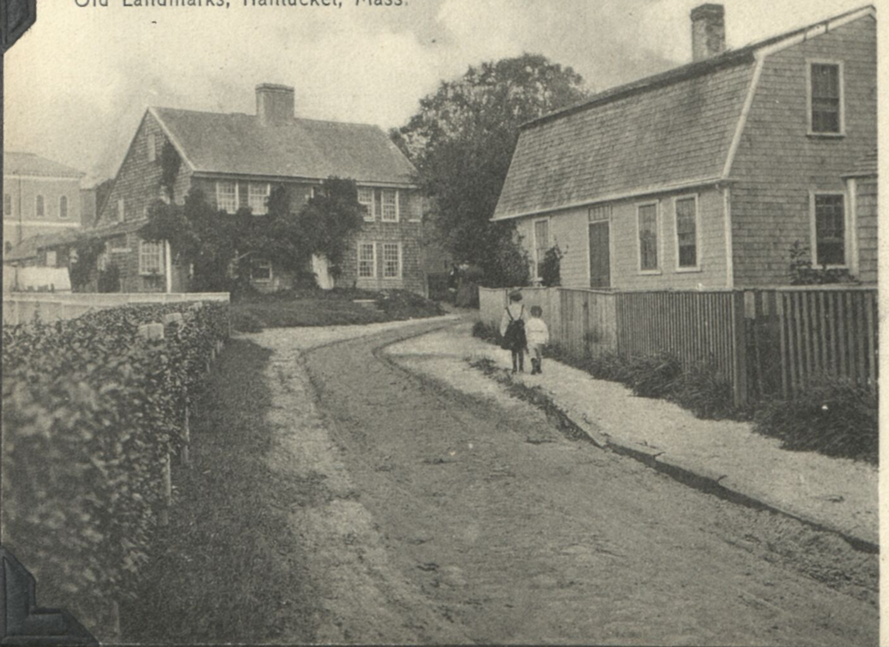
Hussey St., Nantucket, Mass. R. L. Pitman



4507 Wauwinnet House, Nantucket, Mass.

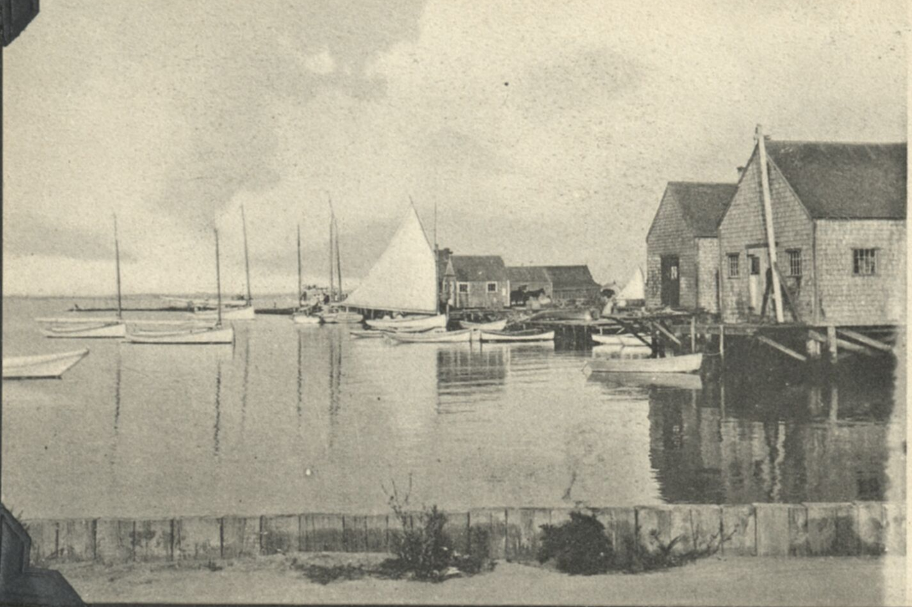


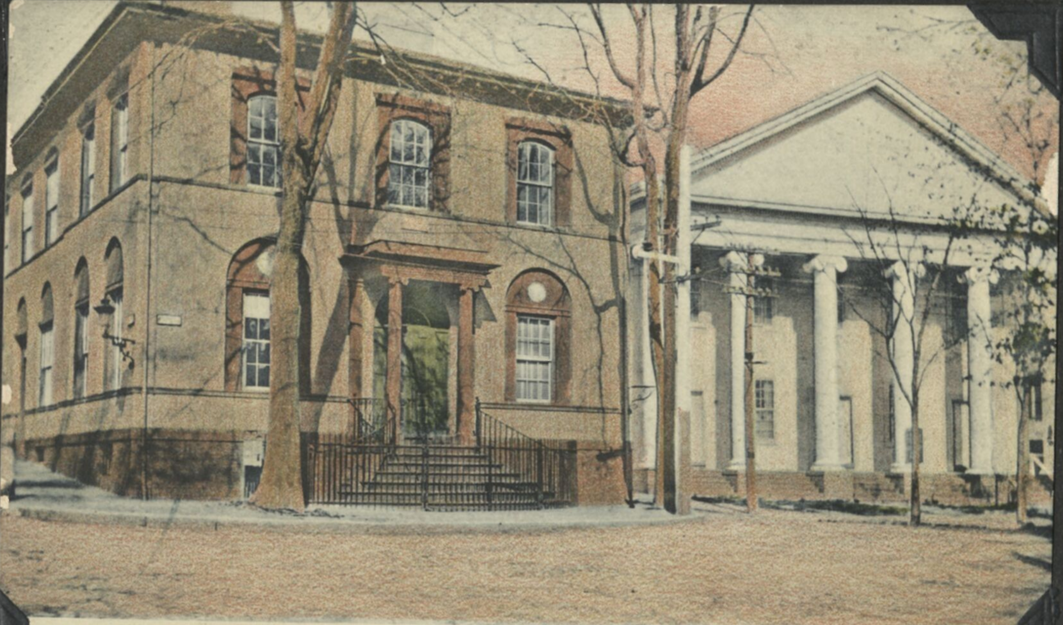
The Sea Cliff Hotel, Nantucket, Mass.



Old Landmarks, Nantucket, Mass.

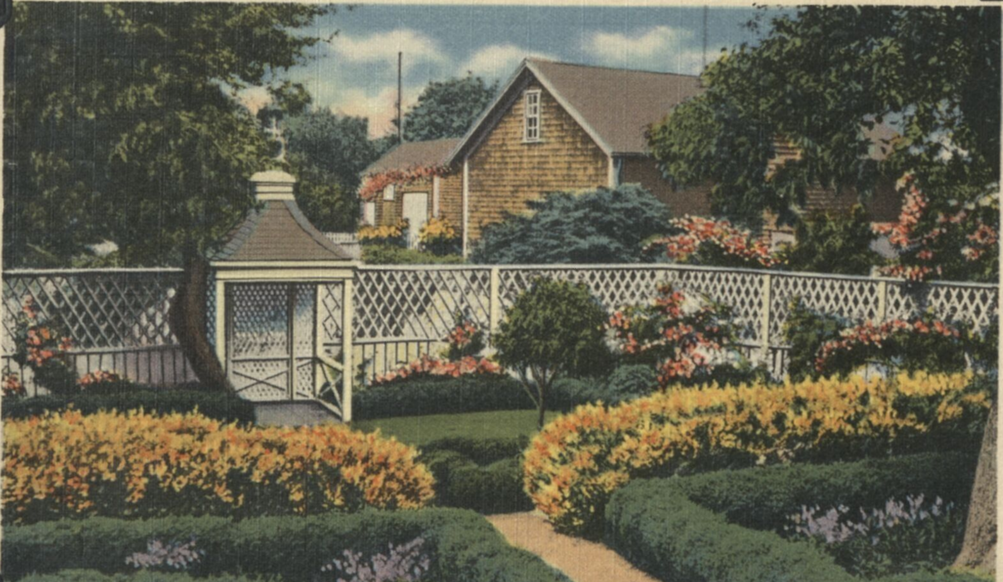
Anchorage and Boat Houses, Nantucket, Mass.



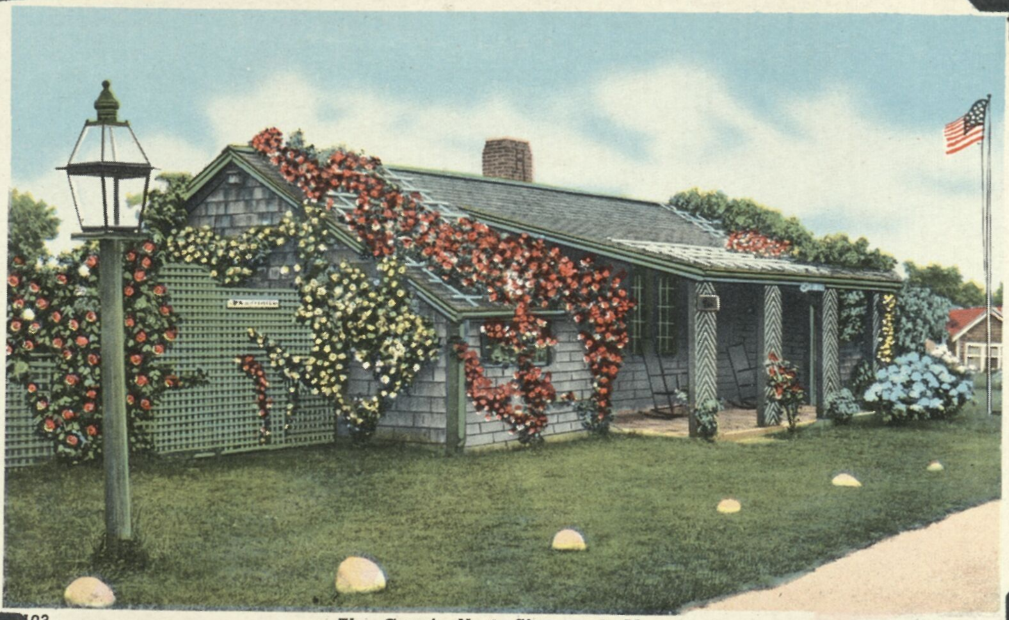


Pacific National Bank and M. E. Church, Nantucket, Mass.

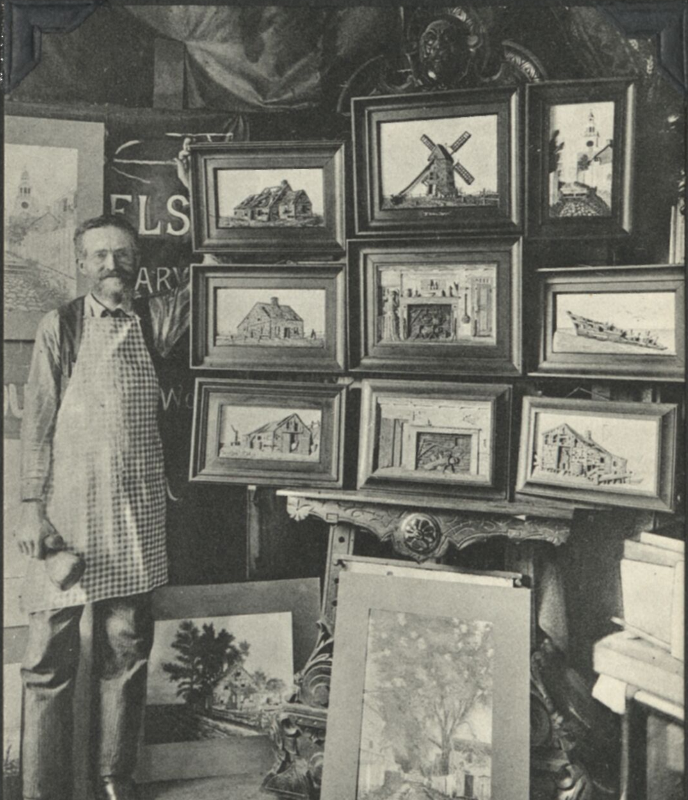
e of the Many Beautiful Gardens at Nantucket, Mass.



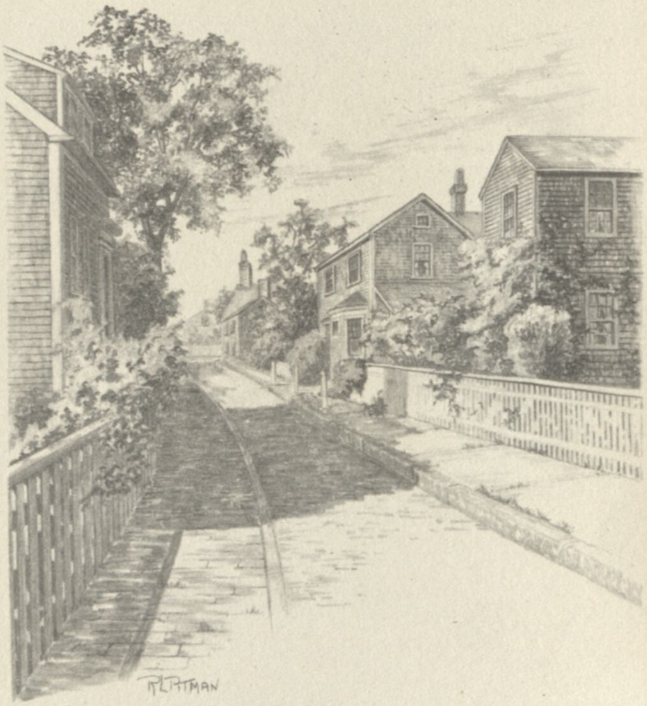
753



103 The Crow's Nest, Siasconset, Mass. 8B60

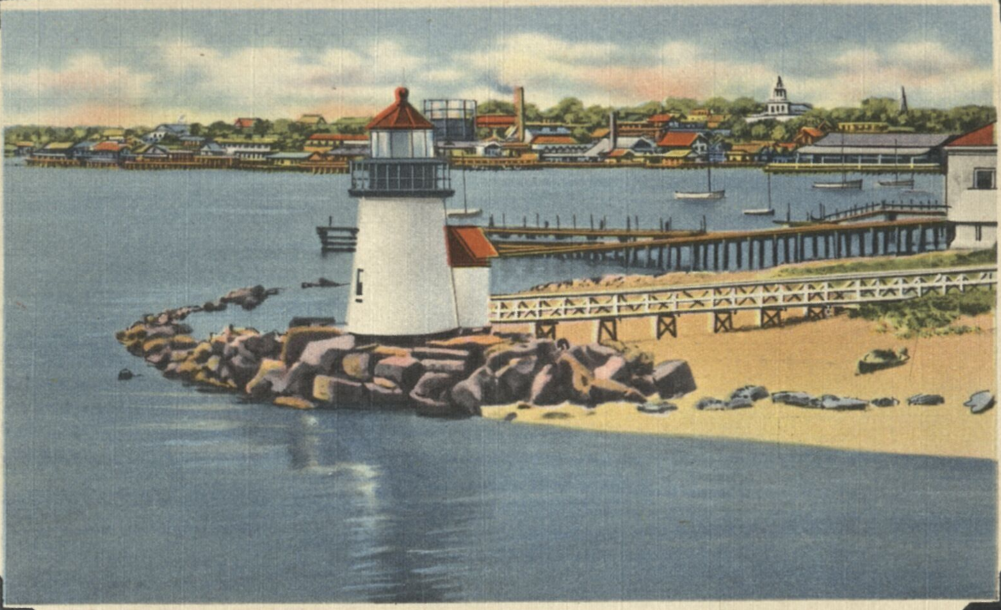


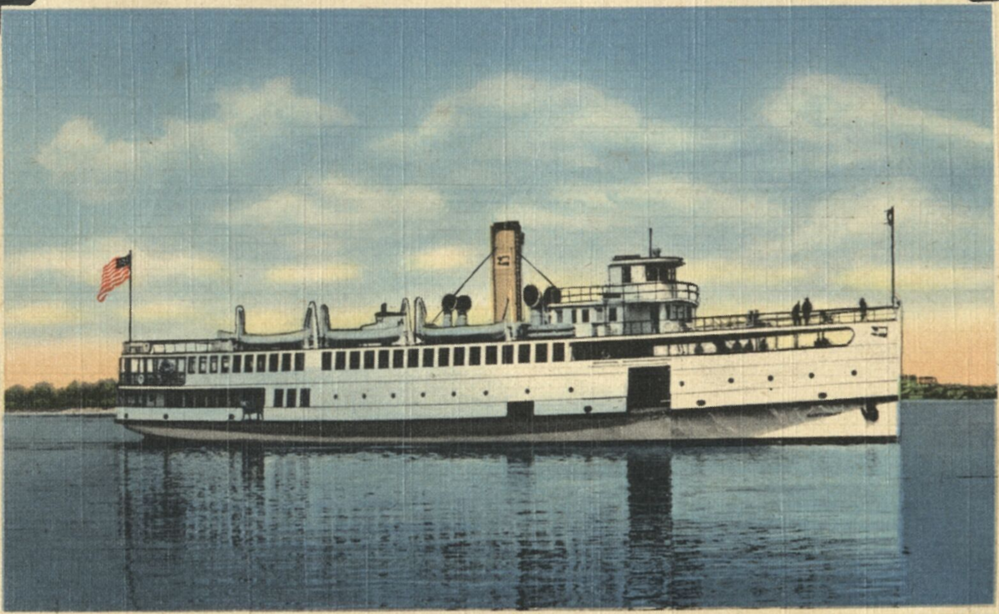
James Walter Folger, Artist and Wood-carver,
Nantucket, Mass.



MARTIN'S LANE, NANTUCKET, MASS.

nt Point Light and Skyline of Nantucket, Mass.

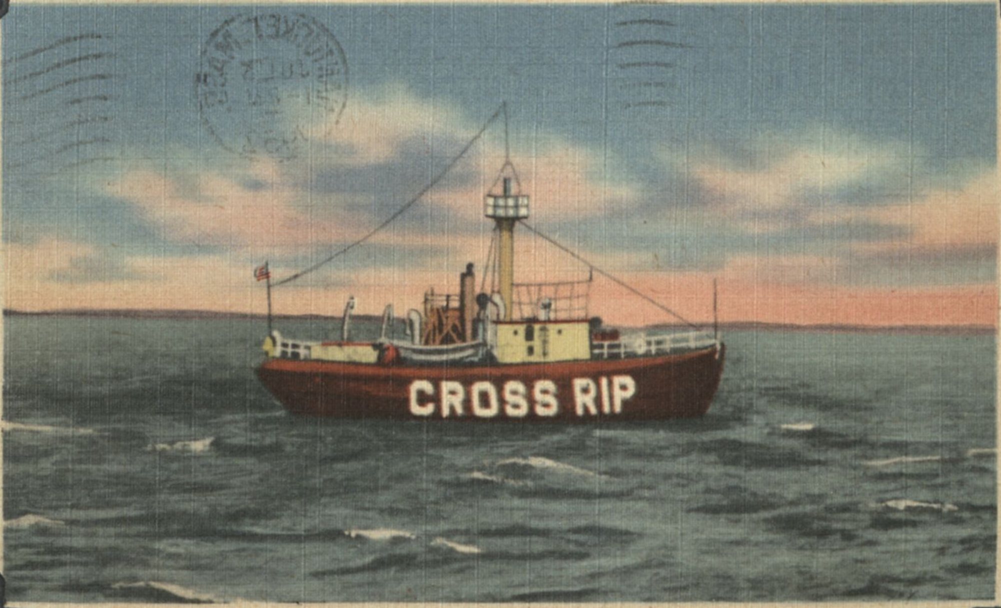




Steamer Nantucket

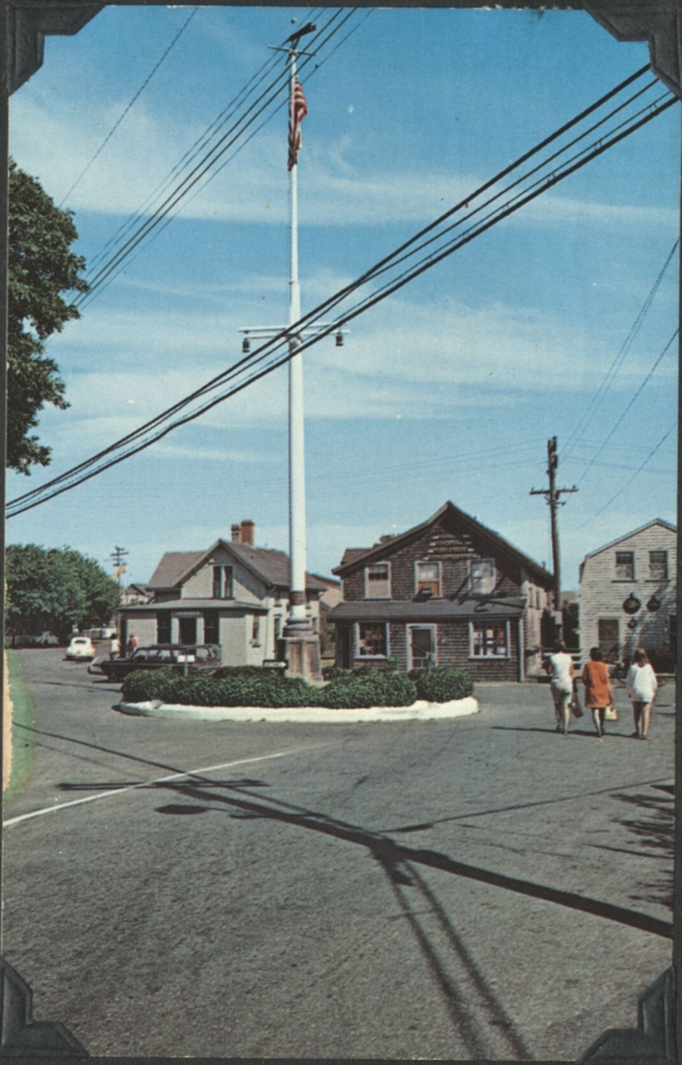
7B-H1

Cross Rip Lighthouse between Oak Bluffs and Nantucket, Mass.

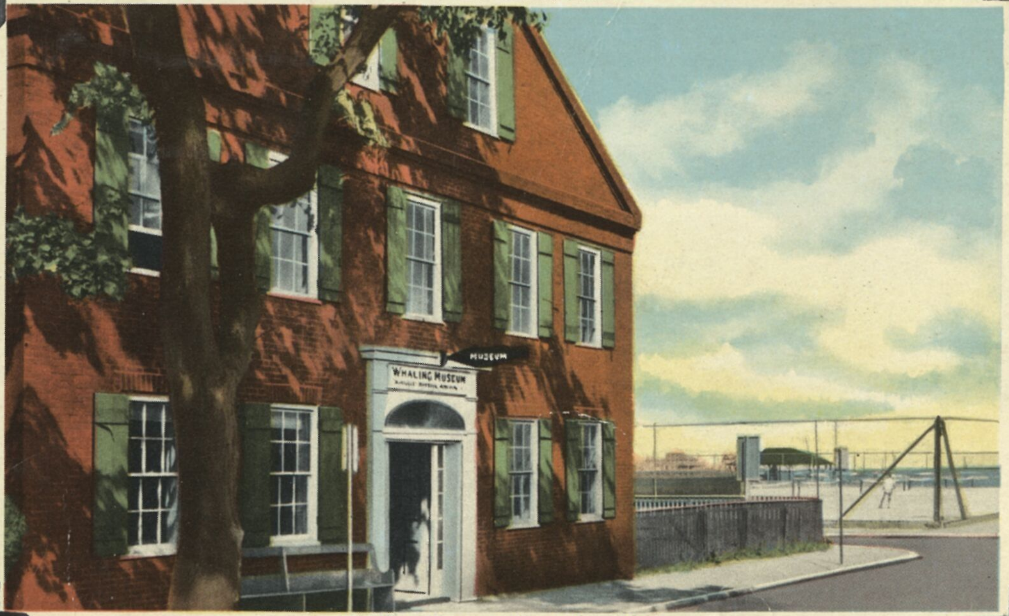


86883-N

17 An Old Nantucket Doorway, Nantucket, Mass.



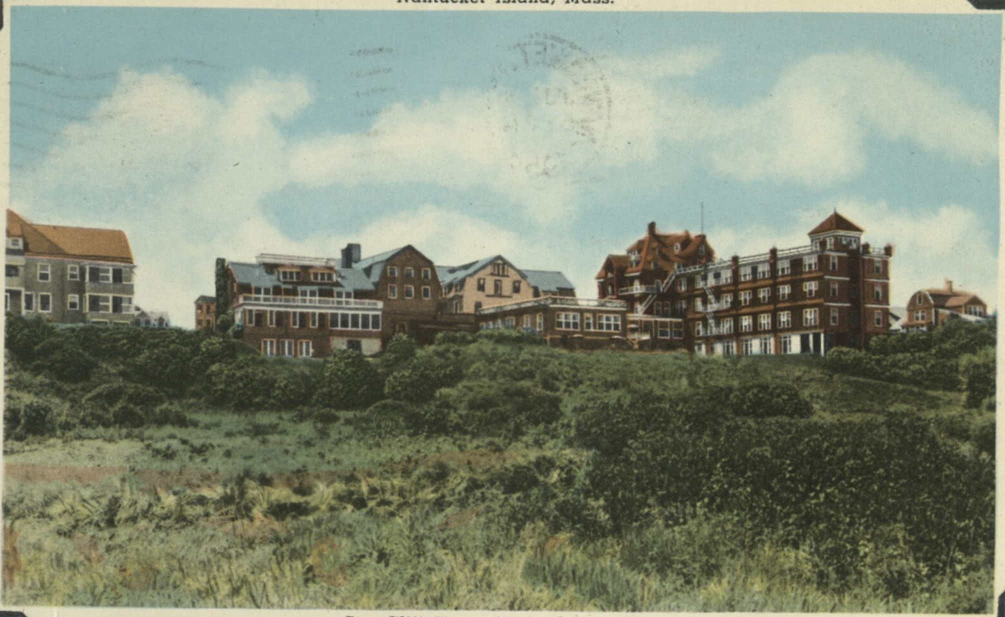
Nantucket Island, Mass.


MUSEUM
WHALING MUSEUM

Whaling Museum, Nantucket, Mass.

0C617

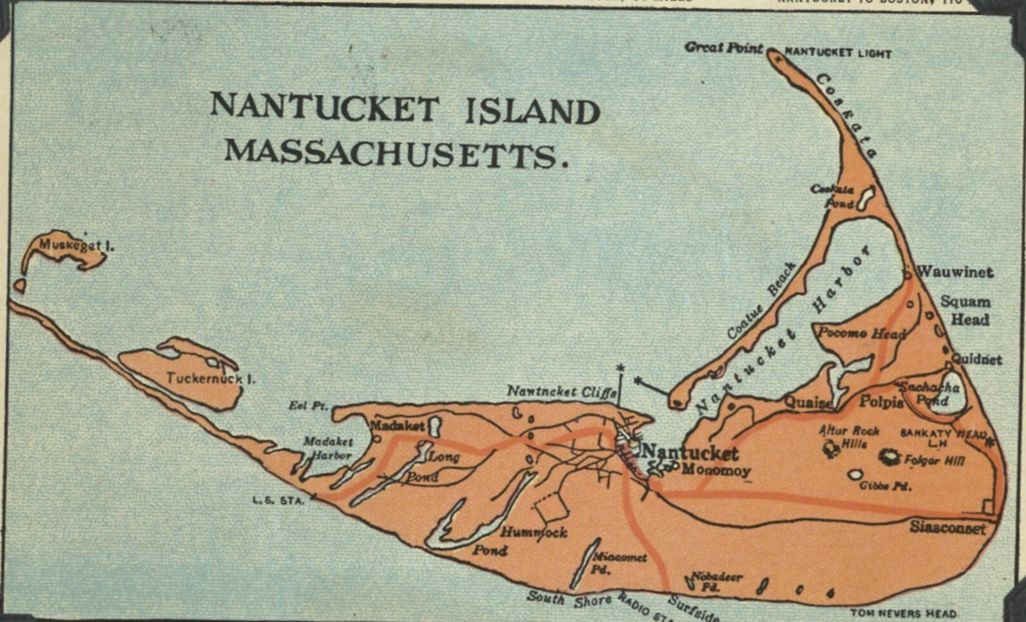
Nantucket Island, Mass.



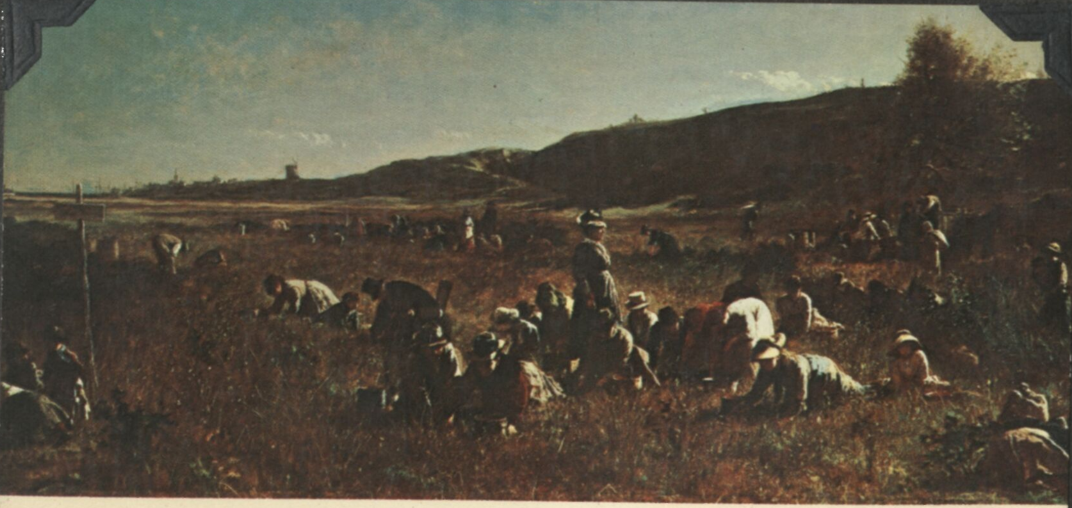
Sea Cliff Hotel, Nantucket, Mass.

0C624-N

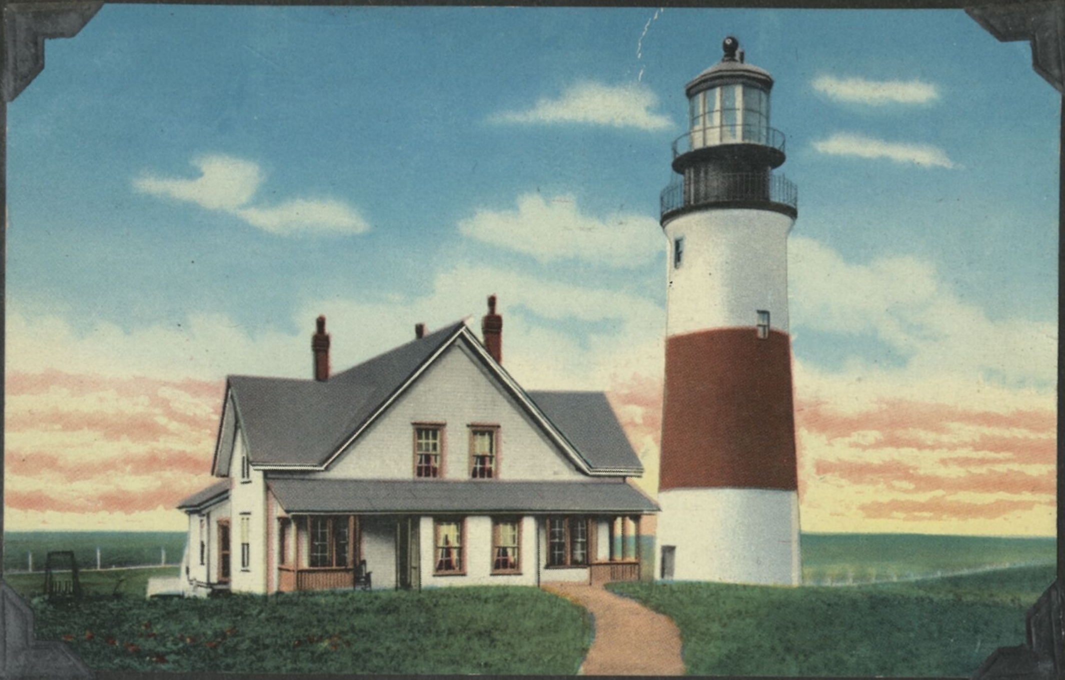
NANTUCKET TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 30 MILES NANTUCKET TO WOODS HOLE, 38 MILES NANTUCKET TO BOSTON, 110

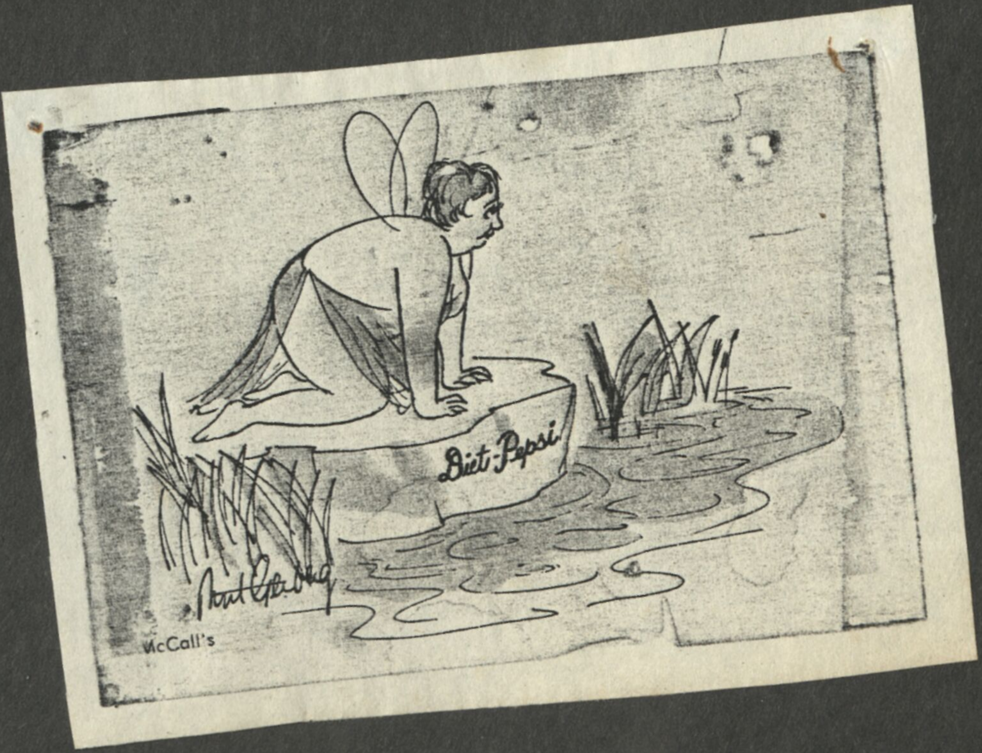

NANTUCKET ISLAND
MASSACHUSETTS.
Great Point
NANTUCKET LIGHT
Coskata
Coskata Pond
Wauwinet
Squam Head
Coatue Beach
Nantucket Harbor
Pocomo Head
Quidnet
Muskeget I.
Tuckernuck I.
Nantucket Cliffs
Quaise
Polpis
Sachacha Pond
Eel Pt.
Madaket
Madaket Harbor
Long Pond
Altar Rock Hills
SANKATY HEAD L.H.
Folger Hill
Nantucket
Monomoy
Gibbs Pd.
L.S. STA.
Hummock Pond
Miacomet Pd.
Siasconset
Nobadeer Pd.
South Shore RADIO STA.
Surfside
TOM NEVERS HEAD

NANTUCKET TO NEW BEDFORD, 54 MILES NANTUCKET TO PROVIDENCE, 90 MILES NANTUCKET TO NEW YORK, 257



THE CRANBERRY HARVEST, by EASTMAN JOHNSON





McCall's

FOR YOUR INFORMATION & PROTECTION

DANGEROUS SWIMMING There are no lifeguard protected beaches within the Refuges. Potentially dangerous current and rip tide conditions often exist at many shoreline locations making swimming for those unaccustomed to open surf conditions hazardous and inadvisable.

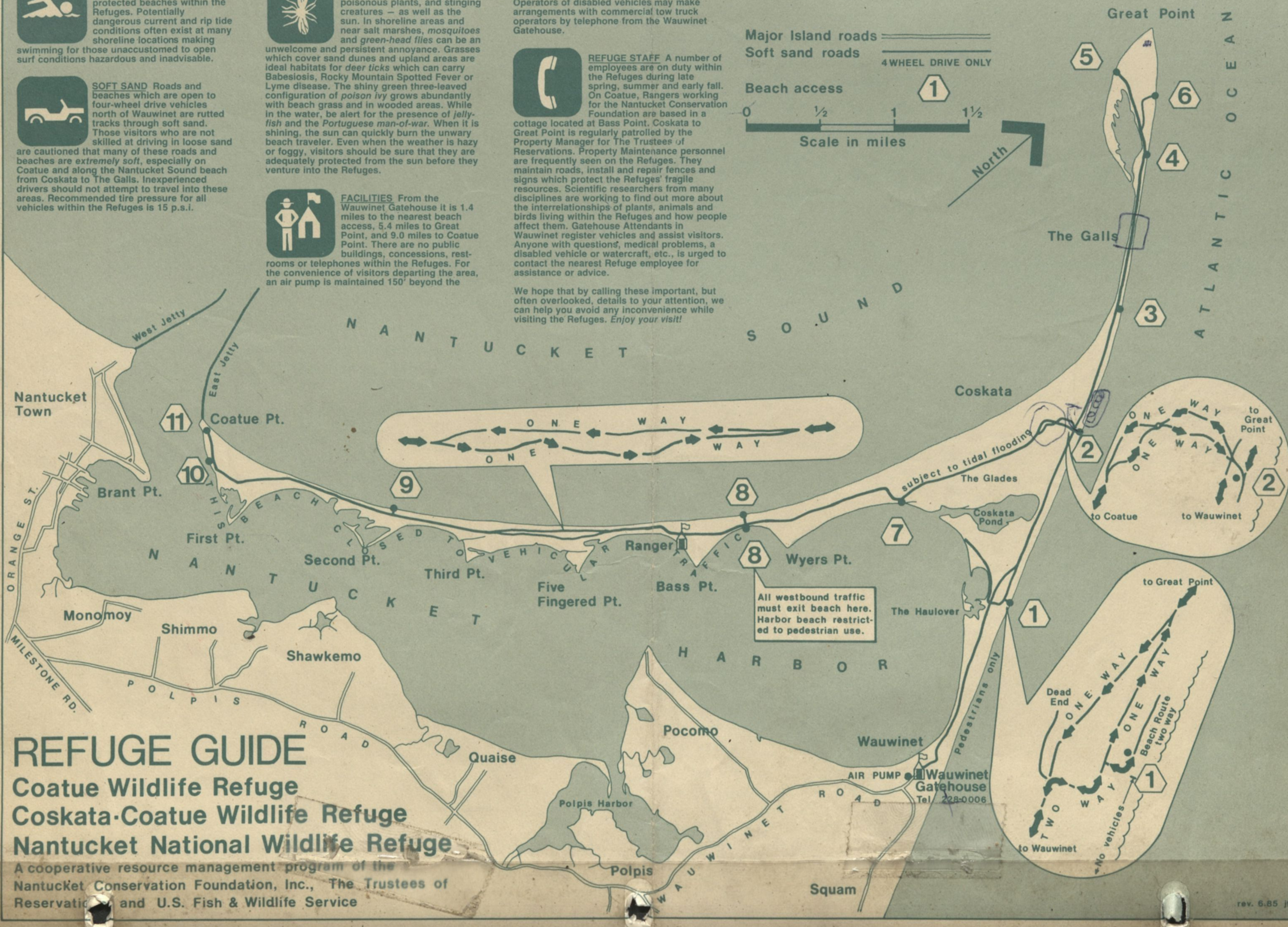
SOFT SAND Roads and beaches which are open to four-wheel drive vehicles north of Wauwinet are rutted tracks through soft sand. Those visitors who are not skilled at driving in loose sand are cautioned that many of these roads and beaches are *extremely soft*, especially on Coatue and along the Nantucket Sound beach from Coskata to The Galls. Inexperienced drivers should not attempt to travel into these areas. Recommended tire pressure for all vehicles within the Refuges is 15 p.s.i.

NATURAL ENEMIES Be prepared to deal with insects, poisonous plants, and stinging creatures – as well as the sun. In shoreline areas and near salt marshes, *mosquitoes* and *green-head flies* can be an unwelcome and persistent annoyance. Grasses which cover sand dunes and upland areas are ideal habitats for *deer ticks* which can carry Babesiosis, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever or Lyme disease. The shiny green three-leaved configuration of *poison ivy* grows abundantly with beach grass and in wooded areas. While in the water, be alert for the presence of *jellyfish* and the *Portuguese man-of-war*. When it is shining, the sun can quickly burn the unwary beach traveler. Even when the weather is hazy or foggy, visitors should be sure that they are adequately protected from the sun before they venture into the Refuges.

FACILITIES From the Wauwinet Gatehouse it is 1.4 miles to the nearest beach access, 5.4 miles to Great Point, and 9.0 miles to Coatue Point. There are no public buildings, concessions, restrooms or telephones within the Refuges. For the convenience of visitors departing the area, an air pump is maintained 150′ beyond the Wauwinet Gatehouse for reinflating tires to proper hard-surface road driving pressures. Operators of disabled vehicles may make arrangements with commercial tow truck operators by telephone from the Wauwinet Gatehouse.

REFUGE STAFF A number of employees are on duty within the Refuges during late spring, summer and early fall. On Coatue, Rangers working for the Nantucket Conservation Foundation are based in a cottage located at Bass Point. Coskata to Great Point is regularly patrolled by the Property Manager for The Trustees of Reservations. Property Maintenance personnel are frequently seen on the Refuges. They maintain roads, install and repair fences and signs which protect the Refuges' fragile resources. Scientific researchers from many disciplines are working to find out more about the interrelationships of plants, animals and birds living within the Refuges and how people affect them. Gatehouse Attendants in Wauwinet register vehicles and assist visitors. Anyone with questions, medical problems, a disabled vehicle or watercraft, etc., is urged to contact the nearest Refuge employee for assistance or advice.

We hope that by calling these important, but often overlooked, details to your attention, we can help you avoid any inconvenience while visiting the Refuges. *Enjoy your visit!*


Major Island roads
Soft sand roads
4 WHEEL DRIVE ONLY
Beach access
1
0
½
1
1½
Scale in miles
North
Great Point
5
6
4
3
2
1
7
8
8
9
10
11
ATLANTIC OCEAN
The Galls
NANTUCKET SOUND
Coskata
subject to tidal flooding
The Glades
Coskata Pond
The Haulover
Wyers Pt.
All westbound traffic must exit beach here. Harbor beach restricted to pedestrian use.
Ranger
Bass Pt.
Five Fingered Pt.
Third Pt.
Second Pt.
First Pt.
THIS BEACH CLOSED TO VEHICULAR TRAFFIC
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
Coatue Pt.
East Jetty
West Jetty
Nantucket Town
Brant Pt.
ORANGE ST.
MILESTONE RD.
Monomoy
Shimmo
Shawkemo
POLPIS ROAD
Quaise
NANTUCKET HARBOR
Pocomo
Polpis Harbor
Polpis
WAUWINET ROAD
Wauwinet
AIR PUMP
Wauwinet Gatehouse
Tel. 228-0006
Pedestrians only
Squam
to Great Point
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
to Coatue
to Wauwinet
to Great Point
Dead End
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
Beach Route two way
TWO WAY
to Wauwinet
No vehicles

REFUGE GUIDE

Coatue Wildlife Refuge
Coskata-Coatue Wildlife Refuge
Nantucket National Wildlife Refuge

A cooperative resource management program of the Nantucket Conservation Foundation, Inc., The Trustees of Reservati and U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service

rev. 6.85 jfl

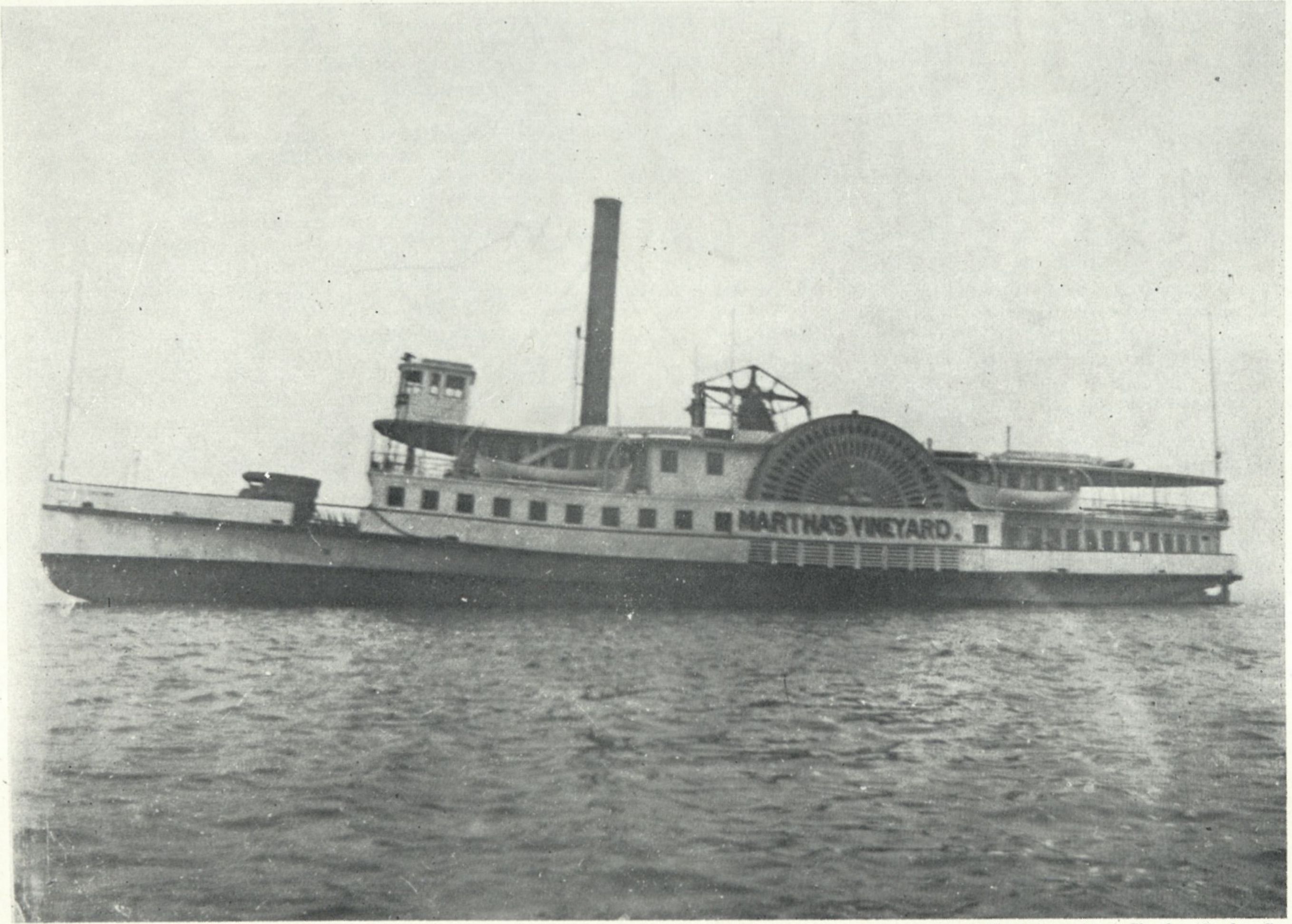
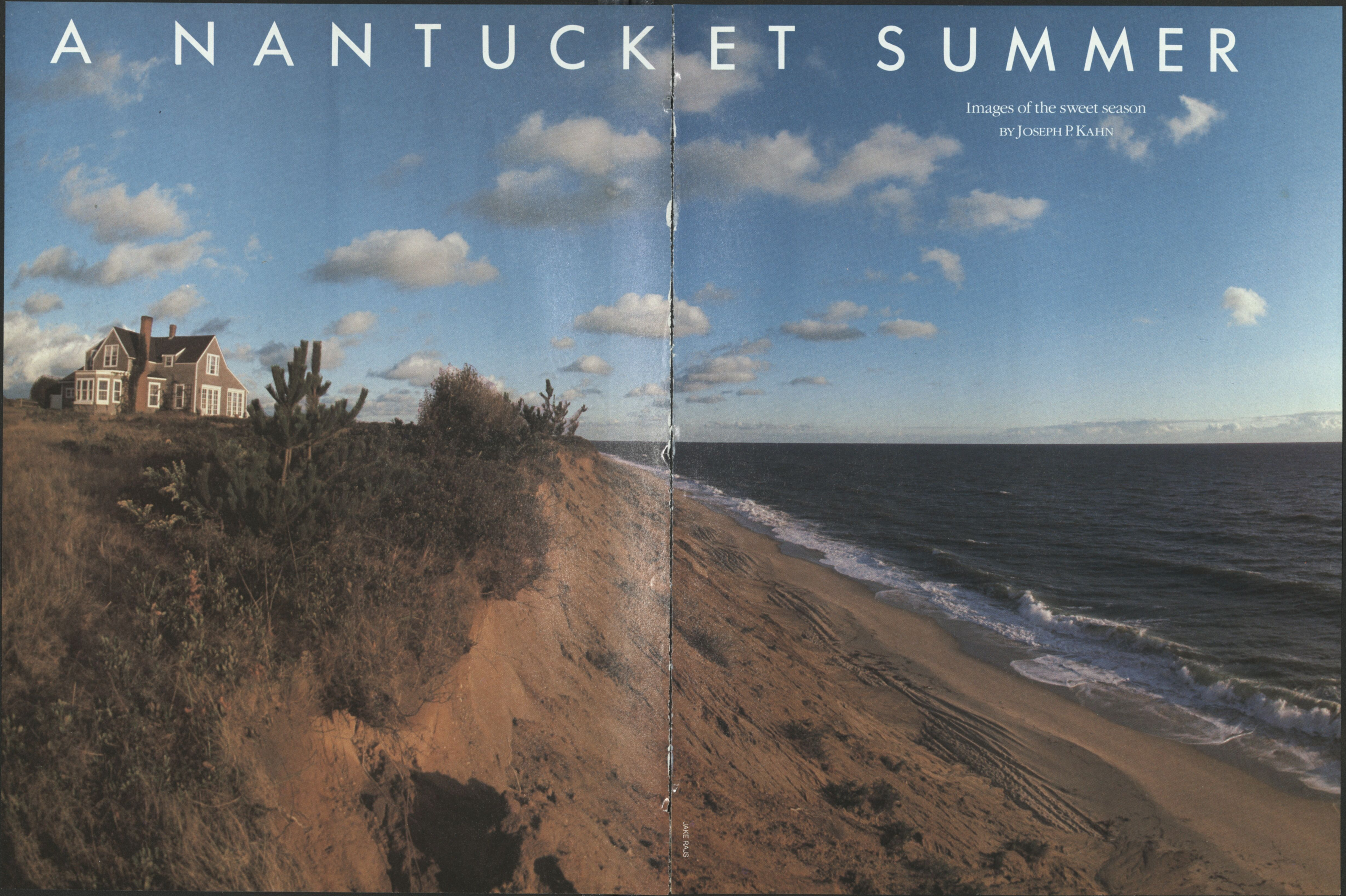

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Photo courtesy Charles Sayle, Sr.

Martha's Vineyard aground in fog, date and place unknown

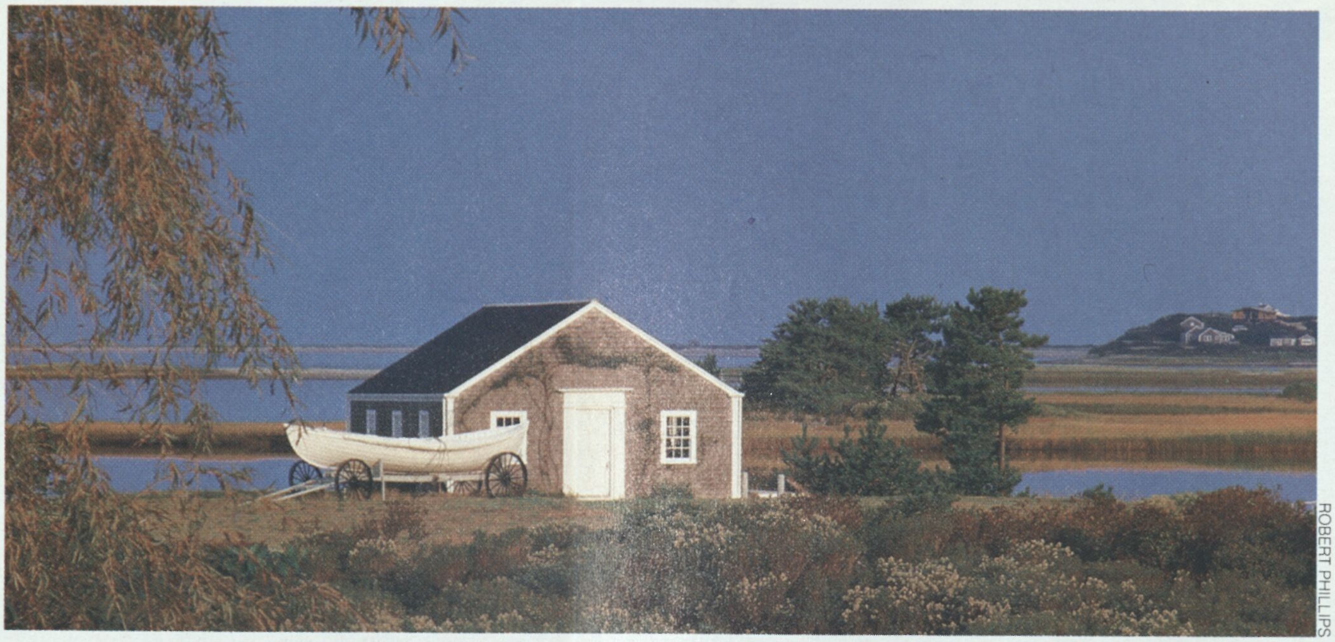


A NANTUCKET SUMMER

Images of the sweet season

BY JOSEPH P. KAHN

JAKE RAJS



ROBERT PHILLIPS

From the easternmost bluffs at Sankaty Head Light to a weathered cottage in Madaket and the serene Jethro Coffin House on Sunset Hill, a journey around Nantucket involves few miles and many wonders. Just south of the eastern reaches of Massachusetts' Cape Cod, the island has a sense of seclusion that is inbred—and contagious. To the local way of thinking, there are two kinds of people, islanders and off-islanders. Off-islanders arrive by yacht, ferry, airplane and—in one celebrated novel, anyway—by submarine. They come mostly for "the season," feeling like islanders, too, if only for a while. Islanders are just islanders, usually born here, not much inclined to go elsewhere. The two get along after their own fashion, in fact and in fiction. Says transplant Rob Benchley (grandson of Robert, cousin of Peter, nephew of Nathaniel), "The natives complain about all the latecomers, but they'd complain even more if they stopped coming."

MICHAEL MELFORD/WHEELER PICTURES

JAKE RAJS

MICHAEL MELFORD/WHEELER PICTURES

A VISITOR'S GUIDE TO NANTUCKET

Nantucket lies about 30 miles off the southern coast of Cape Cod, in eastern Massachusetts. Although suitable for quick excursions (as is neighboring Martha's Vineyard), the island better lends itself to visits of a weekend or more, since town beaches and streets tend to be crowded with day-trippers. Because Nantucket is relatively small (less than 15 miles long and 7 wide) and flat, getting out to its more serene extremities is easy by bike or moped. You can bring your own car, by ferry, but the islanders will love you more if you don't.

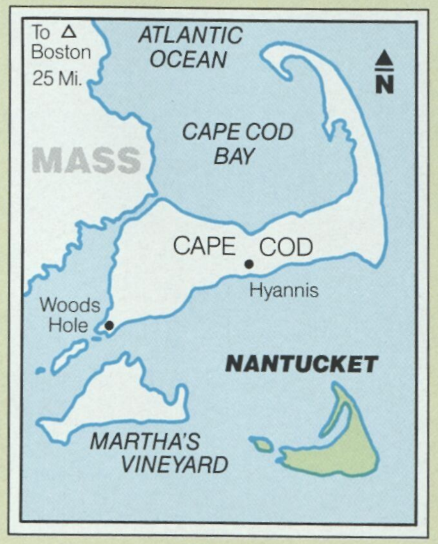
The season lasts roughly from Memorial Day through Labor Day, although it seems to claim more of the calendar than ever before, encroaching upon both late spring and mid-autumn. Reservations—for food, lodging and transportation—are not easy to come by, particularly in July and August, when many inns and hotels set minimum-stay requirements. Most knowledgeable vacationers plan at least a year in advance. Even the traditional Christmas Shoppers Stroll, when most stores are open and Main Street is lined with luminous firs, is a tough time to book. Check with Nantucket Accommodations (telephone 617-228-9559) or the Nantucket Island Chamber of Commerce (228-1700) about the possibilities, and consider the calm and beauty of an off-season sojourn.

If you want to fly to Nantucket, you can choose from a variety of commuter carriers: Privincetown-Boston Airline (PBA), Will's Air, Gull Air, Brockway Air and, beginning this year, New York Air. Most flights begin in Boston ($75-$160 round trip) or Hyannis ($29-$48), although there is also direct service from New York City on PBA, Brockway and New York Air ($169-$214 round trip). In season (June 13 to September 12), ferries operate four times daily from Hyannis, once a day from Oak Bluffs (Martha's Vineyard) and Woods Hole. The fare is about $8 one way; $49.50 for a car. For more information, contact Nantucket Steamship Authority, 540-2022.

Where to Stay

Among lodging options, one of the nicest is the **Jared Coffin House** (29 Broad St.; 228-2405). Once a private mansion, the main building was converted to a hotel in 1847 by the Nantucket Steamship Company; today, the inn comprises six separate buildings (three are connected) and a total of 58 rooms, all with telephone and private bath, 29 of them with a queen-size canopy bed. The inn is open year round, and two cozy sitting rooms in the main house and a downstairs restaurant-bar, the Tap Room, make the Jared Coffin House a popular meeting place. In season, double rooms cost $85-$125.

Also of note in town are the **Harbor House** (open year round at South Beach St., 228-1500; $115-$180 double), which has a heated pool, and the **India House** (37 India St., 228-9043; $68-$105 for two), a seven-room 18th-century inn with a superb dining room. The **Wauwinet House** (228-0145; $76-$80 double), an inn-by-the-sea to the east in Wauwinet, has tennis courts and a spectacular view of the harbor. And, way out on the bluffs of Siasconset, there is the **Summer House** (257-9976; $100-$135 double), with a pool and individual cottages. Send $2 to the Chamber of Commerce for the *Comprehensive Guide to Nantucket,* which has a more complete list of inns, hotels and guest cottages. Address: Dept. TL, Nantucket, Mass. 02554.



BETTE DUKE

Island Dining

If you go out to the village of Siasconset ('Sconset as it is properly pronounced—and frequently written), aim for a dinner reservation at chef Jean-Charles Berruet's **Chanticleer Inn,** one of the few truly haute-cuisine restaurants on the island. Berruet has been here 15 years, and everything about the Chanticleer reflects his love affair with the location, from the rose-clad courtyard to the backyard herb garden bordered by wild strawberries. "Nantucket [town] is getting a little honky-tonk, I think," laughs the amiable chef, who produces about 110 dinners on a summer's eve. He never rushes guests, since he prefers that they linger over one of some 500 vintages on his outstanding wine list. Prix-fixe dinners begin at $80 for two.

If you want to go honky-tonking, the **Captain's Table at the Ship's Inn** (228-0040), the **Company of the Cauldron** (228-4016) and **Le Languedoc** (228-2552) are elegant in-town alternatives (about $55-$70 for two at dinner). For year-round dining, try the **Boarding House** (228-9622; closed January and February) or **Mad Hatter** (228-9667); prices for two run about $20 at lunch, $50-$60 at dinner. A little more casual—and also open year round—is the **Atlantic Cafe** (228-0570; about $25 for two), with overturned dories suspended in the rafters.

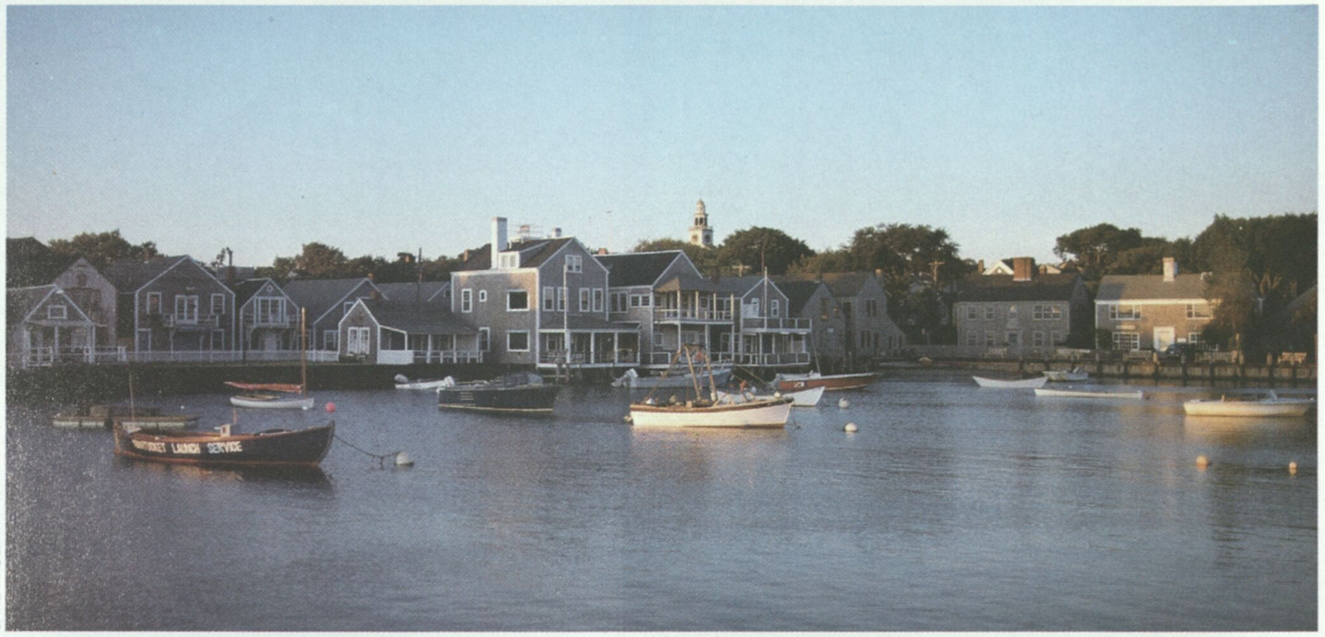
Shopping and Exploring

Most stores are an easy walk from anywhere near the center of Nantucket town. Scrimshaw and antiques are, unsurprisingly, popular remembrances of island stays; more unusual, perhaps, are the wool tweed shirts ($195) featured at **Nantucket Looms,** where there is a stunning hand-carved cherrywood loom in the front window. Across Main Street at **Upstairs/Downstairs**, you might browse among Waterford crystal, Belleek china and a variety of rare books and prints. For the sweet tooth, there's **Nantucket Fine Chocolates**; for foul-weather gear, **Nantucket Sail Repair and Canvas Shop**; for local authors, **Mitchell's Book Corner,** whose back room is devoted to works by and about the islanders. Mitchell's recently had the good sense (and taste) to reissue Nathaniel Benchley's *The Off-Islanders,* a novel that later became the equally classic film *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming.*

In good weather, head for the south-shore beaches at Cisco, at Surfside or at Madaket, where the sun bids Nantucket adieu each day. You can also rent a bike or moped at **Young's Bicycle Shop** (228-1151) on Steamboat Wharf or the **Nantucket Bike Shop** (228-1999) and tour the back roads. Rain or shine, the **Whaling Museum**, on Broad Street, is a wonderful introduction to the era—and industry—that put Nantucket on the map. Among the exhibits are a 43-foot whale skeleton and a room of scrimshaw. Nearby, the **Peter Foulger Museum** commemorates the island's earliest settlers. For stargazers, the summer sky is enhanced by a walk up to the **Loines Observatory**, dedicated to the memory of native daughter and astronomer Maria Mitchell.

Even if astronomy is not your calling, remember that a midsummer night's splendors often include a passing shower of meteors, or shooting stars. Under a July moon, the romance of a Nantucket summer seems as close as the heavens themselves.

—JOSEPH P. KAHN



JAKE RAJS

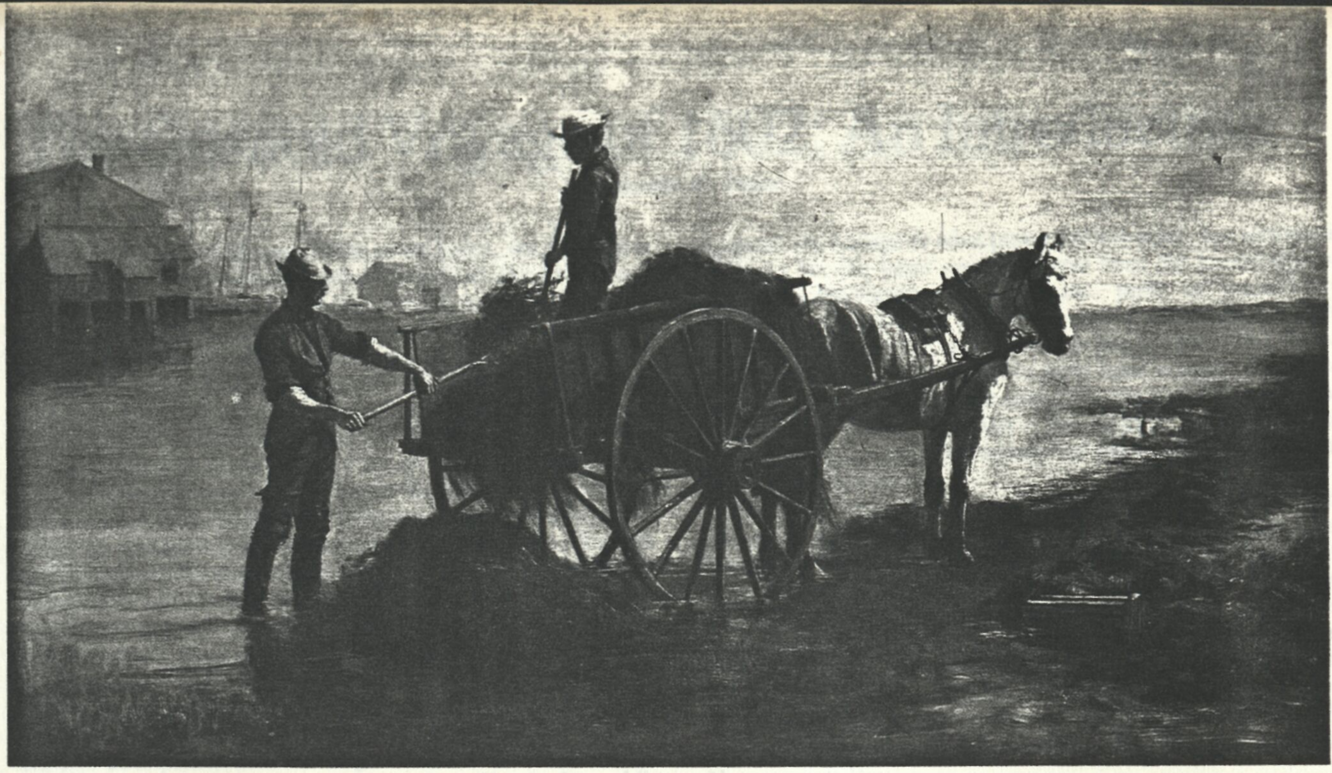
MICHAEL MELFORD/WHEELER PICTURES

Two hundred years ago, whaling ships plied the waters in and around Nantucket town. With the passing of one era came another, borne on the decks of recreational boats from the mainland. Today, streetlights in the main town's cobbled square beckon summer strollers just as warmly as tiny Brant Point Light (overleaf) leads vessels to the safety of Nantucket Harbor.

continued

DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE

ROBERT FRERCK/ODYSSEY PRODUCTIONS



The islanders in Elizabeth Coffin's painting of nearly 100 years ago are a hardy breed ready to go scalloping or seaweed gathering, as here, or to ship out in one of the schooners in the background—like their successors today. Courtesy Nantucket Historical Association.

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM OF HISTORY

by Peter Stanford

Dipping and nodding to the rising chop, the big schooner burst into sight between rainsqualls, a curl of white water rolling away from her knife-sharp bows. Aboard the ferry from Woods Hole, people looked up from their crossword puzzles and detective novels—"There's the *Shenandoah!*" And so it was, of course, her yards braced sharp against the topmast backstays, her wet, stretched canvas gleaming dully against the grey-green island world of Nantucket Sound, off the south shore of Cape Cod.

Shenandoah! A name to conjure with in sailing ship history, and a vessel new-born in our own century, making history in her own right, as her owner-skipper explains a few pages on in this SEA HISTORY.

* * * * *

The first people on the scene get to name things, but few would begrudge Bartholemew Gosnold his naming Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands in his visit in the early summer of 1602. Many Native American place names survive, and indeed predominate in the islands, from Nantucket itself to Menemsha Pond on Martha's Vineyard, Naushon and Nashawena in the Elizabeths and dozens more. Gosnold himself strikes one as having a happy touch with things. He regarded the Indians with real respect, and he seems to have led his own people with something quite other than the hectoring, blustery style adopted by too many Europeans let loose in the Americas.

The delectable islands he stumbled on were settled late. Captain John Underhill, writing a generation later, in 1638, observed: "Nahanticot, Martins Vineyard, Pequeet, Narragansett Bay, Elizabeth Ilands, all these places are uninhabited...." (You'll note "Martin" for "Martha," a confusion that persisted for some time—but the names of the people who moved there tended to stick, as witness the Mayhews of the Vineyard—the original settlers—and the Coffins of Nantucket, still very much around.) But settled they ultimately were, and a mighty worldwide trade eventually came to center on the islands—the deep-sea whaling trade.

Nantucket and the Vineyard became famous and bred up a class of merchant aristocrats through the whale fishery, using their natural harbors and experienced people to good advantage. At first people in the New World caught whales off their beaches. With the invention of the floating tryworks in the late eighteenth century the whalers could go further afield, reducing their catch to whale oil in barrels. After decades of growth, in the mid-nineteenth century the commercial glory passed from the islands. Ships grew bigger, that was part of the problem, but only part. Ships could be, and were, hoicked across the sandbars by camels which reduced their draft. No, the main thing was the mainland railroad, which New Bedford had, and the islands, of course, did not.

While the whaling game was on, Nantucket and Edgartown ships and men coursed the world's oceans, and the islanders developed a notable internationalism. It was as though they were aloof enough from the land masses to reject ideas of territorial dominance, and enough part of the ocean world to feel the world's wideness.

With their sea empire lost, Nantucket and the Vineyard towns became centers of visitation by people seeking bracing sea air, and seeking renewal in the artistic and religious encampments that grew up in the cosmopolitan culture that had taken root. And all the time the life of the ordinary islanders, American yeomen, went on—growing crops, building boats, fishing the seas and shallows, connected to the wider world by the ubiquitous schooners that thronged their waters.

* * * * *

Twenty years ago, Norma Stanford and I came to Nantucket aboard the schooner we then had, *Athena*. We had come to seek Ed Stackpole's help in a great undertaking in New York. Ed was rowed out to *Athena* by Charlie Sayle, schoonerman par excellence. What a meeting we had aboard, that glorious August afternoon! Its consquences still continue, as does Ed's and Charlie's interest in the work of history. You'll meet these islanders further on in this SEA HISTORY. ⚓

The Gosnold Voyage of 1602: An Introduction

by Lincoln P. Paine

Bartholomew Gosnold was, so far as we know, the first European to come to the islands south of Cape Cod. His three-week stay on what he named Elizabeth's Island, between Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, heralded the beginning of sustained efforts to establish English-speaking people in North America.

Two accounts of this voyage of 1602 were published, as well as a fragment of a letter from Gosnold to his father. The first to appear was John Brereton's *A Briefe and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia*, published in 1602 with a dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh. The dedication and the final shape and tone of Brereton's narrative were motivated by complex political considerations. In 1583, Raleigh had been granted a charter for overseas exploration under which he had sent out his Roanoke colonists. But because there was no definitive proof as to their fate, Raleigh's charter, which should have expired in 1591, had taken a life of its own, and it seemed that the Gosnold voyage could have been in violation of his monopoly rights.

When Gosnold returned to England with a load of sassafras, Raleigh attempted to have the cargo confiscated. The dedication of Brereton's narrative to him was part of an effort by Gosnold's backers, notably Bartholomew Gilbert who was also on the voyage, to avoid these legal difficulties. Raleigh's editorial influence is even more significant. In common with similar documents of the time, the aim of the *Relation* was to foster and encourage interest in overseas colonization in which, regardless of the particulars, Raleigh had a proven and vested interest. To this end, it was convenient to avoid any mention of hardships—such as the attack on Archer's men or the length of the voyage—which might discourage North American settlement.

Another promotional aspect of the *Relation* was Brereton's use, for the first time, of the phrase "the North Part of Virginia" to describe what had previously been referred to by the obscure "Norumbega," a legendary Indian city of riches on the banks of a great river. (It was not until 1616 that John Smith hit on the brilliant choice of New England to describe the region.) Nonetheless, the area was pleasant and fertile, and Archer and Brereton were surely in agreement with Gosnold's sentiment that "it is as healthfull a Climate as any can be."

Gabriel Archer's account did not appear until 1625, when it was published in Samuel Purchas's *Hakluytus Posthumus: or, Purchas his Pilgrimes*. It is a far less literary work than Brereton's, but it is lively, direct and certainly more frank in its appraisal of events.

As Archer relates in the opening of his account, one of the specific aims of the Gosnold expedition was to establish an inhabited outpost as a trading center. Information about who financed the voyage or what prompted it is scant, but incidental evidence for the latter seems to have been the knowledge of French establishments at Tadoussac, north of present-day Quebec, between 1600 and 1601, and at Sable Island, 200 miles east of Halifax, which was begun in 1598 and lasted until 1603. There also seems to have been a surge of interest in exploration generally, occasioned by the re-release, in three volumes, of Richard Hakluyt's *Principall Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation* between 1598 and 1600.

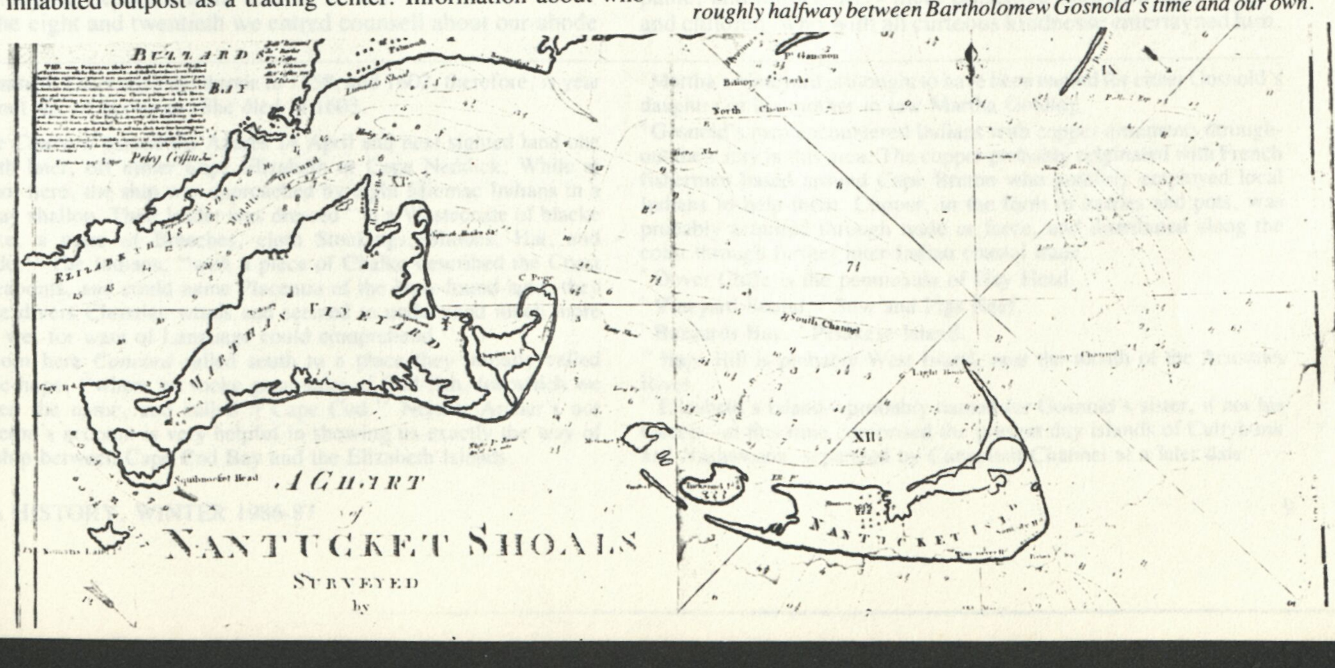
Europeans were not unfamiliar with the northeast coast of America, and there is strong evidence that fishermen from Bristol and the Basque country had been fishing the Newfoundland banks as early as the fifteenth century. In 1524, Giovanni da Verrazzano had made a broad sweep of the coast between North Carolina and Maine, and poked into numerous bays and rivers. A letter describing his coastwise voyaging was published posthumously in 1556. We know from Gosnold's letter to his father that he was influenced by this letter, particularly with respect to Verrazzano's mention of what is thought to be Narragansett Bay.

Both Archer and Brereton record meeting Indians who had been in contact with the French Newfoundland or Cape Breton fisheries, as you will read, and what is remarkable in both their accounts is their lack of surprise at the Indians' European accoutrements and language.

Not a lot is known about Gosnold himself, other than that he came from a family of means and that he was engaged in privateering with his own ship as early as 1599. As his North Virginia voyage proves, he was an accomplished navigator, and he seems to have been equally a practical man and sensible leader. He went on to have an active role in the founding of Jamestown in 1607, which was the first English colony to take root in North America. Unfortunately, he did not live to see this achievement unfold, for he died of malaria that year, having protested the location of the settlement for its insalubrity.

* * * * *

The text of Gabriel Archer's account published here, as well as extracts from the works of Brereton and Gosnold, are taken from the texts printed in *The English New England Voyages 1602-1608*, edited by David B. Quinn and Alison M. Quinn (Hakluyt Society, London, 1983). Abridgments are marked by ellipses. The only other change to the original is that "u" and "v" have been made to conform with modern usage, for example "delivered" for "deliuered" and "upon" for "vpon."



Captain Paul Pinkham's chart of Nantucket Sound, printed in 1791, roughly halfway between Bartholomew Gosnold's time and our own.

COURTESY NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Captaine Gosnols Voyage to the North part of Virginia

begunne the sixe and twentieth of March, Anno 42.[1] Elizabethae Reginae 1602. and delivered by Gabriel Archer, a Gentleman of the said Voyage.

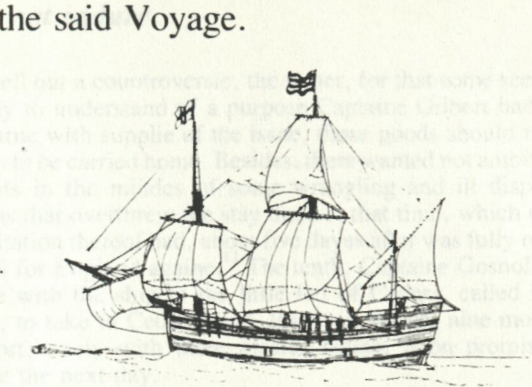
The said Captaine did set sayle from Falmouth, the day and yeere above written accompanied with thirtie two persons, whereof eight Mariners and Saylers, twelve purposing upon the Discovery to returne with the ship for England, the rest remayne there for population. . . .

The one and twentieth,[2] we saw a disinhabited Iland which so afterwards appeared unto us: we bore with it, and named it Marthaes Vineyard,[3] from Shole-hope it is eight leagues in circuit, the Iland is five miles, and hath 41. degrees and one quarter of latitude: the place most pleasant; for the two and twentieth, we went ashoare, and found it full of Wood, Vines, Gooseberie bushes, Hurtberies, Raspices, Eglentine, &c. Heere we had Cranes, Hearnes, Shovlers Geese, and divers other Birds which there at that time upon the Cliffes being sandie with some Rockie stones, did breed and had young. In this place we saw Deere, heere we rode in eight fathome neere the shoare, where wee tooke great store of Cod, as before at Cape Cod, but much better.

The three and twentieth wee weyed, and towards night came to Anchor at the Northwest part of this Iland, where the next morning offered unto us fast running thirteene Savages apparelled as aforesaid, and armed with Bowes and Arrowes without any feare. They brought Tobacco, Deere skins and some sodden fish. These offered themselves unto us in great familiaritie, who seemed to be well conditioned.They came more rich in Copper then any before.[4] This Iland is sound, and hath no danger about it.

The foure and twentieth, we set saile and doubled the Cape of another Iland next unto it, which wee called Dover Cliffe,[5] and then came into a faire Sound,[6] where wee roade all night, the next morning wee sent off our Boate to discover another Cape, that lay betweene us and the Mayne, from which were a ledge of Rockes a mile into the Sea,[7] but all above water, and without danger, we went about them, and came to Anchor in eight fadome, a quarter of a mile from the shoare in one of the stateliest Sounds that ever I was in.[8] This called wee Gosnolls Hope; the North banke whereof is the Mayne, which stretcheth East and West. This Iland Captaine Gosnoll called Elizabeths Ile, where we determined our abode: the distance betweene every of these Ilands is, viz. from Marthaes Vineyard to Dover Cliffe, halfe a league over the Sound, thence to Elizabeths Ile one league distant. From Elizabeths Ile unto the Mayne is foure leagues. On the North side neere adioyning unto the Iland Elizabeth, is an Ilet in compasse halfe a myle full of Cedars, by me called Hills Hap,[9] to the Northward of which in the mouth of an opening of the Mayne appeareth another the like, that I called Haps Hill,[10] for that I hope much hap may be expected from it. . . .

The eight and twentieth we entred counsell about our abode and plantation, which was concluded to be in the West part of Elizabeths Iland.[11] The North-east thereof running from out our ken. The South and North standeth in an equall Parallel. This Iland in the Westerside admitteth some Increekes, or sandie Coves, so girded, as the water in some places of each side meeteth, to which the Indians from the Mayne doe oftentimes resort for fishing of Crabs. There is eight fadome very neere the shoare, and the latitude here is 41. degrees 10. minutes, the breadth from Sound to Sound in the Wester part is not passing a mile at most, altogether unpeopled and disinhabited. It is over-growne with Wood and Rubbish, viz. Okes, Ashes, Beech, Wal-nut, Weech-hasle, Sassafrage, and Cedars, with divers other of unknowne names. The Rubbish is wild Peaze, young Sassafrage, Cherie trees, Vines, Eglentine, Gooseberie bushes, Hawthorne, Honisuckles, with others of like qualitie. The herbs and Roots are Strawberies, Raspis, Ground Nuts, Alexander, Surrin, Tansie, &c. without count. Touching the fertilitie of the soyle by our owne experience made, we found it to be excellent for sowing some English pulse it sprowted out in one fortnight almost halfe a foot. In this Iland is a stage or Pond of fresh water, in circuit two miles, on the one side not distant from the Sea thirtie yards, in the Centre whereof is a Rockie Islet, contayning neere an Acre of ground full of wood, on which wee beganne our Fort and place of abode, disposing it selfe so fit for the same. These Indians call Gold *Wassador*, which argueth there is therof in the Countrey. . . .



William Avery Baker's rendering of Gosnold's ship, Concord. *Courtesy New Bedford Whaling Museum.*

In this island is a Pond of fresh water. . . in the Centre whereof is a Rockie Islet. . .on which wee beganne our Fort and place of abode. . .

The one and thirtieth, Captaine Gosnoll desirous to see the Maine, because of the distance, hee set sayle over; where comming to anchor, went ashoare with certaine of his companie, and immediately there presented unto him men women and children, who with all curteous kindnesse entertayned him,

---

[1] Elizabeth I ascended the throne in 1558; and 1602, therefore, is year 44, not 42, of her reign. She died in 1603.

[2] The *Concord* passed the Azores 14 April and next sighted land one month later, off either Cape Elizabeth or Cape Neddick. While at anchor here, the ship was approached by eight Micmac Indians in a Biscay shallop. Their leader was dressed "in a Wastecoate of blacke worke, a paire of Breeches, cloth Stockings, Shooes, Hat, and Bande." The Indians, "with a piece of Chalke described the Coast thereabouts, and could name Placentia of the New-found-land, they spake divers Christian words and seemed to understand much more than we, for want of Language could comprehend."

From here *Concord* sailed south to a place they initially called Shole-hope, "where we tooke great store of Cod-fish, for which we altered the name, and called it Cape Cod." Neither Archer's nor Brereton's account is very helpful in showing us exactly the way of the ship between Cape Cod Bay and the Elizabeth Islands.

[3] Martha's Vineyard is thought to have been named for either Gosnold's daughter or his mother-in-law Martha Golding.

[4] Gosnold's men encountered Indians with copper ornaments throughout their stay in this area. The copper probably originated with French fishermen based around Cape Breton who possibly employed local Indians to help them. Copper, in the form of kettles and pots, was probably acquired through trade or force, and distributed along the coast through further inter-Indian coastal trade.

[5] Dover Cliffe is the penninsula of Gay Head.

[6] Vineyard Sound. [7] Sow and Pigs Reef.

[8] Buzzards Bay. [9] Penikese Island.

[10] Haps Hill is probably West Island, near the mouth of the Acushnet River.

[11] Elizabeth's Island—probably named for Gosnold's sister, if not his Queen—at this time comprised the present day islands of Cuttyhunk and Nashawena, separated by Canapitsit Channel at a later date.

. . . they sate with us and did eate of our Bacaleure and Mustard, dranke of our Beere, but the Mustard nipping them in their noses they could not indure. . .

giving him certaine skinnes of wilde beasts, which may be rich Furres, Tobacco, Turtles, Hempe, artificiall Strings coloured, Chaines, and such like things as at the instant they had about them. These are a faire conditioned people. . . . This Maine is the goodliest Continent that ever we saw, promising more by farre then we any way did expect: for it is replenished with faire fields, and in them fragrant Flowers, also Medowes, and hedged in with stately Groves, being furnished also with pleasant Brookes, and beautified with two maine Rivers that (as wee iudge) may haply become good Harbours, and conduct us to the hopes men so greedily doe thirst after. . . . Thus with this taste of Discovery, we now contented our selves, and the same day made returne unto our Fort, time not permitting more sparing delay. . . .

The fifth, wee continued our labour, when there came unto us ashoare from the Mayne fiftie Savages, stout and lustie men with their Bowes and Arrowes, amongst them there seemed to be one of authoritie, because the rest made an inclining respect unto him. The ship was at their comming a league off, and Captaine Gosnoll aboord, and so likewise Captaine Gilbert, who almost never went ashoare, the company with me only eight persons. These Indians in hastie manner came towards us, so as we thought fit to make a stand at an angle betweene the Sea and a fresh water, I mooved my selfe towards him seven or eight steps, and clapt my hands first on the sides of mine head, then on my breast, and after presented my Musket with a threatning countenance, thereby to signifie unto them, either a choice of Peace or Warre, whereupon hee using me with mine owne signes of Peace, I stept forth and imbraced him, his company then all sate downe in manner like Grey-hounds upon their heeles with whom my company fell a bartering. By this time Captaine Gosnoll was come with twelve men more from aboord, and to shew the Savage Seignior that he was our Captaine, we received him in a guard, which he passing thorow, saluted the Seignior with ceremonies of our salutations, whereat he nothing mooved or altered himselfe. Our Captaine gave him a straw Hat and a paire of Knives, the Hat awhiles hee wore, but the Knives he beheld with great marvelling, being very bright and sharpe, this our courtesie made them all in love with us. . . . The seventh, the Seignior came againe with all his troupe as before, and continued with us the most part of the day, we going to dinner about noone, they sate with us and did eate of our Bacaleure [sun-dried cod] and Mustard, dranke of our Beere, but the Mustard nipping them in their noses they could not indure: it was a sport to behold their faces made being bitten therewith.

In time of Dinner the Savages had stolne a Target wherewith acquainting the Seignior, with feare and great trembling they restored it againe, thinking perhaps we would have beene revenged for it, but seeing our familiaritie to continue, they fell a fresh to roasting of Crabs, Red Herrings, which were exceeding great, ground Nuts, &c. as before. Our Dinner ended, the Seignior first tooke leave and departed, next all the rest saving foure that stayed and went into the Wood to helpe us digge Sassafrage,[12] whom we desired to goe aboord us, which they refused and so departed.

The eighth wee divided the victuals, viz. the ships store for England, and that of the Planters, which by Captaine Gilberts allowance could be but sixe weekes for sixe moneths, whereby there fell out a countroversie, the rather, for that some seemed secretly to understand of a purpose Captaine Gilbert had not to returne with supplie of the issue, those goods should make by him to be carried home. Besides, there wanted not ambitious conceits in the mindes of some wrangling and ill disposed persons that overthrew the stay there at that time, which upon consultation thereof had, about five dayes after was fully resolved all for England againe.[13] The tenth, Captaine Gosnoll fell downe with the ship to the little Ilet of Cedars, called Hills happe, to take in Cedar wood, leaving mee and nine more in the Fort, onely with three meales meate, upon promise to returne the next day.

The eleventh, he came not, neither sent, whereupon I commanded foure of my companie to seeke out for Crabbes, Lobsters, Turtles &c. for sustayning us till the ships returne, which was gone cleane out of sight, and had the winde chopt up at South-west, with much difficulty would shee have beene able in short time to have made returne. These foure Purveyers, whom I counselled to keepe together for their better safety divided themselves, two going one wayes and two another, in search as aforesaid. One of these petie companies was assaulted by foure Indians, who with Arrowes did shoot and hurt one of the two in his side, the other a lusty and nimble fellow, leapt in and cut their Bow-strings whereupon they fled. Being late in the evening, they were driven to lie all night in the Woods, not knowing the way home thorow the thicke rubbish, as also the weather somewhat stormie. The want of these sorrowed us much, as not able to coniecture any thing of them unlesse very evill.

The twelfth, those two came unto us againe, whereat our ioy was encreased, yet the want of our Captaine, that promised to returne, as aforesaid, strooke us in a dumpish terrour, for that hee performed not the same in the space of almost three dayes. In the meane wee sustayned our selves with Alexander and Sorrell pottage, Ground-nuts and Tobacco, which gave nature a reasonable content. Wee heard at last, our Captaine to lewre unto us, which made such musike as sweeter never came unto poore men.

The thirteenth, beganne some of our companie that before vowed to stay, to make revolt: whereupon the planters diminishing, all was given over. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth wee spent in getting Sasafrage and fire-wood of Cedar, leaving House and little Fort by ten men in nineteen days sufficient made to harbour twenty persons at least with their necessary provision.

The seventeenth, we set sayle, doubling the Rockes of Elizabeths Iland, and passing by Dover Cliffe, came to anchor at Marthaes Vineyard being five leagues distant from our Fort, where we went ashoare, and had young Cranes, Herneshowes, and Geese, which now were growne to pretie bignesse.

The eighteenth, we set sayle and bore for England, cutting off our Shalop, that was well able to land five and twenty men, or more, a Boate very necessary for the like occasions. The winds doe raigne most commonly upon this coast in the Summer time Westerly. In our homeward courses wee observed the foresaid fleeting weeds to continue till we came within two hundred leagues of Europe.

The three and twentieth of Iuly we came to anchor before Exmouth. ⚓

---

[12] Gosnold's company collected sassafras for sale in England. To his father Gosnold wrote, "The Sassafras which we brought we had upon the Ilands: where though we had little disturbance, and reasonable plenty: yet for that the greatest part of our people were employed about the fitting of our house, and such like affaires, and a few (and those but easie labourers) undertooke this worke, the rather because we were informed before our going forth, that a tunne was sufficient to cloy England. . . ." That is, to flood the market.

[13] Gosnold reported to his father that "when we came to anker before Portsmouth, which was some four days after we made the land, we had not one Cake of Bread, nor any drinke, but a little Vinegar left."

Schooner Life

by Charles F. Sayle, Sr.

Charlie Sayle is one of the last of those who knew the coasts of New England in working sail. He started in this as a young man and worked hard to stay in sail. He is recognized by veterans of that trade and younger people alike as something of a tribal storyteller. Lucky enough to have fallen in with the last of the great schoonermen, Zeb Tilton, and his celebrated* Alice S. Wentworth, *today Sayle keeps the culture alive modelling, scrimshanding and collecting materials about the last days of the coasting schooners.

My first job on a ship was as a coal passer on an ore boat in the Great Lakes in 1923—I was fourteen. The following year I shipped out of Baltimore in the Hog Islander *Artigas*, under charter to Oriole Lines from the US Shipping Board. I sailed in her for about six months to England, Wales and Ireland, and returned home to Cleveland in time for Christmas.

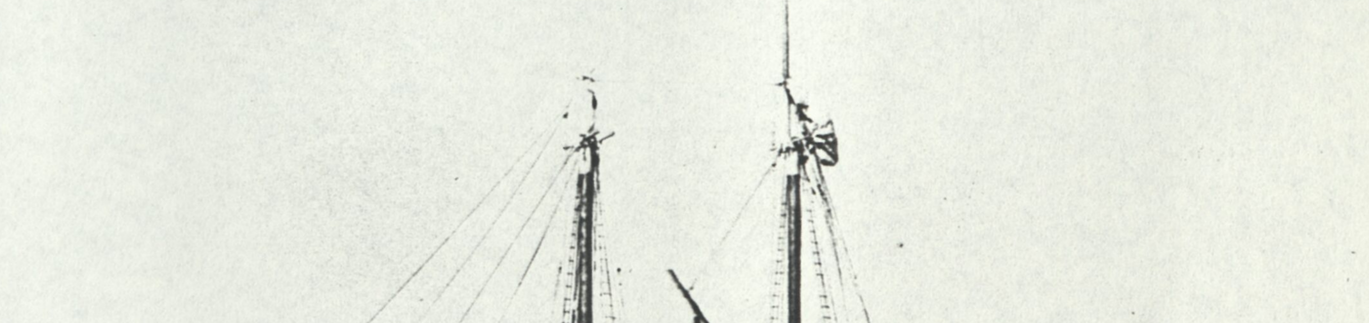
The next year I was back on the Lakes in the *Henry Steinbrenner*, which was owned by the Kinsman Transit Company of Cleveland. The Steinbrenner family owned the company and Henry was the great-grandfather of George Steinbrenner, who owns the New York Yankees. He still has an interest in the company, which is now the S & E Shipping Company.

When I was seventeen, I moved to Gloucester—that was February of 1926—and shipped in a dory trawling schooner. As recently as ten years ago there were still seven of the Gloucestermen afloat—*Effie M. Morrissey, American, L.A. Dunton, Lettie G. Howard, Adventure*, the *Welles* (ex-*Seaconnet*) and *Buccaneer* (ex-*Virginia*)—now gone—the last two down in Florida. The rest we don't count as true Gloucestermen as even though they may have been schooner-rigged at one time, they were built as draggers with full after ends to carry a heavy engine and tanks. Some of them, like the *American Eagle* which sails out of Maine in charter, did go dory fishing in rough times when money was tight and fuel scarce. It was cheaper to put out a dory than keep up an engine, and there was a time in World War II when there were no engines available for fishing boats. The sails were mostly used for steadying on the draggers, though they could handle under sail after a fashion if the engine broke down. The fishing was typical of the trade, hand-lining, mackerel seining, gill-netting and so on, but after four years I quit that and moved to Nantucket.

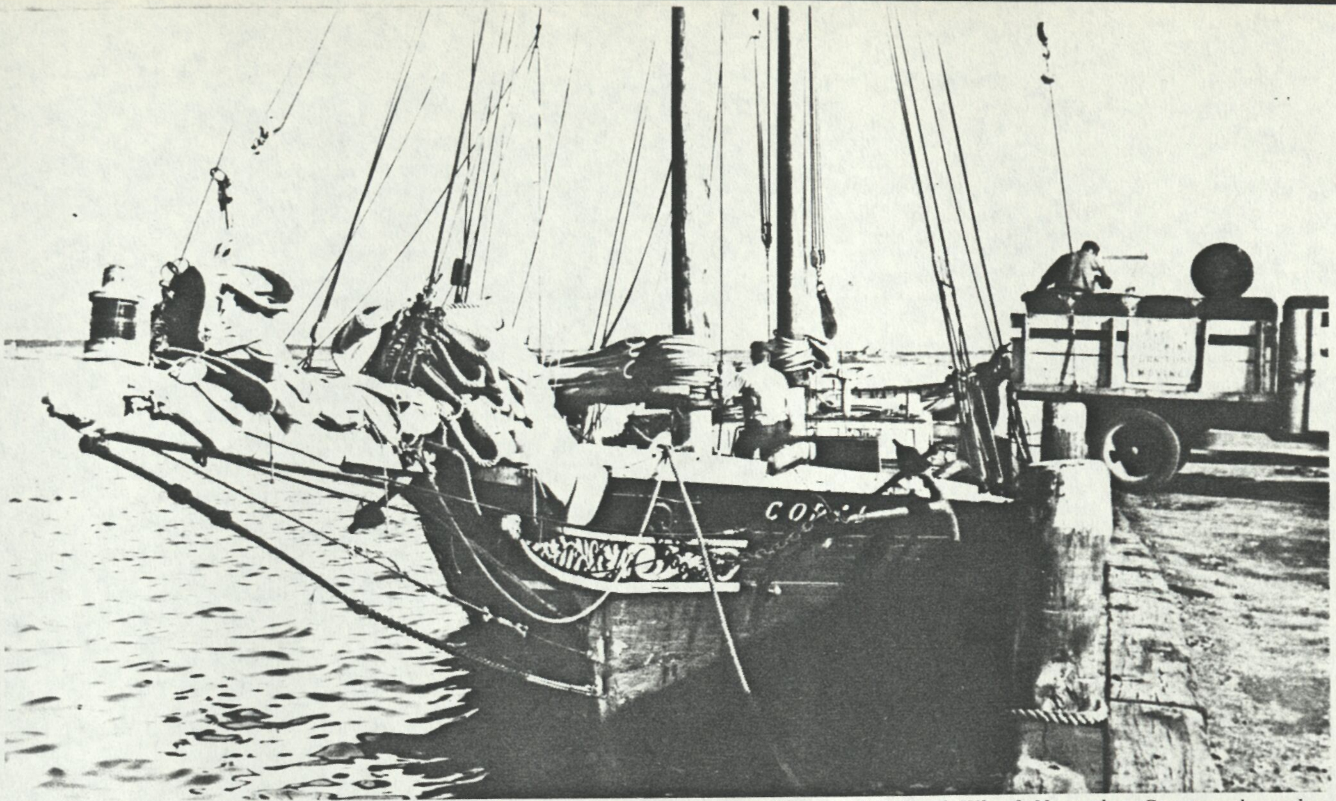
When I first got here I made a living any way I could—scallop dredging, quahog tonging, farming, boatbuilding, building houses and ship models—whatever work there was. I had a 15ft power dory which I converted into a centerboard sloop and later into a two-masted schooner. Dories are always measured on the bottom and she was 19ft 6in over all. The smallest dories were 13ft, used for single dory hand-lining; the 14ft were for single dory trawling. The 15ft were two-man double dories, and the 16ft were the heavier built halibut dories which could handle the heaviest fishing gear.

The fishing fleet has always been important to Nantucket, even in whaling days. The trade dates back to the eighteenth century with salt cod and mackerel, which were island staples. In the 1860s and '70s, there were two island firms that owned thirteen or fourteen fishing schooners. Mackerel jigging was big business until about the 1850s and the advent of seining. On an average set of the seine you could net about 5,000 to 20,000 pounds of mackerel—as much as 100,000 pounds if you had an especially good day. Many days nothing was caught.

The coasting schooners were the mainstay, though, performing the same sort of function that trucks do today. When the



It's winter 1934, and the Alice S. Wentworth *has brought building materials to Coskata, Nantucket, for the new Life Station there. The* Alice *has drawn up close to the beach and the little* Doris *assists, acting as a landing stage. Courtesy South Street Seaport Museum.*



The schooner Coral *unloading paving oil for paving contractor John Ring, at Old South Wharf, Nantucket. Courtesy the author.*

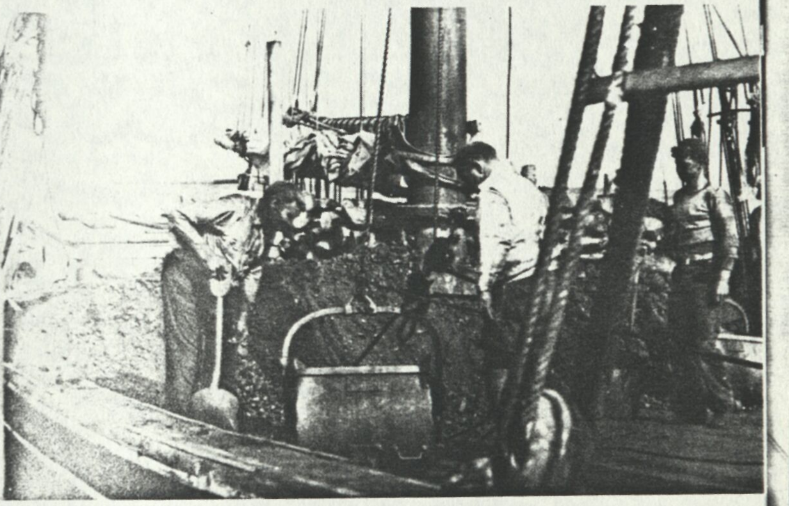
railroads and trucks came, they took over the coastal trade, steam and sail, and destroyed one of the finest transportation systems in the world. Coasters are different from packets in that the packets tried to keep to a regular schedule. Before the railroads came there were regular packets operating out of Nantucket to ports all along the east coast and as far away as New Orleans. As late as 1901-1902, there were still Nantucket packets to New Bedford and Boston, but in the end they carried mostly cargo and not many passengers. The coasters, on the other hand, almost always carried cargo, freighting what they could where they could between Maine and the Chesapeake.

In the years just before World War II, it was still all hard work and all hand work. But it was a good life in the coasting trades. We always sailed with a short crew and would do all the loading and unloading ourselves, hiring local help if we had to. It all depended on what was available. Coal tubs could hold about a quarter ton, filled by hand with shovels. In those days on Nantucket a store clerk might make $15 to $18 a week working at a counter, whereas you might make $5 a day shovelling coal, which made it worthwhile. Four foot sticks of cordwood you would put in slings and hoist directly into trucks; or if the trucks happened not to be there, you'd just pile it on the pier.

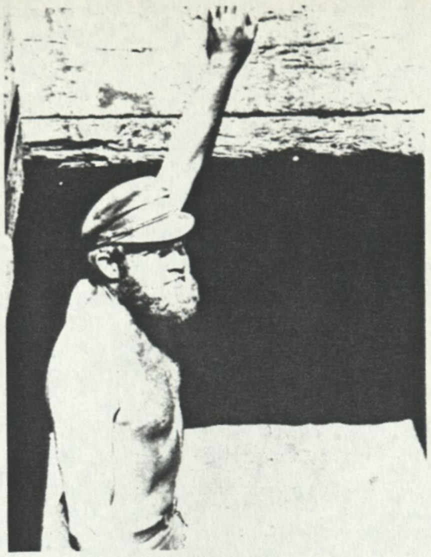
One of the last well known coasting schooners of this area was the *Alice S. Wentworth*, under Zeb Tilton. The *Alice* could load 100 tons of coal, 64 cords of wood, 55,000 bricks—all on deck—or 400 barrels of gas or paving oil. The coal you would load on deck with about eight tons in the after hold to trim the vessel. The wood was loaded in the hold and then on deck about five feet high. But the coasting schooners carried anything they could find. Steam boiler tanks were put on deck between the fore and mainmasts, as were large trucks, which you would drive over planks laid to the rail cap down to the deck.

The *Alice* didn't have an engine, but she had a 16ft yawlboat with a 16hp, 2-cylinder Lathrop gas engine. If you knew how to trice her up to the stern just right, it was just like having an engine. She could push the *Alice* along at about 3½ or 4 miles an hour. The big three- and four-masters had tugboats often to help them in port, but the smaller boats depended on the little one- and two-lunger engines in their yawl boats.

There were all manner of coasters. The lime schooners sailed down around Rockland and Rockport, Maine for lime used in



Captain Zeb Tilton (left) and crew filling the tub with the Alice*'s deck load of soft coal for the Nantucket schools, circa 1937. Below another view of the* Alice *at Old South Wharf with a deck load of coal. Photos courtesy South Street Seaport Museum.*



Charlie Sayle, unloading coal from the hold, waits in the hatchway for the empty coal tub. Photo courtesy the author.

plaster and mortar. The lime schooners had a tendency to catch fire. They would be leaky older boats and when they took water, the lime would swell and combust. Stone schooners from Maine went to all the major cities along the coast with building stone. Small schooners carried cobbles for road paving. It's commonly thought that the cobbles were the ballast from whaleships, but they weren't. On Nashawena and Pasque in the Elizabeth Islands as well as Cape Ann down toward Rockport there were cobbles thrown up by the sea. There is a story about Captain Josiah Cleveland of the schooner *Eliza Jane* who was over there one time with a young fellow in his crew loading cobbles. Around late afternoon the young fellow turned to him and said, "Captain Cleveland, don't you realize the sun's going down?"

"Yes, yes," said Cleveland. "Keep right on working, there will be another one up before long." It was also said of Cleveland that he liked it when it was really cold because the cobbles would stick together and you could load them two or three at a time. The *Eliza Jane*, built at New Bedford and sailed out of the Vineyard, was the first schooner Zeb Tilton shipped in, when he was fifteen.

Coasting kept the schooners busy all year round, except during freeze-ups in the winter, when they couldn't sail at all, and a week or ten days usually at the end of July when business got pretty slack. When we ran out of freight for the *Alice*, Zeb would hang a sign out for passengers—$2 a head for a 10-5 sail. Those were damn good times, and it was certainly something different, with an accordian player aboard and everybody having a good time enjoying themselves. The *Alice* wasn't the only ship doing that, of course. This was in the days before the Coast Guard regulations were strict or strictly enforced. Captain Charlie Blount told me that the big 40ft catboat *Lillian* once took 105 people aboard out for the day to Wauwinet and back.

In the last century, candles, whalebone, whale oil and farm produce were prime commodities from Nantucket. In the middle of the century there were more than 100 farms on the island, and about 15-20,000 sheep. And of course, while the whaling industry was here, there were a lot of businesses associated with it: ropewalks, brass foundry, sail lofts, rigging lofts, cooper shops, blacksmiths, and a marine railway at Brant Point. But when whaling fell off, everything else followed, and after a time, Nantucket didn't produce anything for markets off-island. Schooners still came to the island with freight, but there was increasingly less for them to carry away on a regular basis. In the late '20s, there were only about thirty farms left, and I remember the *Alice* spent two or three years freighting the scrap metal off of the abandoned farms as well as old cars.

The last time I sailed in the *Alice* was 1942. I never was in her steady. I only made twelve or thirteen trips a year, maybe three or four days at a time. I would go down to the wharf when she came in and maybe spend a day or two while they unloaded, shovelling coal or taking off cordwood, and then I'd sail. She was like a second home to me; but my time was my own and I sailed in her when I wanted. Charlie Marthinusen was Zeb's mate. His sons sailed in her at times, and his son-in-law. Sometimes his daughters sailed, too, and Charlie's wife; they would do the cooking. But that was in summer mostly. Zeb also had his grandchildren with him sometimes. It was a real family boat. Zeb retired in 1942; he was in his late seventies and had cataracts. He died in 1948 in his eighties. A small group of us owned shares in the *Alice*, and in 1943 we sold her to Parker Hall for $600. He was eighty-two at the time.

When she went, most of the people in the Vineyard (where she was registered) didn't know about her. Nantucketers knew more about her, but over there you had three or four big towns, and here there is only the one. But there was little interest in maritime things. People might see her coming into the dock under sail, but they wouldn't go down to the water for the purpose. If they drove down to the wharf to get gas they would see her and there we'd be working in her, but the sea had gotten away from them.

In 1943, I was working in New Jersey building wind tunnel test models of the airplanes to come, and I came up with my family and some friends for a week's vacation at the end of July. My son was just six weeks old, and one day I looked out the window to see the *Alice* rounding Brant Point with Parker Hall and Zeb, who was along for the ride. He had told me he was going to come see my son. That night, we were all down at the Stetson House with Zeb, and I started dragging stories out of him about the coasting days. At some point he started saying he didn't understand how the hell Parker Hall could sail so long knowing so little about coasting schooners. The next day I ran into Parker Hall outside the Pacific Club just up from the Wharf, and he started saying the same thing about Zeb. It just shows that everybody had a different style of doing things.

Today there's more sailing and more people have boats. But that's because they want to see something different, and sailing gives them a bit of the old way. The roads are much too crowded and they're doing the same thing to the water. There's no pleasure anymore in sailing around the harbor, not with all the motorboats running around.

But people say there's no more wooden boats and that people don't know how to handle the tools. That's a lot of hogwash. There's some crackerjack young builders out there, restoring older boats and turning out new ones all the time at boatshops and apprenticeshops and the like. And there's some damn good sailors that can do anything. We lost a lot of good seamanship skills, but there will always be men who'll go to sea and learn them. People can adapt to any condition and learn to do anything needed.

It was an interesting life—it was something to be out there alone in a dory in the fog with the wind and the sea—and there are people who will never know what I knew. But a lot of young people do care; they read everything they can, they ask for old photographs. I was lucky to come to the coast in time to see the last of sail. There were still three-, four-, and five-masted schooners then, and some square-riggers. It was something, starting out on the Lakes when they still had the lumber hookers, schooners and 600ft ore boats, to watch the last days of the transition from wood to steel and from sail to steam.

I wouldn't trade those years for anything. My only regret is that I didn't quit school when I was twelve. I would have enjoyed two extra years of the older days while the old vessels were still around. ⚓

Sailing *Shenandoah*

by Robert Douglas

The traditional cargo schooner had all but disappeared after World War II, the few schooners that remained in New England carrying not firewood and apples, but passengers. Then, in 1964, an imaginative citizen of Martha's Vineyard, Bob Douglas, built the 108ft square-topsail schooner Shenandoah, *patterned on the revenue cutter* Joe Lane, *for carrying passengers. Here he reflects on twenty years in the trade—which has grown to include such vessels as Eben Whitcomb's* Harvey Gamage *and Joe Davis's* Bill of Rights.

The question is asked often, and is of course a most valuable topic, Why have I spent most of my time and all of each and every summer for the past twenty-three years ministering to the needs of a 108ft square-topsail schooner? The answer is simple: Because I'd rather do this than anything else. But there are peripheral reasons.

There is certainly some vicarious satisfaction in providing a training ship for my crew of eight. There was no such vessel operating in Massachusetts when I was sixteen years old. One of my greatest satisfactions lies in seeing young men sign aboard in the most humble crew positions—and climb through the ranks, the vessel training the crew; and seeing them perform as mate, my most important position; and seeing them go on and wring more water out of their socks than I have sailed on. But a professional product is of course not what a crew job aboard *Shenandoah* is all about.

The obligation and responsibilities of the crew to one another and to the vessel produce a life-style that one has to experience to understand. Slocum and Villiers both speak eloquently of the magic done aboard a real sailing vessel to those involved with its welfare and operation. Those who have experienced it know it is there.

The next best reason for operating *Shenandoah* is to provide her experiences to groups of youths. Whether or not they ever set foot aboard a sailing vessel again, a six-day experience out of earshot of radio and television, being involved with wind direction, velocity, visibility and tidal flow—joining in together to get large sails aloft, and a big anchor broken out, I have found, may well be a significant moment in their experience.

For here, for six days, is a real life style, real demands by the weather and the tides and real reasons for washing dishes, and keeping the vessel and your cabin neat and clean.

Perhaps a first time one-to-one association with the weather gods opens one's eyes in a way never before possible. Visibility down to the end of the jibboom, or a 40 knot wind howling in the rigging will put sailing on hold for a day. Perfect conditions become all the more magnificent when contrasted with a day of rain and heavy fog that holds the vessel on her anchor.

The coast that *Shenandoah* operates upon is bounded by Nantucket on the east and Greenport, Long Island, on the west. Tidal conditions, velocities of up to 5 knots, wind direction and velocity, and visibility—all contribute to produce conditions that are hardly ever the same.

The fact that a large vessel can contain all the support systems for a group for the period of a week gives the vessel—any vessel, for that matter—its most important characteristic: that it is a world of its own, that it can provide everything needed cut off from the rest of the world, relying on its own stores and provisions and upon the wind for propulsion.

Although *Shenandoah* relies upon the income provided by passengers to operate, this doesn't rule out the reality that sharing one's world with the weekly passenger can be a challenging and satisfying endeavor.

A group of passengers, a crosscut of the country, are usually a bit of a challenge at first. Where-are-we-going-today? and when-will-we-get-there? questions indicate the basic problem. But almost everyone gets an education and learns the whys and wherefores, because a sailing vessel without auxiliary power operates in a way never imagined by these people before.

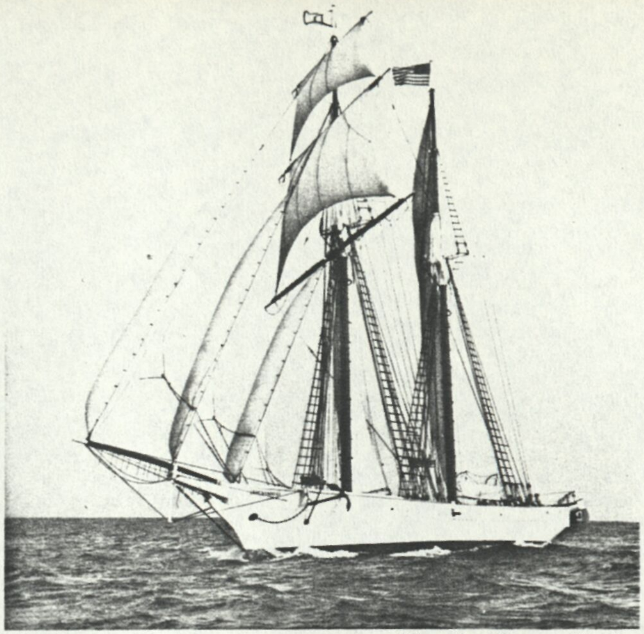


Photo by Norman Fortier.

Photo by T.E. Heidenreich, Jr.

And there is one adage I have found to be true. The bigger the sailing vessel, the more fun it is to sail. Proportion and rig are contributing factors to the excitement a big vessel can produce: 7000 square feet of canvas straining overhead, the roar and thunder of the lee bow wave, the view from aloft on the crosstrees 70ft above the decks, the slow determined response of a 170 ton hull to two or three spokes of the wheel, the intricacies of square rig, sharply braced yards and tapering topmasts outlined against a star-filled sky.

This whole sailing ship ethos is powerful and many faceted, but undeniable, and once involved with it, one is never quite the same again. ⚓

Nantucket and Pitcairn: An Islander Unravels an Island Mystery Half a World Away

by Edouard A. Stackpole, Historian, Nantucket Historical Society

In the National Maritime Museum, in Greenwich, a suburb of London, is a remarkable timepiece, an early ship's chronometer made in 1771 by Larcum Kendall for Captain James Cook. Chronometers were essential to the most workable ways of determining longitude, the position of a ship east or west of Greenwich. Rare and valuable, these very accurate timepieces were not likely to be thrown away.

But this one survived by rather unusual means. After Captain Cook's death it was given to another outstanding navigator, Captain William Bligh, captain of HMS **Bounty** ***when the famous mutiny occurred. The mutineers did not let Captain Bligh sail away in his longboat with this instrument—they kept it for themselves. And eighteen years later, Alexander Smith, the last survivor of the*** **Bounty** ***mutineers, gave it to a voyager from an island on the other side of the world, Nantucket. Here is how that exchange took place.***

Probably no other true story of the South Pacific has commanded the continued interest of readers more than that of HMS *Bounty* and the mutineers who settled on Pitcairn in the year 1790. Having seized the ship, and set Captain Bligh and eighteen of the faithful hands adrift in a launch, Fletcher Christian and his band of mutineers returned to Tahiti. They then sailed into those areas of the Pacific less frequented by ships and eventually reached lonely Pitcairn Island, where they landed and destroyed the ship by fire. It was not until February in 1808, nearly two decades later, that the story of what had happened to the *Bounty* came to light, and this was the completely accidental result of a visit to Pitcairn by Captain Mayhew Folger of Nantucket, master of the ship *Topaz*, a sealing vessel from Boston. Captain Folger, reaching Valparaiso a few weeks later, reported his finding the descendants of the mutineers (and one surviving mutineer) on Pitcairn. The news reached the British Admiralty by a frigate which returned to England some months later.

When Captain Folger lowered his boat from the side of the *Topaz* on February 6, 1808, and began his trip to the shores of Pitcairn Island, he had no thought of the *Bounty* and the mutiny. The island had been discovered many years before by Captain Carteret of HMS *Swallow*, and named for the young midshipman who had first sighted it. Being far removed from the travelled lanes of merchant ships, uninhabited and difficult of approach for a landing, it had been more or less ignored by the few vessels who saw it. The *Bounty*, under Christian, had sailed from Tahiti with eight mutineers, six Tahitian men and twelve Tahitian women, and upon reaching Pitcairn the ship was driven ashore and burned, leaving the people on shore to whatever the fates decreed.

Captain Mayhew Folger. Photo courtesy the Nantucket Historical Society.

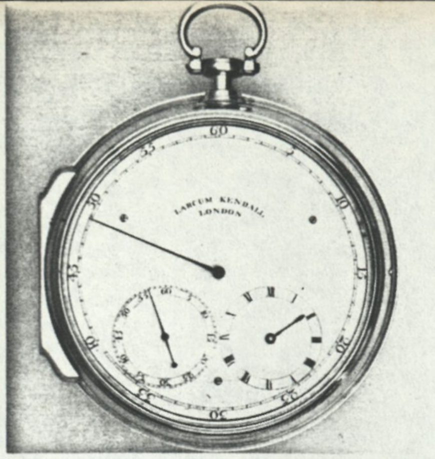
Captain Mayhew Folger's discovery of the colony on Pitcairn is recorded in his own words in the log of the *Topaz*:

> Sat. Feb 6, 1808—First part light airs at East. Steering S½S by compass. At ½ past 1 p.m. saw land bearing SW by W½W. Steered for the land with a light breeze at East, the said land being Pitcairn Island, discovered in 1767 by Captain Carteret. At 2 a.m., the Isle bore South 2 leagues distant; lay off and looked for seals. On approaching the shore saw a smoke on the land, at which I was very much surprised, it being represented by Captain Carteret as being destitute of inhabitants. On approaching still nearer the land, I discovered a boat paddling near me with 3 men in her. On approaching her, they hailed in the English language, asked who was Captain of the ship, and offered me a couple of cocoanuts which they had brought off as a present, and requested I would land, there being as they said a white man on shore. I went on shore and found there an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person out of nine that escaped on board of the ship *Bounty*, Captain Bligh, under the command of that arch mutineer, Christian. Smith informed me that after putting Captain Bligh in the long boat and sending her adrift their commander—Christian—proceeded to Otaheite, where all the mutineers chose to stop, except Christian himself and seven others. They all took wives at Otaheite and six men as servants, and proceeded to Pitcairn Island, where they landed all their goods and Chattels, ran the *Bounty* on shore, and broke her up, which took place as near as he could recollect in 1790.

The aftermath of the arrival of the group on Pitcairn was recounted to Captain Folger by Smith—the six native servants attacking the abusive and domineering mutineer band and killing all but Smith, who was badly wounded. The native women later joined with Smith and put all the native men to death, leaving Smith the only surviving man. Smith became the Commander-in-Chief of Pitcairn. He became a teacher as well, instructing the children of the mutineers in the English language and customs.

The visit of Captain Folger to Pitcairn had an interesting sequel. While on the Island he was presented by Smith with the *Bounty*'s chronometer and compass. Captain Folger cleaned the chronometer and had it once again in working order, but when the *Topaz* put in at Juan Fernandez Island to refresh the crew, the Spanish garrison on the shore seized the American vessel, and among other things stole the chronometer. Several months later, the *Bounty*'s timepiece was purchased at Concepcion, Chile, by an old Spaniard named Castillo, who kept it until his death. In May 1840, it was placed in the hands of a watchmaker in Valparaiso by Captain Herbert of HMS *Calliope*, who had somehow acquired it. Upon examination he found on the back frame the inscription: "Larcum Kendall, London, 1771." It was later identified as the chronometer made originally for Captain Cook, and then presented to Captain Bligh for his voyage on the *Bounty*. Today, the chronometer is in the collection of the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich.

Upon his arrival at Valparaiso, Captain Folger gave his account of his visit to Pitcairn and repeated the information given him by Alexander Smith to the commander of the British frigate in that harbor. This information was carried back to the Admiralty in London. Captain Folger brought the *Bounty*'s compass back with him to Nantucket. Several years later, despite the recent outbreak of the War of 1812, he gave the compass



The chronometer belonging to Captains Cook and Bligh. Photo courtesy the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

to Admiral Hotham, commander of the British fleet at Gardiner's Bay, Long Island, which was blockading southern New England. The compass was returned to England, but its current whereabouts are unknown.

It was Captain Folger who persuaded Alexander Smith to take the name of John Adams, when Smith confessed his fear of being captured by the Royal Navy and being taken back to London. Smith retained that name thereafter. The war of 1812 convinced Captain Folger that his seafaring days were over and late in that year he led a migration of whaling masters to Ohio where he settled and spent his remaining years as an honored citizen of that state.

The first ship to visit Pitcairn after the *Topaz* was the HMS *Briton*, Captain Staines, in 1814. Three years later, the Nantucket whaleship *George* stopped at Pitcairn, and in 1818 the British merchant vessel *Hercules* dropped her anchor and brought letters to John Adams from his brothers in England. The first census ever taken of Pitcairn was arranged by Captain Frederick Arthur of Nantucket, who stopped at the island in the ship *Russell* of New Bedford, in March of 1822. Captain Arthur reported meeting the "venerable John Adams" and commented on the "regularity and neatness of the houses of the inhabitants." The census totalled fifty-one residents of Pitcairn: nineteen Christians, seven McCoys, six Youngs, twelve Quintals, six Adamses, and one Williams.

The lesser known, but all important, role of not one, but several Nantucket islanders in the rediscovery of the *Bounty* mutineers is remarkable, not simply because they came across the settlement at Pitcairn Island, but because they did not do so by utter chance. They were actively engaged in their seafaring livelihood. And there is a sense of wonder to be felt, as I have felt, when one looks at Captain Cook's chronometer in the National Maritime Museum and thinks of all the remarkable navigators through whose hands it has passed to find its way there. ⚓

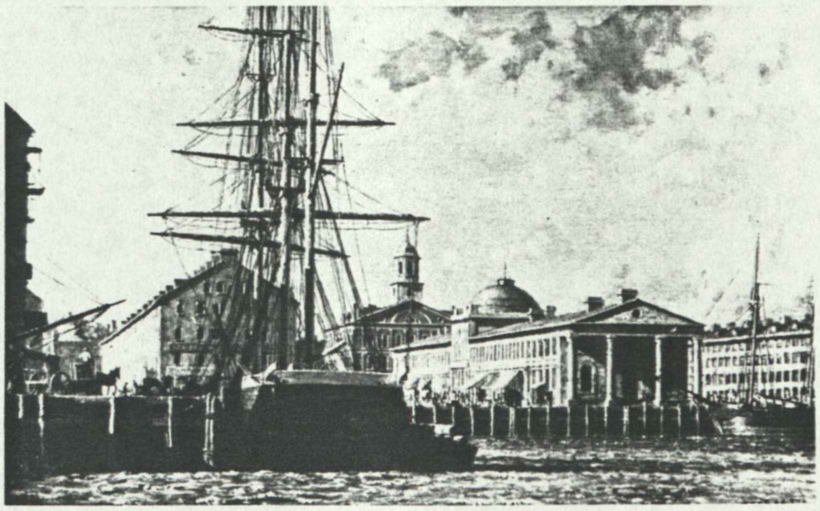
flagsbylynn
custom flags; burgees,
private signals
1110 scott street
san diego, calif. 92106
619
224-8118

Phyllis Lucas Gallery
OLD PRINT CENTER
Audubon, Currier & Ives, Golf, Horses,
Hunting, Legal, Maps, Medical, Military,
Piranese, Sports, Western, Ships, etc.
FIRST PUBLISHER OF SIGNED DALI LITHOGRAPHS IN THE WORLD
981 2nd Ave at 52nd St., N.Y.C. 10022
HOURS 9-5:30 Creative Framing TUES.-SAT. (212) 755-1516

"HOW FAR FROM THE SEA CAN A SAILOR EVER BE....."
Especially for the Holidays!

LONG ISLAND'S newest luxury "Country Inn" right on the water at PORT JEFFERSON harbor. The expansion of our current to a full scale 75 boat marina will enhance your stay in the antiques-filled suites and rooms with the panoramic balconies overlooking the harbor activity.

Danfords Inn
At
BAYLES DOCK
East Broadway at the harbor of Port Jefferson
(516) 928-5200

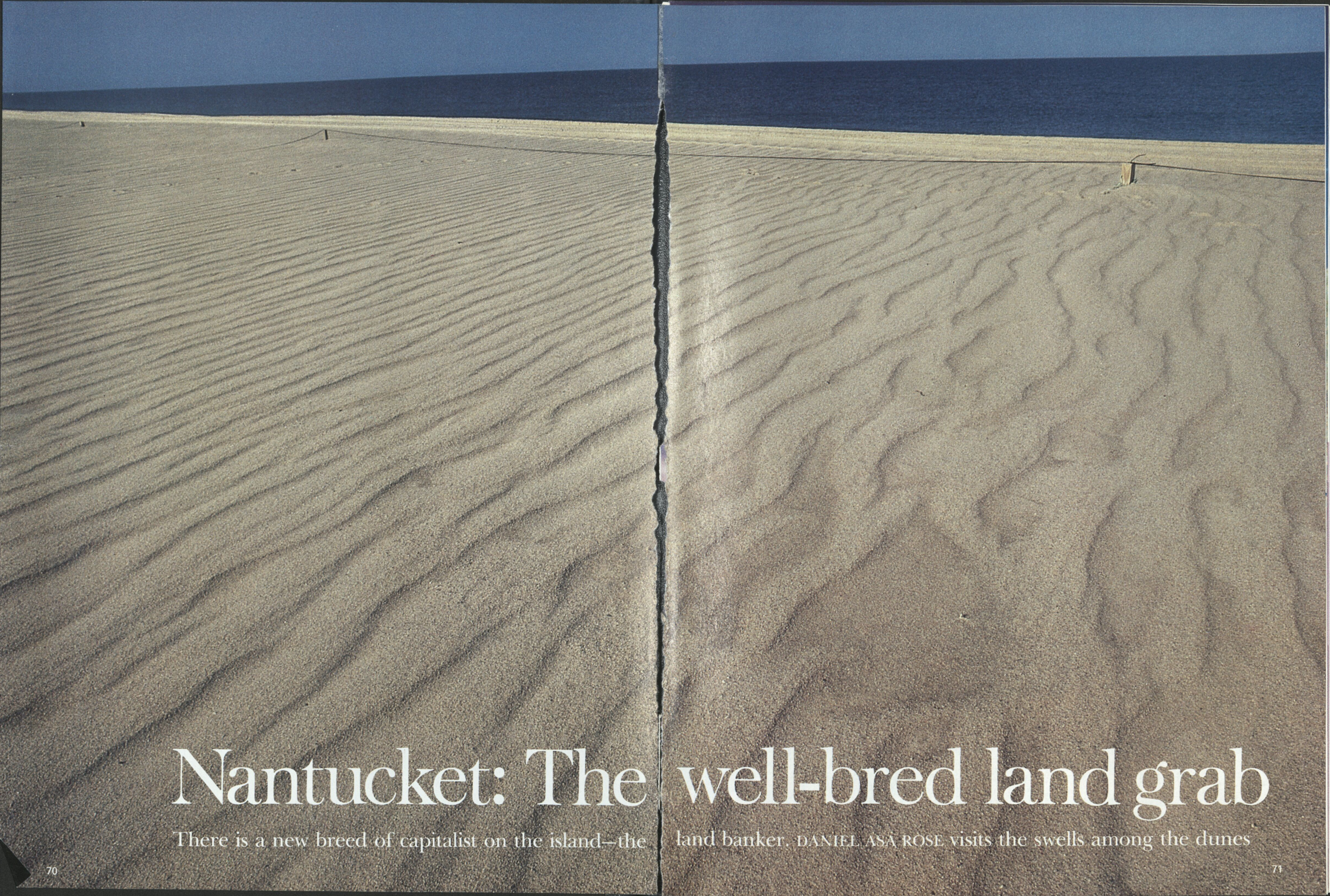


Boston. Fanueil Hall in the Late 19th Century.

THE JOHN STOBART GALLERY

We cordially invite you to visit our new gallery and view these elegant, signed and numbered, limited edition lithographs by the renowned marine artist, John Stobart. "Boston. Fanueil Hall in the Late 19th Century" will be among the 1987 prints to be released after Thanksgiving. Watercolors by Bert Wright R.S.M.A. and gouache by Roy Perry are also on view.

31 North Summer St., Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, MA 02539
(617) 627-9066
Winter Hours: 11-5, Friday-Sunday
The gallery will close for the season after the Christmas Holiday, although we can be reached by phone at (617) 645-3634



Nantucket: The well-bred land grab

There is a new breed of capitalist on the island—the land banker. DANIEL ASA ROSE visits the swells among the dunes

Daffodils fronting the state forest on Milestone Road.

Sankaty Light overlooks waters once trafficked by whaling ships.

It's a well-mannered party. As the ferry cuts its way through buttery wavelets, windswept heiresses sneak nibble-spoonfuls of white chocolate mousse from wicker picnic baskets. English springer spaniels strain demurely at Up Country leashes. Even the carpenters seated with rawhide tool pouches atop weekend cases of beer exhibit the air of being exuberantly on their best behavior. The reason is this. On board everywhere are the posters: PROTECT THE TERNS. Are the slogans: PROTECT THE WILDFLOWERS. Are the bumper stickers plastered on the tool pouches: NO MOOR HOUSES. The fight to preserve another summer has begun.

On the island itself, color is flooding back like circulation returning to the face of a sick man after a hard Atlantic winter. SEE YOU IN MAY! signs are coming down as freshly painted shutters creak open. The air is vibrating anew with the sound of bicycle bells jouncing over cobblestones. Rare birds such as piping plovers and grasshopper sparrows are flitting back, while endangered plants with bright names (Indian pipe, pearly everlasting, birdfoot violet) are blooming once again. Wildlife—short-eared owls, spotted turtles, deer, and pheasant—embolden themselves to approach the town's edge, as farther out, at the dump, seagulls crest and fall like whitecaps. And farther out still, in the central moors, where winter russets are giving way to rolling shades of green, there's a sense of quickening so quiet it could be the most remote of Scottish heaths. Except for one give-away. Scuttling through the heather, around the juniper and betwixt the bayberry and past the scrub oak, those racy purple-and-orange things are *not* some sort of Old World beetles. They're Federal Express vans, whisking million-dollar deals between the dunes.

Yes, it's Nantucket, an island where professional scallopers carry daily planners and play paddle tennis after work, where CEOs go duck hunting in their bow ties, where money is on vacation. From all over America people flock here to celebrate those sights and sounds that can be found in a summer place and nowhere else: the sight of each person on the sidewalk licking a different pastel ice cream; the sound of halyards banging masts like a form of Japanese koto music.

Yet like summer places everywhere, there is mixed in with the celebration a sense of peril. This is the built-in irony of summer places: that what makes them unique also makes them vulnerable, that they are special precisely to the extent that they are fragile.

Unless they do what Nantucket is doing.

Bill Klein has the island courtesy down pat. Made up of equal parts taciturn New Englander and resorter's cordiality, it's a courtesy that's both decorous and outdoorsy, with the diffidence of the drawing room as well as a bit of the bluster

PHOTOGRAPHS By CARY HAZLEGROVE

of the high seas: Cotton Mather crossed with Captain Ahab. Hale but unrowdy, it goes hand in hand with a distrust of high rollers, big spouters, and any outsiders who don't come on slow enough to accept the island's pace.

Which is to say that Bill Klein, town planner, makes you feel at home as he tells you the story of the fight to save the island. But you feel on edge, too, from something unvoiced that you can't quite put your finger on.

Seated in an office that feels like a country inn—metal filing cabinets atop wide pumpkin-pine floorboards, a copier not far from the fireplace—Klein reviews how Nantucket's famous fog-gray image harks back to whaling days, when spermaceti oil was the gold upon which Nantucket prospered. The discovery in the 1840s of oil on the mainland, however, rendered whale oil largely obsolete, and effectively time-capsuled the era, with its weathered clusters of homes scattered amid wild, windblown space, until the onslaught of mid-twentieth-century building pressures.

By 1955, in a sweeping effort to check the slide, townspeople created the strictest housing controls in the country—a code eventually covering all the island's fifty square miles and mandating everything from the pitch of a person's roof to the color of his front door—and, of course, prohibiting fluorescence and almost every other gimcrack invented in this century. Meanwhile, Walter Beinecke, Jr., an S & H green stamp heir, started transforming the dilapidated waterfront, and the Nantucket Conservation Foundation began acquiring 7,700 acres, becoming one of the most successful private land trusts in the country. Still, by the early eighties, there was a growing awareness that all these tools weren't going to do the job. The gifts had by and large been given, only a fraction of the shoreline was town-owned, land prices were spiraling at a rate of 20 percent a year, and the conservation versus development race was not being won by the home team.

"A developer is someone who wants to build a cabin in the woods. A conservationist is someone who already *has* a cabin in the woods"

Enter Bill Klein. Originally from Long Island (of course he's not a native—the pink cheek and clear gaze that marks today's Nantucketer is the visage of the transplant, the emigrant who's found his spot), Klein organized a think-tank session made up of town fathers and environmental experts. With that island courtesy of his, he nudged forth the idea of a 2 percent transfer fee on almost all real estate transactions, paid by the buyer, with which to buy up land for conservation and to secure public access to the shore. The measure, which required a special act of the *(Continued on page 139)*

SERVICE INFORMATION on page 126

Grassy dunes lead down to Miacomet Beach.

Nantucket

(Continued from page 74) state legislature, was given teeth by empowering the local five-member board to use eminent domain as a last resort, with town-meeting approval (a power that's been used once, for a one-eighth-acre parcel). In February 1984 the Nantucket Land Bank, a new form of land trust, blinked on.

''It was a victimless crime,'' Klein says. ''Nantucket land is so much in demand that the buyer thinks nothing of paying the extra two percent. He may grunt and groan a little, but it's amazing how often he'll consider it part of his closing costs. It's idealistic in the best sense: He's protecting his investment.''

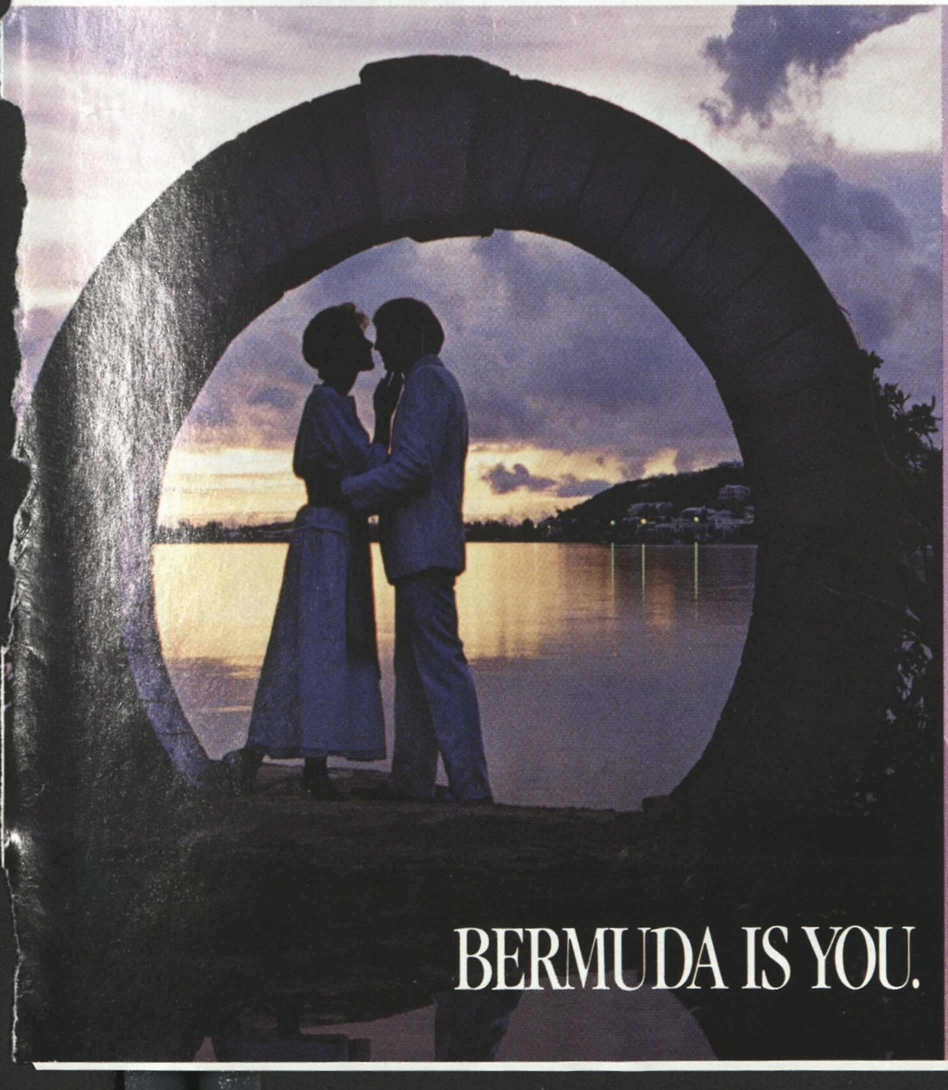
Result number one is that an incredible 34 percent of Nantucket is today off limits to building, safely in the hands of various conservation groups, including the burgeoning Land Bank. Since its inception four years ago, the Land Bank has been taking in an average of $64,000 a week from its 2 percent fee. So far it has collected $13 million with which it has made fifty-two acquisitions approaching nine hundred acres, with more major purchases in the works. Result number two is that land prices have inflated even faster than before, pushing prices of real estate even farther out to sea. Today, the average price of a house is at least $300,000.

Perhaps it's those prohibitive prices that are part of the unvoiced something the visitor feels, stepping off the ferry. Never mind. His misgivings are soon drowned in the dazzling sight of daffodils—daffs entwined between the bars of grocery carts, daffs wound through the grills of 1930s roadsters. Soon enough the day-tripper himself will be winding daffodils through the spokes of his rented bicycle, taking to the bike paths that scoot him across the swales and hummocks and kettles and other Scottish-sounding features of the landscape. On to 'Sconset!—where the rooftop trellises will soon be bursting with roses. Off to Miacomet!—where, under a colorful beach umbrella nestled in the dunes, he will watch clashing sea currents spout high into the air.

Getting into the fishy swing of things, he may park his bike at the Whaling Museum and see the forty-three-foot skeleton of a finback whale. Or search for nautical scenes at the 1846 Thomas Macy Warehouse, headquarters for the Nantucket artists' association. In need of more direct contact with sea life, he may light into a warm seafood salad at Le Languedoc or the Boarding House—then polish the whole thing off at the Jared Coffin House, where jewels flash on freckled hands, $1,300 lightship baskets are casually tossed on camelback couches, and an end-of-day brandy is de rigueur.

But nagging at him always will be the knowledge that he is helping flood the island population from 7,500 in the winter to over five times that number. He will feel an outsider. NO OFF-ISLAND CHECKS ACCEPTED. say the signs—''off-island'' being that pale blob on the map otherwise known as America.

If the visitor can't quite call it a siege mentality, he has a right to remark the spirit of the place, a camaraderie born of more than the venture it takes to brave the cross-drafts in a plane or cover thirty miles of sea in that party-time ferry. Like a mountaintop ski lodge or a desert spa or any other out-of-the-way destination, Nantucket has developed its own quirks



YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE
ALL OVER AGAIN.

The two of you alone at last!

Alone to walk the soft pink beach and feel the foamy surf between your toes. Alone to ride on azure seas and feel the gentle breeze across your brow.

Alone to browse her shops by day and stroll her moonlit towns by night.

Call your travel agent or:
1-800-BERMUDA

For a free vacation kit call 1-800-BERMUDA or write 0264
Bermuda Department of Tourism
P.O. Box 7705, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip

BERMUDA IS YOU. ISN'T IT?

that make the visitor feel not quite in. Thus the Nantucket wave: lifting one finger off the steering wheel. Thus the Nantucket idea of travel: visiting another island. It's uncanny how often Nantucketers getting away in January will bump into their neighbors in Ireland or Hawaii.

But it is the islanders' passionate consensus on the twin issues of preservation and the Land Bank that makes a visitor feel most like an outsider. The town vote that got the Land Bank rolling, way back when, was an incredible 446 to 1, and if anything this solidarity has strengthened since then.

Even the celebrity crowd, which rarely closes ranks on anything, is solidly behind the Land Bank, whatever the cost. “The unwinterized place that was going for $315,000 when we started renting back in 1974 would now sell for over two million,” marvels Roger Horchow, catalog king and reluctant star of a growing contingent of Texans vacationing here every summer. “But it's important to back the Land Bank, and we're going to do so as long as the Lord allows us to.” Jane Alexander, the actress, is equally adamant. “When my family built in Surfside forty years ago, there were only five houses; now there's going on three hundred,” she laments. “The Land Bank is helping to preserve what's left of this ultimate beach.”

Indeed, for a visitor to find anyone on-island who's philosophically opposed to the Land Bank, he's got to hunt down Randy Hilst, an iconoclastic scalloper-turned-realtor with a degree in city planning—a true transplanted Nantucketer, in other words—who was the one nay in that historic 446 to 1 vote. “It was a shaky finger I held up,” Hilst admits, “but someone had to do it; the idea that the Land Bank can seize a person's private land by eminent domain is appalling.” Like many contrarians, Hilst compensates with a good dose of charm, eager to relate the riddle about the difference between a developer and a conservationist. “A developer is someone who wants to build a cabin in the woods,” he says. “A conservationist is someone who already *has* a cabin in the woods.”

Trouble is, when he gets talking about how Big Brother-ish the Land Bank is, no one wants to listen, least of all the guys in a bar down by the waterside. These are the real McCoy, native plumbers and electricians who disdain the booths as too sissyish, whose flannel shirts are engulfed by cigarette smoke that flashes aqua to maroon in the light of the color TV above the high-gloss rail. They all make money—good enough to bump into one another in the Bahamas on their vacations, to use twenty-dollar bills as doilies for their drinks, to wax philosophical as the evening wears on and talk takes on the amber-colored fizz of the champagne they're gulping.

For them the Land Bank is a subject they like to tap their fingers on the bar about, to draw little diagrams about on the cocktail napkins, debating the loophole that allowed the buyers of Beinecke's property to avoid paying the Land Bank fee of $1.3 million (a loophole that has since been closed by the state legislature, which now prohibits the use of stock transfers). And they argue among themselves about whether a proposed additional half percent on top of the Land Bank fee will really fund “affordable housing.”

Until something happens. Above their spent champagne glasses their faces pinch up. Gone is the courteous Nantucket idealism. Gone is the cordial resort spirit. This face is pure old-fashioned New England scowl, the peculiarly Bay Colony pinch of witch trials and Puritanism, of stocks and dunking chairs, and all those museum portraits you've ever seen of Puritans in forbidding black suits. It's the pinch of preservationism that feels imperiled enough to lash out, xenophobia with its knuckles bared. And in its belligerence, perhaps not a whit less vehement than that which the visitor has sensed all along: “The hell with all them newcomers who want to build little fake houses! You know what kind of dividers they use for their windowpanes? Snap-ins! You know what kind of logs they burn in their fireplaces? Duraflame! Think what's in those logs—wax and sawdust and a copper-based coloring agent! Fake! Like the people who burn 'em! The Snap-in People! The Duraflamers! Stay in America, why don't you?”

Outside, the land is still sweet. Under hurtling purple clouds marbleized with moonlight, you can see osprey nests in the distance. Standing in a thirty-two acre tract where sixty-four houses were enjoined from being built, you can hear the percussive sounds of tawny weeds beating one another. It's a moody landscape, these bleak coastal moors, gauzy and prickly at the same time, with nearby swans tucking their heads against the cold Atlantic breeze, and the scuttling tracks left by those Federal Express beetles. It's easy to believe, in the molten gray-pink light, that you're at the easternmost part of the United States, the part closest to the Old World.

And then, there it is. Borne by the breeze, the sound of the ferry comes to you, carrying its party-load of tired revelers back to the mainland. The day-trippers. The stragglers who have no island home in which to stay for the night. In their wake, the unvoiced doubts return. Is the idealistic tax to protect this island truly a victimless crime, as Klein puts it, or are its victims merely not present to object, not living here to speak out, invisible because excluded? The ferry's horn sounds the paradox of protected places everywhere: Sanctuary for some is “Keep Out” for the rest. ☐

AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT · AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE

AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

A GOLDEN AGE RETURNS TO WAIKIKI BEACH.

Reopening in all its original splendor, December 1988.

In 1901, having the lion's share of Waikiki Beach seemed like a little thing. After all, the new Moana was the only hotel on Waikiki Beach.

Who could know?

Today, lovingly restored, the birthplace of Waikiki is part of the new Sheraton Moana Surfrider, a spectacular 803-room oceanfront complex. And her huge share of the beach hasn't changed in 87 years.

Dramatic proof that little things mean a lot.

Call Sheraton at 800-325-3535 or your travel agent.

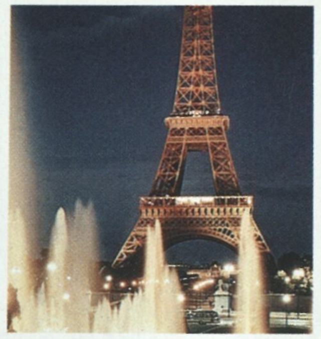
Sheraton Moana Surfrider
2365 KALAKAUA AVENUE, HONOLULU, HAWAII 96815-2943 808-922-3111
The hospitality people of ITT

AT SHERATON IN HAWAII LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

OAHU WAIKIKI: Sheraton Waikiki, Royal Hawaiian, Sheraton Surfrider, Sheraton Moana, Sheraton Princess Kaiulani. MAKAHA: Sheraton Makaha Resort and Country Club. KAUAI: Sheraton Kauai, Sheraton Coconut Beach-Kauai, Sheraton Mirage Princeville. MAUI: Sheraton Maui. HAWAII: Sheraton Royal Waikoloa.

CHOOSE YOUR FOUR-STAR PARIS VACATION.

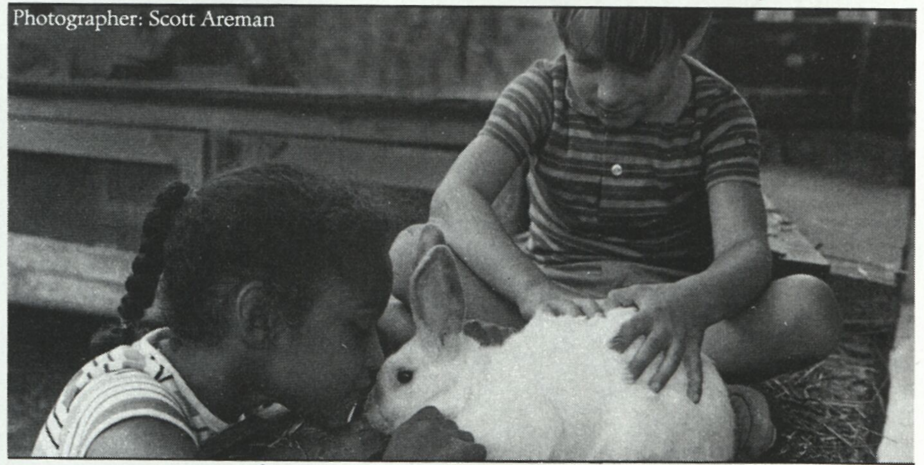
Discover the unsurpassed glamour of Paris and the incomparable luxury accommodations of the Tremoille, George V, Crillon, Meurice and the Plaza Athénée hotels with a Free Air France Video Preview*. Then choose from these world-class hotels as part of your very affordable Air France Paris Excellence vacation. Simply call your travel specialist or 1-800-AF-PARIS. In NYC call 212-247-0100.



THE FINE ART OF FLYING
AIR FRANCE

*Air France Video Previews are yours to view free for 10 days.

It may not be pulling a rabbit out of a hat,



Photographer: Scott Areman

but it's magic.

When a city child first gets a taste of life in the country, something magical happens. But it's the kind of magic that can only happen with your help. It costs only $198 for each child to experience a magical two weeks. So give to The Fresh Air Fund at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

The Fresh Air Fund
You're making more than a donation.
You're making a memory.

A copy of the last financial reports filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to: New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231; or The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10018.

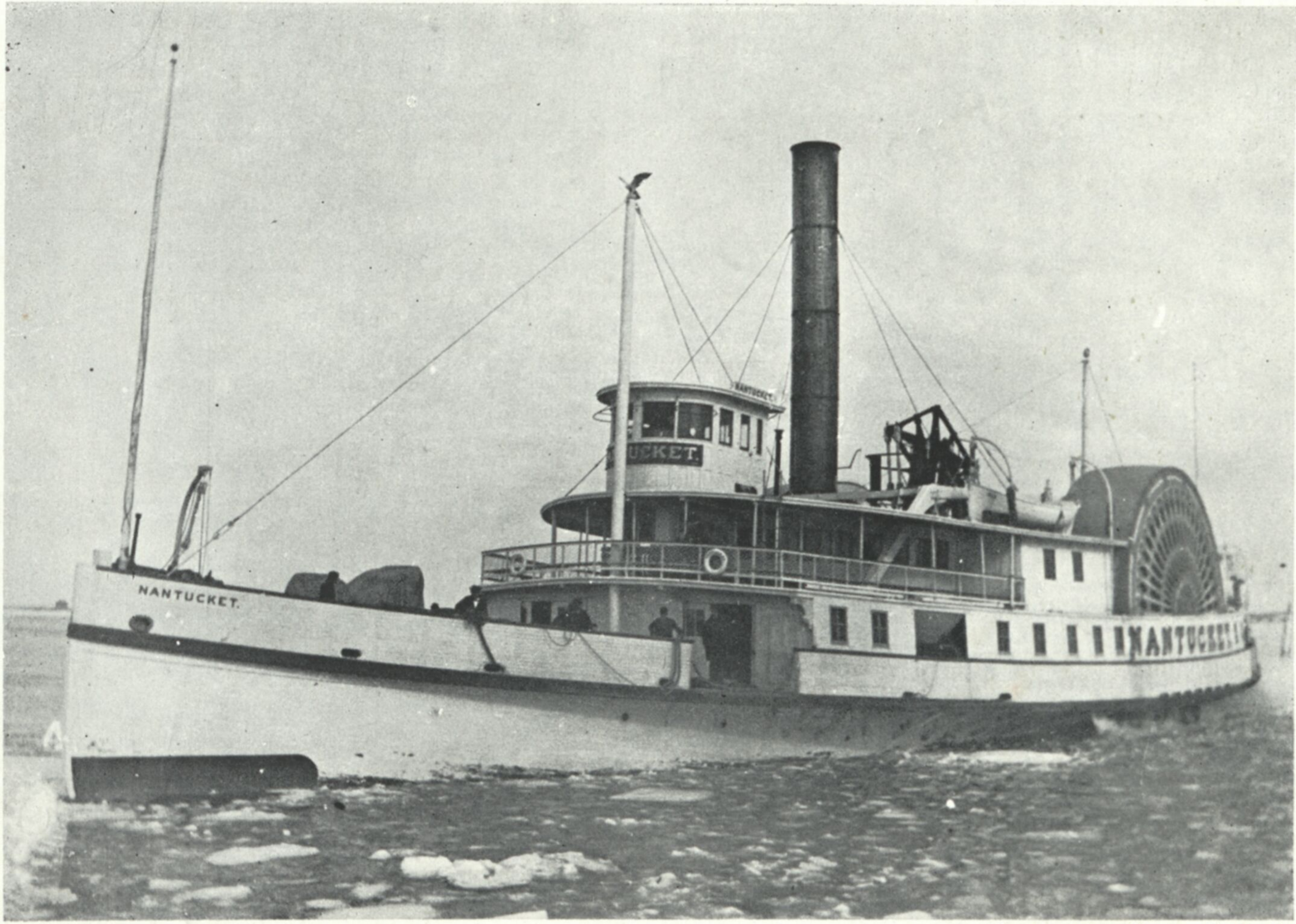
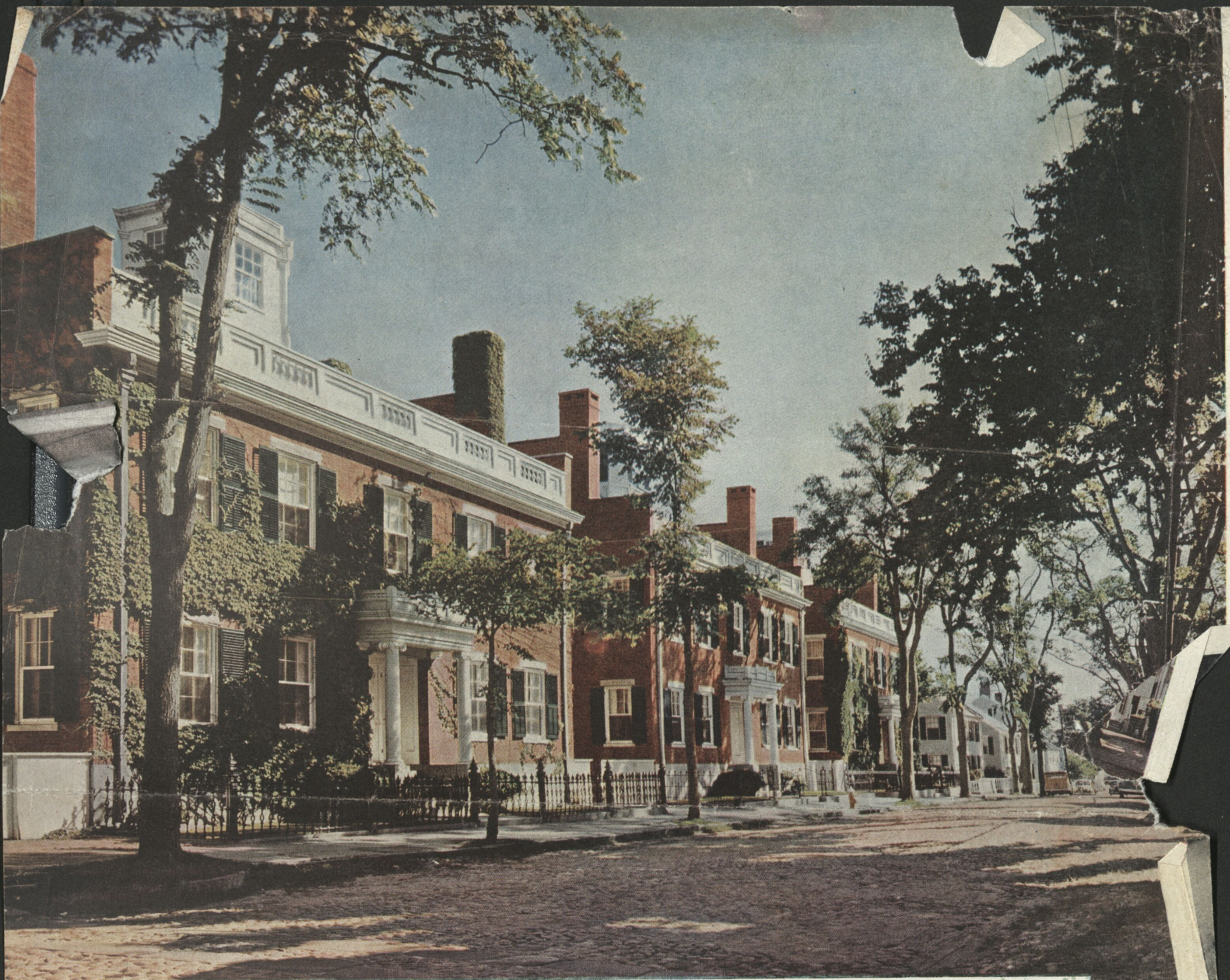

NANTUCKET.
UCKET.
NANTUCKET

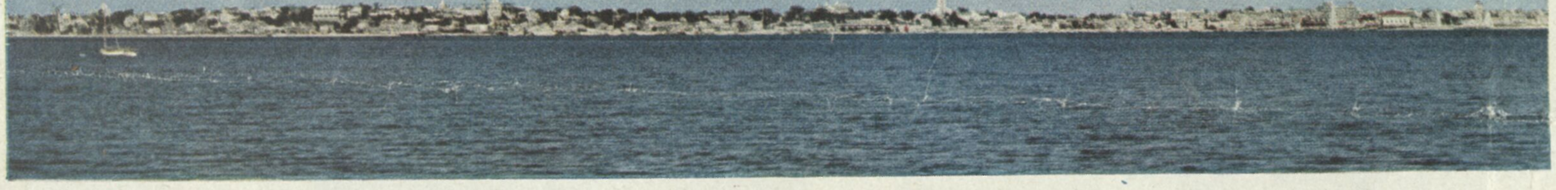
Photo courtesy Charles Sayle, Sr.

Nantucket approaching dock through broken ice



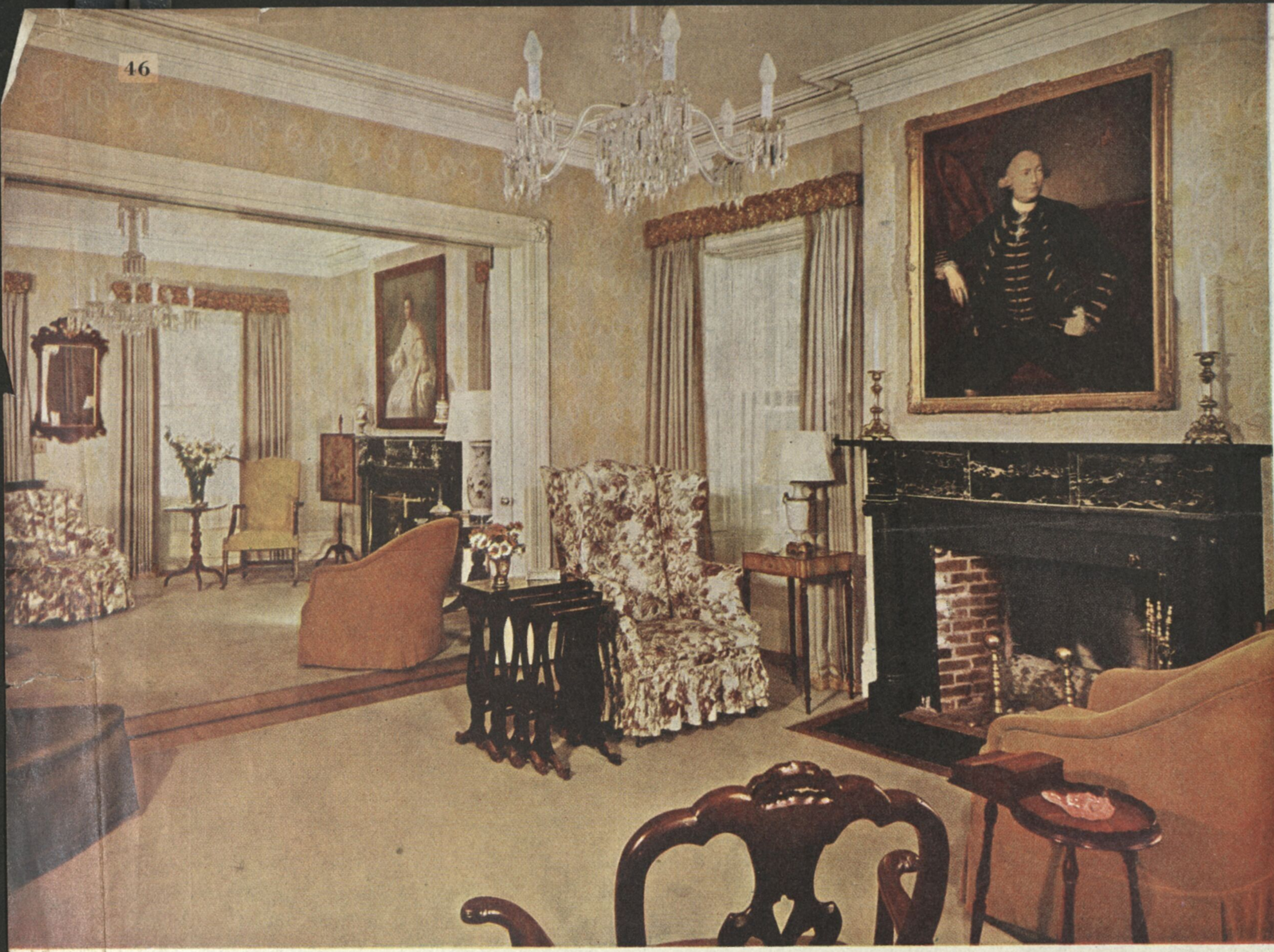
NANTUCKET

By RICHARD PRATT, *Architectural Editor of the Journal*



Twenty miles out in the Atlantic from the coast of Cape Cod, the little island town of Nantucket rises unbelievably beautiful from the sea, filtering off from the clustered harmony of its handsome old houses into long stretches of creamy cliffs and gray-green moors. You walk entranced through winding streets that tell the story of the town. Ancient weathered shingled cottages were the homes of fishermen and farmers as far back as the seventeenth century. In larger white clapboard houses lived the captains of whaling ships when Nantucket was the great whaling port of the world and when wealthy shipowners and merchants were building elegant mansions like those in the picture of Main Street above. Now hardly changed in a hundred years, Nantucket's chief livelihood comes from visitors attracted by its incomparable charm.

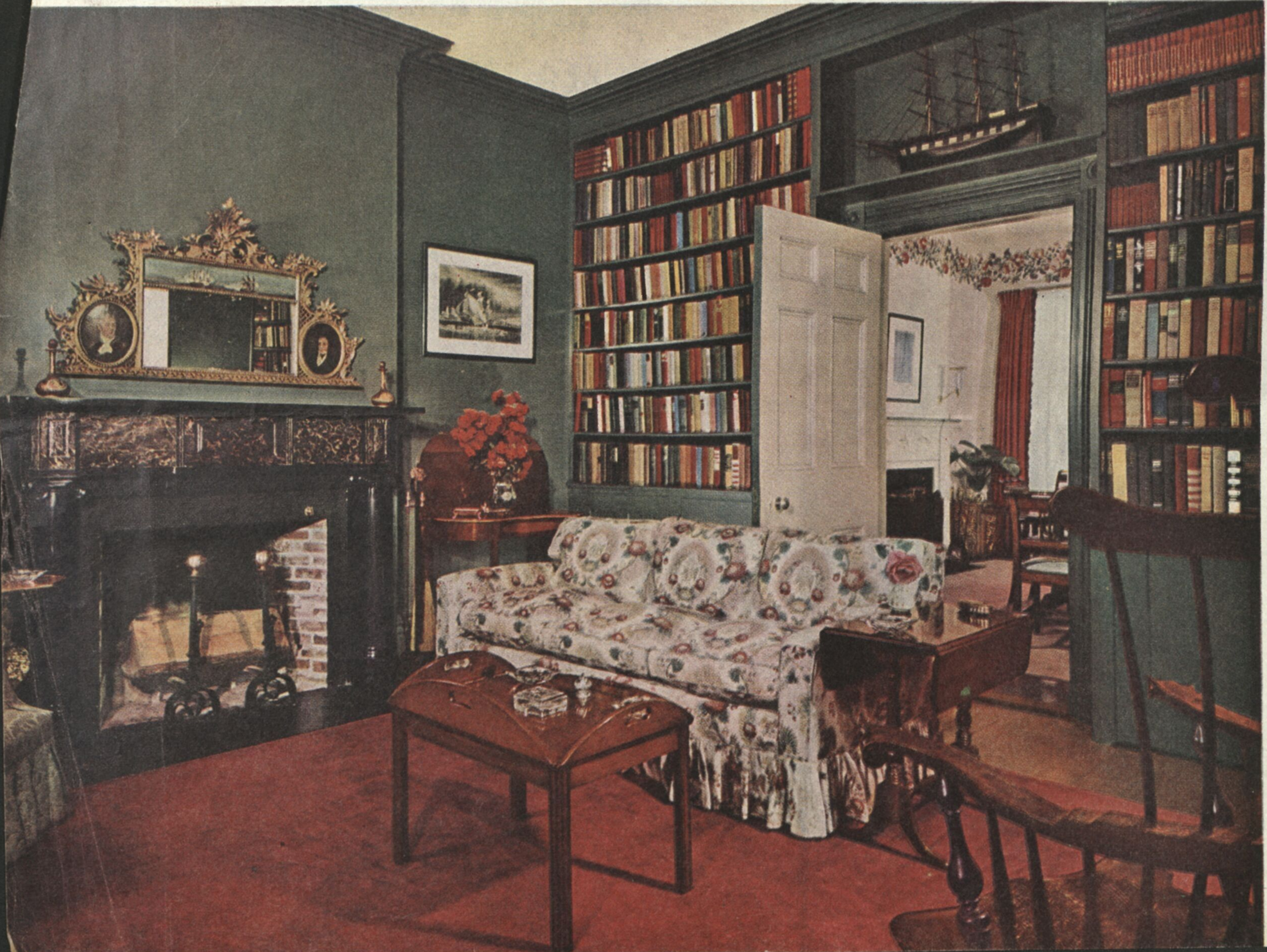
To Country
Ap 1952!

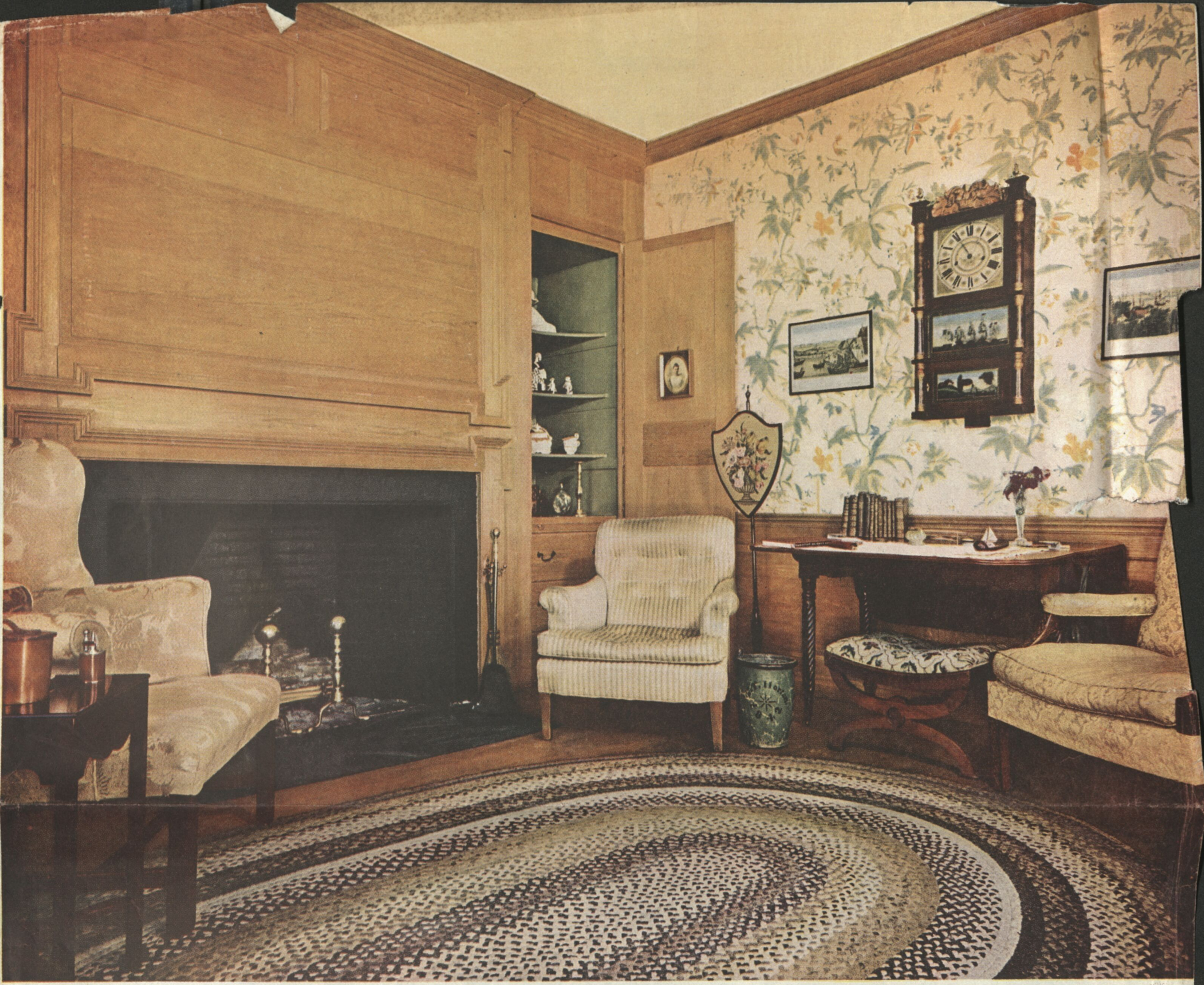


The big double drawing rooms of "East Brick" run right through the house from front to back, with matching marble mantelpieces, wallpaper and window drapes. The wing-back chair in chintz is an old Nantucket piece; the portraits by the teacher of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"EAST BRICK"

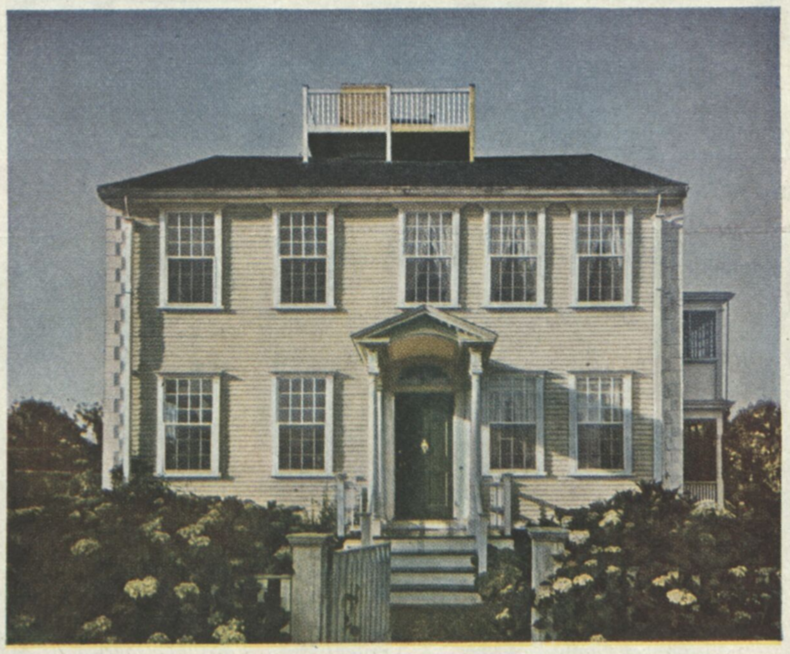
William Starbuck ran the family business from the "East Brick" library when his brothers went to sea. The Chippendale mirror over the mantel depicts the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, with the portraits of the two captains. Beyond is the elegant dining room.





In the colorfully papered and furnished living room of the Dell house, the pine paneling has the ship-carpenter quality of so many Nantucket interiors, remembered from the more studied and elaborate handiwork in mainland houses.

DELL HOUSE



There is probably no such thing as
a typical Nantucket house, yet all the old houses there are
in some harmonious way typical of Nantucket—
none more so than this picturesquely
austere captain's house on a hilltop at the edge of town overlooking the
ocean, with its widow's walk surrounding
the chimney, its wooden quoins
helping to give it an air of formality, and the curious
dissymmetry of its façade.